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THREE YEARS IN BATTLE

AND

THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS

Randolph Abbott Shotwell

THE PAPERS OF

RANDOLPH ABBOTT SHOTWELL

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J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON
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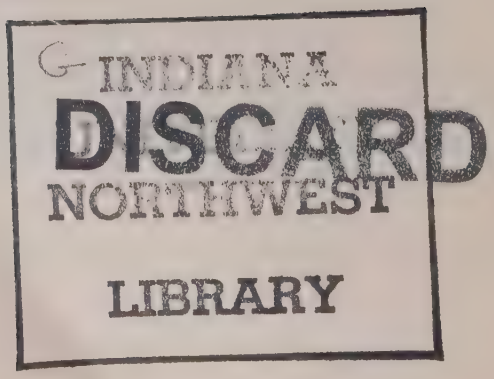

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INTRODUCTION

Randolph Abbott Shotwell, the author of the autobiographical material which is included in the following volumes, was a native of Virginia, the son of Rev. Dr. Nathan Shotwell, a Presbyterian minister, himself a Virginian. His mother, Martha Ann Abbott Shotwell, was a native of Massachusetts and a member of the well known and prominent Abbott family of that state. His father was engaged in ministerial work at West Liberty, Virginia, (now West Virginia) for a number of years, and there, on December 13, 1844, Randolph, his second son, was born.

Little is known of Randolph Shotwell's boyhood, but it probably differed not at all from that of the average boy of the place and time, except in so far as it was affected by the influence of life in a manse. He was a precocious young fellow, and when in 1857, he went to Tuscarora Academy at Mifflin, Pennsylvania, to prepare for Princeton College, he had a maturity rather unusual for one of his years. He remained there until 1860, when he entered Media College, Media, Pennsylvania.

In 1858 his father accepted a call to Rutherfordton, N. C., and the boy thus became a citizen of North Carolina, although he had never been in the state and, in fact, was not to cross its borders until 1863, when his regiment took part in the expedition sent to make a demonstration against the federal forces in eastern North Carolina. He did not become a resident, of course, until the close of the war.

His autobiography, *Three Years in Battle,* gives a striking picture of his school days in Pennsylvania on the eve of the civil war, and describes his rather thrilling experience as he went through the lines to serve the South, vowed to enlist in the first Confederate regiment with

which he came in touch. That happened to be the Eighth Virginia, commanded by Colonel Eppa Hunton.

As a soldier he took part in a number of battles—Leesburg, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the Seven Days, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. He was promoted to lieutenant for gallantry at Gettysburg. In 1864 he was captured on the eve of the battle of Cold Harbor, and the rest of his war service was as a prisoner, first at Point Lookout, and later at Fort Delaware.

At the close of the war he was released and came to North Carolina. After a short stay with his father he went to New Bern, and, with Colonel Stephen D. Pool, established the *Journal of Commerce.* He remained there for about two years. The project was not highly successful and in addition he soon contracted malaria. He therefore returned to Rutherfordton and began, in accordance with his father's wish, to read law.

Shotwell was not fundamentally interested in law. He was interested in public life and he wanted to write. In the fall of 1867 he was a candidate for election to the convention of 1868, but the county was overwhelmingly Republican and he was defeated. He did not expect election, and was entirely philosophical about his defeat. Editorial work now seemed the best means of gratifying his ambitions, and accordingly on February 9, 1868, he acquired the *Rutherford Star,* renaming it *The Vindicator,* and commenced its publication as a Conservative newspaper. He edited it until December 11, 1868. It was not a highly remunerative undertaking—few newspapers of that day in North Carolina were—but because of his fiery and utterly fearless conduct of it, it attracted attention.

In the situation in which North Carolina, along with the whole South, was placed in these years of Congressional Reconstruction, only one course ever seemed to Shotwell to be open to a gentleman and a man of honor. To him, yielding to the Radical program was treason, pure and simple, and he spared no opponent in the stream of

fiery denunciation which he poured out upon those who sought, as he believed, to overturn the whole existing scheme of things. He threw himself into his work with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of his impetuous nature, and there was no self-restraint in his conduct of his sheet. He poured out blasting denunciation of the Radicals, uncovered villainy, and overwhelmed them with scorn and contempt. He was intensely partisan and of course often unfair, but there were none in either party in western North Carolina who were otherwise. It was a fight to the death without quarter.

Naturally Shotwell was not loved by his opponents. Apart from other considerations, he had proved himself too dangerous and too unrelenting an enemy. Becoming a real political force, he won the undying enmity of the Radicals of Cleveland and Rutherford counties, and it was certain that they would spare no efforts in his undoing. The later tragedy of his life was largely due to the hatreds which he now aroused.

In 1869 he went to Asheville and established the *Citizen,* buying for the purpose the printing plant of the defunct *News.* He had a wider field here and the circulation of his paper increased rapidly, and its influence grew apace. But in spite of its growth, it did not pay, and he sold it on July 18, 1870, and returned to Rutherfordton and began once more to read law, keeping, however, an attentive eye on public affairs.

Like everybody in the community, he was fully aware of the operations of the Ku Klux which was now very active in that section of the State. In the central part of North Carolina its activities had ceased as a result of the Kirk-Holden war and an aroused public opinion, but in western North Carolina, its membership was of a different sort and its activities more unjustifiable. Just at this time it was, without guidance or discipline, entering upon the career which was to bring it into disrepute, even in the house of its friends. Shotwell's own criticism of it is its best description and a complete condemnation of such a movement.

In short the organization, as is always the case with secret associations that have passed a certain limit, had become headstrong and beyond control. The indiscriminate induction of every man that professed to be sympathetic, naturally brought in a class of reckless youths whose violent counsels disgusted the more conservative members and caused them to fall away from the order or cease to attend it.

While not a member, Shotwell was, like many Conservatives, entirely conversant with the organization, and even with much of the secret work. In May 1871, he was approached by Plato Durham and Lee M. McAfee with a proposal to become grand chief of Rutherford and Polk counties with the purpose of organizing the better elements in the Klan, so as to put a stop to the unauthorized and unjustifiable "raids" which were bringing the order to ruin and disgrace and severely injuring the Conservative party. He objected seriously to the proposal, and at first declined to consider it, but finally yielded. He was, however, never initiated or even sworn in as a member of any of the three orders, the Constitutional Union Guard, the White Brotherhood, and the Invisible Empire.

The task undertaken was too great for any man, and his efforts to restrain the wild elements that were causing the trouble served only to make him unpopular as a man who wanted to spoil sport. He attended but one meeting and never participated in a raid, but he was commonly supposed to be an active member of the Klan, and was marked for punishment by his political opponents. When finally the federal government undertook to suppress the so-called "conspiracy" by force, it was a foregone conclusion that every effort would be made to incriminate him.

The full story appears in Shotwell's own account of his life. It suffices here to say that on July 5, 1871, without legal process of any sort, he was seized and confined in an iron cage in the Rutherford County jail with seven other prisoners, three of whom were negro felons, and three others white murderers. He was held in close confinement, suffering for lack of food, air, and water, and even for room to move about, for two months. In Septem-

ber, he was chained to six other prisoners and driven on foot to Marion, a distance of thirty miles, and again placed in a crowded cage, set in a crowded room. Later he was carried to Raleigh where occurred his farce of a trial in the circuit court of the United States, conducted by Judge Hugh L. Bond, with a jury carefully picked to secure a conviction. It was as black a piece of political persecution as ever disgraced any civilized land.

He was convicted upon utterly false testimony which had been carefully fabricated for the occasion, and he was at once sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the federal penitentiary at Albany, and to a fine of $5,000. He was then bound with ropes in the Senate Chamber where the court was in session, and led down Fayetteville Street to the jail, a disgraceful and unjustifiable proceeding which furnished keen delight to the motley crowd of his persecutors.

At once he was approached by Radical emissaries and offered immediate pardon if he would by a confession, implicate prominent Democratic leaders in the Ku Klux movement. Particularly did these agents desire to secure evidence which would connect with the movement, Zebulon B. Vance, who had just been elected to the United States Senate. These offers, it will be noted, were repeated at intervals during the period of his imprisonment.

Shotwell had not been very well treated by his party during his trial, and his tempters doubtless felt that he would prove amenable to their suggestions, but he rejected the proposals with all the scorn they deserved, and declaring that he would never apply for a pardon, began to serve his sentence. He remained in prison at Albany until late in 1872, when President Grant gave him an unconditional pardon.

Upon his release, Shotwell returned to North Carolina and became associated with General D. H. Hill in the editorial conduct of the *Southern Home,* then published at Charlotte. The connection thus formed lasted for several years, and during the period Shotwell represent-

ed Mecklenburg County in the lower house of the legislature for one term. In 1876 he moved to Raleigh and began to edit the *Farmer and Mechanic,* a paper which had been established as the organ of the Patrons of Husbandry. A little later he became the sole owner. The description of his conduct of the paper and of his life during those years, given by Mr. Josephus Daniels, who knew him well, tells the story in brief compass and completely.

He gave the paper a flavor unlike that of any other journal. He was the most piquant paragraphist of his day and could condense all the news of a week into less space than any man of his profession. The paper every week contained everything of interest that happened in the world, condensed in the smallest compass, without omitting an important detail. He had genius in that work that called for patience and industry of the highest order. He gave a personal touch to every page of his paper and made it live and crisp and fresh. It was charged with his individuality. If he approved a man, he gave him warm praise. Public men who were deemed by him to be either unwise or unworthy were scored without mercy. His friends swore by him, and those who received his severest criticism felt that it hurt them with thousands of readers. "One of the best parts of my education," said the late Dr. Charles D. McIver, "was reading the *Farmer and Mechanic* every week. No editor could say more with fewer words, and there was a sincerity about what he wrote that convinced men and gave them courage to fight for what they believed to be right." He wrote the story of the war and reconstruction for his paper, but his editorials were brief, pungent, pointed. He "spoke his mind" without counting the cost, for he did not know the meaning of fear. He made and unmade some public men, and never was so much himself or so able and powerful as when condemning men who, having been of their number, betrayed the Ku Klux Klan. To him that was the unpardonable sin, and if he had reason to suppose any man had been guilty of that treachery he pursued him in his paper without mercy.

Handsome as Apollo, graceful and charming in manner, a delightful conversalionist who was warmly welcomed into every home whose hospitality he accepted, Captain Shotwell was almost a recluse in his last years in Raleigh. He worked day and night. He was forced to do the work of two men, so heavy were the demands upon him and so meagre the income from his paper. He knew little of business methods and never received much money from his paper. He lived frugally and seldom accepted any invitations to visit his friends. The constant drain upon him to edit his paper compelled an isolation upon him that grew into a habit, and beyond a few friends,

whose devotion would take no denial, he rarely left his office or his room. No man can make a truly good newspaper who does not give his life to the work. "It is the priceless element that commends itself to the appetite." He was the type of editor who buried his life that he might refresh the readers and add to their information and pleasure. He was rarely seen on the streets of Raleigh, and his habit of working and living to himself brought him the reputation of being eccentric. He was a sensitive and proud man, and who shall say that his lawful experience, bearing the burden of the Klan, was not responsible for his reserve and desire to be alone? The experience, when he walked as if barefoot on the hot sands that scorched his feet, was enough to have embittered him and to have caused him to court solitude and labor. Those friends who came close to him had to break down the barrier of his love of solitude, but those who entered into his retreat found him genial, companionable, and came to love him with a surpassing love.

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

In 1884 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for state auditor. He was bitterly disappointed at his defeat, for he was in sore straits financially. His paper had become a real force in the state, but it scarcely supported him, and when in 1885, Governor Scales offered him the appointment as state librarian, he gladly accepted. His prospects brightened. He had a living, and in July the *Farmer and Mechanic* and the *State Chronicle* were consolidated with every promise of great influence and prosperity. But scarcely was this accomplished when he was suddenly taken ill, and his tragic life ended on July 31.

With his death he came into his own. The people of the state, when it was too late to remove the iron which had seared into his soul, or even to salve the wound, poured out a wealth of affection and honor for him, and marked appropriately the spot in the Confederate Cemetery where his body rests. Nor was the tribute undeserved, for while Shotwell, like other men, had his faults and weaknesses, he had served well the state to which, although an adopted son, he had given himself unreservedly in a time of stress and agony, in the attempt to aid in the preservation of those things which the people held dear.

The material which is contained in the following volumes is most interesting and valuable. The first part, *Three Years in Battle,* is made up of a portion of a manuscript which he prepared for publication and a considerable part of which appeared in the *Farmer and Mechanic.* The second part, which has never before been published, contains his account of his life during Reconstruction, and includes his diary, kept while he was a prisoner in Albany.

In the first part it has seemed advisable to make numerous and, in some cases, rather extended ommissions. Shotwell intended his book to be more than an autobiography, and he included in it accounts of many events and movements in which he did not participate, and concerning which he had little personal knowledge. In addition adequate material was not always at his hand for the preparation of such portions of the book, and in consequence they are not always entirely accurate. While vividly written and always interesting, they lack the power, as well as the value, which are to be found in the accounts of his own personal experiences. They have therefore been omitted. But in every case the omission is noted and the chapter headings and summaries are printed just as the author prepared them. In addition, the omitted portions are filed with the North Carolina Historical Commission, where they are readily available to anyone who desires to read them.

In this first part of the work will be found many excerpts from the war diary which Shotwell seems to have regularly kept. The original diary was not included in the papers which came into the hands of the editors, and they have been unable to ascertain what became of it. Attention must be called to the fact that in very numerous instances Shotwell makes, more or less unconsciously, no very clear distinction between these excerpts and portions written at a later date. Such instances of confusion are noted in footnotes whenever it has seemed necessary to complete clarity. There was evidently no intention on the part of the author to deceive his readers, for the mistakes are obviously the result of the haste in which parts

of his manuscript were prepared for newspaper publication.

Neither in the diary or in the other parts of his work is he always accurate. In part this is due to his acceptance, without verification, of information concerning matters of which he had no personal knowledge. In part, too, it is due to the fiery and impetuous nature of the author. He was a man of unusual sensitiveness, high-strung and emotional, and to that extent egotistical. But there was about him nothing of the shrinking neurotic. A fighter in every sense of the word, he was full to the brim of courage, impetuousity, deep conviction, and intense prejudices, and these qualities are reflected unmistakably throughout the whole work.

In a sense its value is increased thereby, because of the vividness of narration which results from it. It also has value because of the light it throws upon the temper and opinions of a considerable class of Southern men of the time, of whom Shotwell was an excellent example. But, on the other hand, the narrative undoubtedly suffers from the prejudices of the author. It contains much that is intensely sectional, much that is bitter. Few men have had better title to bitterness, but there is much included in these pages that is unjust. Still, it must be remembered that prejudice, bitterness, injustice, and sectionalism are a part of the history of the time. Those of a later day can recognize that fact without sharing the feeling. It is in that spirit that the manuscript was turned over to the editors by Mr. M. S. Shotwell, the brother of Randolph Shotwell, and in that spirit it is published, with full recognition of its great value as a contribution to the history of those troubled years between 1861 and 1876, years which were in every sense times which tried men's souls.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON.

Chapel Hill, N. C.
September 1, 1928.

THREE YEARS IN BATTLE
AND
THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS

By
Randolph Abbott Shotwell

Dedicated
To
The Young Men of North Carolina
Her Future
Soldiers, Lawmakers and Citizens
By
Randolph Abbott Shotwell

THREE YEARS IN BATTLE

AND

THREE IN FEDERAL PRISONS

Part I

A Narrative of Escape from Yankeedom to Dixie in 1861; Scenes in Washington City after the Stampede at Bull Run; Perils in Passing the Potomac; Fulfillment of a Boyish Vow; Lights and Shadows of Early Army Life; Sixteen Pitched Battles, from Leesburg to Petersburg; A Brief Campaign in Eastern Carolina; To Gettysburg and Return; Capture within Grant's Lines on James River and Cruel Treatment as an Alleged Spy; Escape and Recapture; Ten Months of Torture in the "Rebel Prison Pens" at Point Lookout, and Fort Delaware; Murder of Colonel Jones, and other Atrocities; Fall of the Confederacy; End of the Chapter; "Footing it" hundreds of Miles Homeward amid the Wreck and Wretchedness of the Ruined South.

Part II

Surprising subsidence of Sectional Strife, on the part of the Southerners; Grant, the victor, himself bears witness to the utter submissiveness of the Vanquished; Irritating Legislation by Congress; The Freedmen's Bureau takes possession of the conquered states and establishes a petty Despotism in every village; Sharpers, swindlers, sneak-thieves, and all sorts of scoundrelly

scalawags swarm from every section of the Globe to steal whatever Sherman left; Provocation of Race Riots for Party Purposes; Banding of the brutalized Blacks into dark-lantern Leagues, inflamed by reckless whites, and attended by abominable atrocities; Robber-rule and Ruin; Rise of The White Brotherhood and Kindred Societies, commonly called the *Ku Klux Klans;* the Holden-Kirk War, and Governor Holden's Impeachment; Development of Grant's Military Measures for capturing the Electoral vote of the Southern States; and Intimidation, beginning with the Carolinas; spies and soldiery over-run the State; Jeffreys Bond, little less Infamous than his ancient prototype, establishes his malignant spider-web in the Capitol and Inflicts the full venom of an unlawful Law upon whomsoever he can catch, the unoffending and the offender, alike; Old Men of 70 years, and Boys under 17, sent in Mid-Winter, shackled, to a far Northern Bastile, to undergo Years of Torture for alleged Misdemeanors, of which they were entirely Innocent; Journal of Life in Albany Penitentiary; the whole comprising a Faithful History of Reconstruction in North Carolina, 1865-1875 inclusive.

PREFATORY NOTE

The events and incidents herein set forth are to the best of my knowledge and belief actual facts. Much of the narrative, especially of Camp and Prison experience, will be taken *verbatim* from the daily jottings in my note-book save when supplemented or corrected by later information.

It shall be my aim in all things to state the exact truth, without exaggeration or extenuation; and with little effort after rhetorical embellishment: If, in treating of the Dark Days of Reconstruction,—the blackest chapter of arbitrary usurpation, misrule, robbery, persecution, cruelty and crime that ever disgraced the chronicles of any country—I am compelled to speak severely, no one

can fail to see that the Truth is not at fault; the shame lies in the deed, not in the telling of it.

Knowingly, I shall not wrong any man (even those who sought to destroy me, and from whose maltreatment I yet suffer daily both physically and mentally;) but I shall give the *Facts* without fear or favor. And, surely the time has come for their preservation. But recently we saw the Government refusing to surrender the power gained amid the frenzy of the war, whereby for a dozen years the machinery of National Justice has been wielded as the engine of Private and Political Injustice.

But recently we have seen admitted into the Public Schools for the training of our youth a history of North Carolina[1], which, while highly meritorious in many respects, passes over in silence or dismisses with a paragraph, not a few of the gravest political transactions of the past Decade,—the last, the darkest, and the most eventful of the Carolina Centenary. It is due to the living, and to the dead: it is due to the ancient name of our Commonwealth, and the future fame of our people, that the truth of these matters should be fully and fairly set forth, and now, while as yet the actors are upon the stage to deny, to explain, or to defend. Far be it from my purpose to act as the historian of this important epoch; but I shall give that portion whereof I know, from dearly bought knowledge; and I think it will be admitted ere I have done that there was just reason for me to have begun, for in all Nations, the history of the past, sombre though it be, is rich in warning, in significance, and in lessons for the future.

And if the history herein given shall serve to influence the future statesmen to wiser and more conservative legislation; if it shall serve to inspire in any heart a purer patriotism; or serve to encourage the weak and faltering to a bolder and more steadfast defense of their rights as citizens and men, then will I not have suffered and labored in vain.

RANDOLPH ABBOTT SHOTWELL.

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[1] The reference is to Moore's *History of North Carolina.*

CHAPTER FIRST

Student life in Piedmont Pennsylvania—Northern Schools and Southern Scholars—An Abolition Section—The Underground Railroad—"Honest John" Patterson (of South Carolina), on his Native Heath, and Warned to Stay There.

"Mifflin Station!" roars the conductor. The ponderous wheels, which have been racing for hundreds of miles along the triple-track of Tom Scott's Central Pennsylvania Railroad, whirling round the curves, roaring over bridges, rattling through tunnels, and howling fearfully under the echoing cliffs, suddenly slacken and stand still; while a couple of carloads of unmistakable schoolboys empty themselves and trunks upon the platform. A mob of omnibus drivers clamor for passengers to ride across the long covered bridge to the town of Mifflin, which has managed to squeeze itself in between the river-bank and the rugged mountains in the rear; but the swarming youngsters speedily settle upon a collection of old hacks and rickety coaches, and are being dragged over the rolling ridges, i.e., up the narrow valley of the far-famed Juniata, to enter upon a new session at the Tuscarora Academy, a classical institution of extended repute. This, the Piedmont of *Penn's Sylvan,* of "William Penn's Woods", is one of the most picturesque and attractive in the world; in many respects resembling—though lacking the altitude and wild grandeur—our own Carolina highlands. It is, in fact, a section of the same Appalachian chain; there is the same mighty network of ranges, peaks, and spurs, trending hither and thither, and intervalled by a bewildering labyrinth of valleys; but with the difference that in the older state with its denser population, the fastnesses have been invaded, the wilderness forced to give place to vistas of culture and thrift, and all except the most rugged mountain declivities brought under subjugation to the ploughshare.

Numbers of handsome farmhouses are to be seen perched upon little terraces along the slope, or even upon the summit with orchards and melon patches that look steep enough to send their treasures rolling for miles; while the entire expanse of the intervening valleys, fertile as the plains of the Nile, are mapped into small farms, whose trim, square fields, green with grasses, or yellow with grain, readily suggest the idea of a large chessboard; a conception that is heightened by the curious taste of many of the natives for painting their houses and barns of a red, yellow, blue, green, or other color. Like our own valleys, these usually bear the Aboriginal names; such as Kishacoquillas, Tuscarora and Juniata;—the latter embracing the river of the same name—and having preeminence over all the rest, because its beauties of mountain, river and plain are almost in miniature; the width of the valley being less than five miles, and its length not above ten. The old ballad tells how:

"wild roved an Indian girl
Bright Alfaratta,
where sweep the waters of
The Blue Juniata."

But the dusky daughter of the forest skipped to the Happy Hunting ground many years ago, when the white man's axe began to ring amid her bowers; nathless the romantic loveliness of the vale remains unto this day; or did in the year of our Lord 1859 whereof I write; and the Tuscarora Academy dwelt in the midst of it.

The school buildings stood in a grove near the foot of a cone-shaped peak (or "knob" as it is called thereabouts), a spur jutting out like a large bow window, from the middle of the southern wall of the valley. Hence the triple tier of windows of the students' bedrooms embraced a splendid view of the opposite range which arose as a dark-blue background to the rolling country between; the entire scene changing daily with panoramic vividness; now glorified by the golden sheen of sunset; and again grandly ominous with the atmosphere of storms.

Directly in the rear of the college, upon a higher plane of the slope, was a handsome Gothic Chapel, with a sonorous organ, and an $1,800 preacher, who wore the title of "D. D." so loosely that he did not disdain to play marbles with the students almost every day, and explete! rather mysteriously when he made a misshot!

Still higher, nearly at the summit stood a long two-story stone edifice, formerly Dr. Agnew's Female seminary, but now rented for a residence of a dashing individual, since widely known and strangely surnamed [sic] "Honest John" Patterson—because he stole a railroad, a supreme court, a Legislature, and a United States senatorship while temporarily residing in South Carolina.[1] But of him, more anon.

Among the youths disembarking at *Academia,* as a matter of course, were a number of Southerners. It was the fashion of the day for Southern parents to send their boys and girls to Northern institutes or seminaries chiefly because the expense was a great deal heavier, and the thing sounded better in talking to their neighbors. Besides the "imprint," so to speak, of the best Southern Schools could never compare with even a second-rate Yankee institution when the boy's education, in after life, was in the market. Southern "prophets" fare badly in "their own country!" Thus it happened that Tuscarora Academy numbered among its pupils half a dozen from Central Alabama, several from Georgia and Florida, and a number from Maryland and Virginia, including from the latter state my brother Hamilton and myself. There could be no mistaking the nativity of these Southern youngsters. Tall, dark, long-haired, Byronic-collared;—with immense trunks, (which they paid for having taken to their rooms instead of lugging them up on their own shoulders, or begging the aid of a class-mate,) and an air of fretful reserve as if very doubtful if they could put up with such surroundings—they betrayed their sunny birth

[1] John James Patterson, 1830-1912, after service in the Pennsylvania legislature entered the Union army as a colonel. He was a carpet-bagger in South Carolina after the war and was United States senator from 1873 to 1879.

as much by look and manner, as by speech and tobacco-spitting. However, none were more prompt to make themselves at home; and by the end of a week it was seen that they had secured the best rooms, the best seats at table, the pick of desks in school, and were taking the lead among students in most respects—except in study. Envious persons sometimes asserted that the "long-haired fellows" had more than their share of the Preceptor's favor which was possible, for Southern patronage was profitable. Too far from home to return for the vacations, the Southern boys remained as boarders at the Principal's table. Seldom supplied with books, stationery, etc., their "incidentals" were equal to a "local" boy's full tuition. And their fund of pocket money was usually larger than that of the youths from the adjacent regions, who not only came supplied with books, but suffered the melancholy restraint of prudent papa's hand on the purse strings.

For the same reason it came about that many a Northern College Society Hall at this day contains furniture, pictures, libraries, etc., mainly paid for by slave-labor, or the sale of "a likely young negro."

As the Southern students at these institutions were commonly supposed to be very rich, (not beyond forty-second cousins of King Croesus, or at any rate heirs to princely plantations) and accustomed to squandering money like Nabobs, they had to pay dearly the price of prominence among their class-mates, being expected to "shell out" on all occasions for all manner of school boy schemes; giving dollars or more where others gave dimes or less. But of course, any high-spirited Southern youngster, five hundred miles from home, and having a character to sustain, i.e.—for being a Nabob's son—would sustain it at all hazards, no matter if he sacrificed the product of paternal industry in the cotton field, aided by a rheumatic hired negro and a blind mule, the whole year round.

Here, be it remarked, there is no better proof of the ignorance of the Northern masses in regard to the South

and slavery than this absurd notion that nearly all Southerners were wealthy, owning slaves by hundreds, and hereditary acres by thousands, leading lives of aristocratic ease and luxury, verging upon effeminacy, only varied by occasional indulgence in the manly sport of chasing negroes with blood hounds, or Bowie-knifing somebody in revenge for supposititious slights, offered some great-great-grandmothers' sister's aunt's cousin, nine or ten generations dead! Strange to say many of these ideas survive the dreadful disillusioning of the war period. To this day, among immigrants seeking Southern homes, not a few come with a vague expectation of acquiring a big plantation, and an old baronial manor-house, surrounded by villages of retainers' cottages, and overlooking several square miles of cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar growing side by side with oranges, bananas, and all manner of tropical fruits, and yielding one or two million of revenue after the style of the "lordly domains" of the Mrs. Southworth school of novels.

One might smile at these, and similar misconceptions long prevalent at the North did we not know how much they aided and abetted the Abolition agitators in stirring up civil strife, and in keeping alive the baleful fires of sectional hatred since the war. Thousands of sturdy Northern mechanics and laboring men were made to believe their hard earned taxes went to support a government whose offices were monopolized by the indolent and pampered "Southern chivalry" who habitually spoke of all Northerners as "scum," and who used the Union simply as a machine for building Southern forts, and catching fugitive slaves.

Many intelligent Northerners, today, hate the South and all things Southern, with intense bitterness, as if smarting under a sense of personal injury, although if pressed they would be compelled to admit that they had no real ground for the prejudice, except that during all their lives they had been taught to regard the Southerners as proud, haughty, hotheaded, and overbearing; cruel to

their slaves and contemptuous towards their poorer neighbors, and treating all who were not rich as mere "mudsills" or "trash."

Great would be the astonishment of such persons to hear that even in the days of slavery fully one-half of the Southern whites, including a large proportion of land-owners, labored daily in the field, the mine, or the work-shop by the side of his slaves, and generally a good deal more industriously than most of them.

Greater still would be the wonderment to learn that many of the Southern "Leaders," (whose "arrogance" exercised the Northern Press, Pulpit, and Platform) sprang from the so-called mud-sill stratum of society. Andrew Jackson, whose birthplace never knew the luxury of a carpet, Henry Clay, the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," Thomas H. Benton, Stonewall Jackson, who had to foot it to Washington City to obtain his cadet-commission, General N. B. Forrest, Governor Vance, are examples of eminent Southerners, who rose from the humblest to the highest rank, despite the "haughtihood" of the chivalry.

Unfortunately, it is idle to attempt to combat the deep seated prejudices of the present generation of Northerners. The printing press, which did so much to create them, may in time undo them; but not until the rising sons and daughters of the South shall learn to take their pens to dissipate delusions, and expose calumnies, which their fathers unwisely dismissed with contempt or neglected with indifference.

The war would not have occurred, slavery could not have been abolished, had the Southerners shown common prudence in meeting and refuting the flood of falsehood and misrepresentation poured out from thousands of Abolition presses; falsehoods, which not only prejudiced the whole world against us, but also deceived multitudes of persons at the North, who, would otherwise, have been our friends. A myriad of printed lies about the South were allowed to pass without any sort of notice, except through the impassioned declamation of public speakers,

whose utterances were misrepresented in turn, and made to appear as insolent defiance of the entire North.

The matter is here dwelt upon, because even at this late day many a lie that is a deadly blister upon the growth and good name of the South is permitted to ring round the world without a single word of denial save perhaps in some local journal not seen by one hundred persons outside of a State's boundaries. To return, however, to my school days, I remained three sessions at Tuscarora, passing my thirteenth and fourteenth birthdays amid its sylvan retirement. At the end of the second session my brother Hamilton graduated with distinction, and returned South, to North Carolina, whither my father's family had removed in 1858, to study medicine with Dr. Collett Leventhorpe, since so distinguished in another field. It was quite a surprise to the natives at Tuscarora who looked for no such good thing to come out of the Southern Nazareth, when Hamilton carried off the "First honors;" and they were even more amazed to hear his eloquent young lips pleading in the "Valedictory Address" for the fostering of a spirit of large-hearted forebearance and patriotism between all sections of the land, that the Union of our ancestors might be perpetuated, and the sacreligious hand of Fanaticism stricken away from the Temple of our Liberties!

Brave, broad young soul! Little did he imagine how prophetic were his words, nor that within less than two years he should offer up his bright youth upon the bloody crest of Malvern Hill, a noble sacrifice in defense of those liberties!

It might seem unlikely that lads of so immature an age, in this mountain Arcadia, surrounded by the daily distractions of school life, should take any notice of the march of political events.

A mistake! At intervals, happily of short duration, the sectional line flamed as hot and sputtering between the Northern and Southern students, still in their early teens, as between the congressional Blow-Hards of three score.

For myself, an early taste for reading, and continual association with persons older than myself, caused me to catch something more than a mere casual glimpse of the tumultuous hurly-burly of the times, and I early became vaguely impressed with a sense of coming storms.

The national horizon was indeed already overcast. The little cloud of Abolitionism at first no bigger than "a man's hand," had expanded and darkened under the tireless machinations of frenzied fanatics, and ambitious schemers, seconded by smarting sectional prejudices, until already its dismal shadows were overspreading the whole North, and rolling loweringly Southward, accompanied by mutterings of menace, and flashes of fire and fury!

Taught by my daily lessons in "Familiar Science," that huge storm-clouds, thus surcharged with electrical gunpowder, rarely fail to drift together, as if mutually attracted, and meeting, with a crash, hurl down terrific torrents of flame and destruction, I watched the pending collision of the sections with strange fascination, and boyish eagerness, which considered only "the pomp and circumstance," and not the horrors of war.—*horrida Bella!* Yet none of us dreamed that at this very time a deep-laid plot was being organized to hurl a fiery bolt straight at the heart of the South, to shrivel up her sunny fields under the savage fury of slave insurrection, massacre, pillage, ravishing, and ruin! Providentially, for the honor of the American name, the atrocious blow fell short of its infamous intent, but it made certain the coming of civil war. Millions of Southern Union men became secessionists on the day that John Brown began his murders at Harpers Ferry!

Before passing on, I will remark that Brown's mad outbreak was less of a surprise to me than it would have been, had I not had some visual knowledge of some of the means resorted to by the Abolitionists to despoil the South, and goad her into Dis-union. During the school vacations, a period of five weeks, being unable to return home I made frequent trips into the surrounding country,

to the mountain towns of Mifflin, Lewiston, Bellefonte, Milroy, etc., and during these trips I began to get some insight into the operations of the mysterious "Underground Railroad," whereof there were a dozen or more lines running from the Southern border to Canada.

As is now well known, indeed openly avowed by the Abolition leaders, a small army of secret agents were employed for years prior to the war, in scattering broadcast their firebrands among the Southern slaves, and abducting such of them as they could persuade to escape.

The work was carried on systematically and in a variety of methods. One scheme actually employed the Railroad express, the negroes being boxed up as merchandise, and shipped North from Richmond, and other cities. Quite a number were brought out disguised as women, with painted faces, wearing thick veils, and deep mourning.

The general plan of the "Underground" was a relay or chain of posts or stations, at intervals of a night's journey, (except in the mountains where there was little danger in day-travel) kept by trusted agents, who acted as guides to pilot the fugitives to the next resting place. These stations,—usually some isolated farmhouse, or charcoal-burner's cabin, in the depths of the forest—were constantly supplied with food, clothing, shoes, and medicines for the use of the runaways, who were generally retained at the first safe post until half a dozen or more were assembled to make the transit to Canada. One of the routes, and I think the chief one, ran from Harper's Ferry to the vicinity of Niagara Falls, passing through the Piedmont region of which I write.

A glance at the map will show that the Blue Ridge extends from the Great Lakes nearly to the Gulf, serving as a kind of backbone for Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

This mighty range, with its numerous parallel ridges, gloomy ravines, ragged cliffs, and dense forests, rarely visited save by chance huntsmen, answered admirably the purposes of the slave-stealers, forming a natural

trackway along which they could extend the ramifications of the "Underground" into the very heart of the South.

It was easy for their secret agents to lurk disguised as woodchoppers—amid the mountains by day, and descend into the lower country at night to organize revolt, or seduce the slaves to follow them. In the vicinity of Harper's Ferry the first supply-station was reached, after which there was but little difficulty.

After passing Mason's and Dixon's line, the runaways were armed, and no longer travelled at night. Indeed the spirit of Abolition had so far pervaded the mountain region of Pennsylvania that but little concealment was deemed necessary.

Not infrequently a gang of three or four stout negroes could be met straggling along the mountain trails, or crossing the valleys from one range to another, slouching leisurely along in the wake of a white man, or boy, who served as their pilot to the next post.

Many of these squads were conducted boldly into the towns and villages. Old Dr. McC. perhaps the wealthiest, as well as socially the "first citizen" of the beautiful village of Perrysville, whose stately mansion stood within the shadow of the Church, wherein he was an officer, openly admitted that he "harbored fugitive slaves, law or no law," whenever there was opportunity.

He had a small building fitted up directly in the rear of his kitchen, with beds, tables, etc., wherein meals were regularly set for all who came—provided they were black of skin. The good old Elder, (for he was a good man in most respects) sat up high in the synagogue from Sabbath to Sabbath, listening complacently to the word of the precept—"Thou shalt not steal" or "*Covet not thy Neighbor's Man-slave, nor Woman-slave, nor Anything that is his,*" while well aware that at the very moment his kitchen was filled with stolen Southern property—big, greasy, fellows, whose lounging gait, and thick-lipped lingo bespoke them fresh from the plantation.

The presence of these fugitives was no secret to anybody. They were harbored almost directly under the

noses of United States officials, sworn to execute the laws, yet no one dreamed of arrests being made, and I doubt if they could have been maintained if made. I have said that the operations of the Underground Railroad were conducted by paid agents, but it may be only just to say that in many cases these services were rendered gratuitously from motives of mistaken philanthropy, or deeply embittered prejudice against the slaveholders. In many cases a well-to-do farmer freely consented to furnish a house of refuge, good clothing, and a guide to the next sleeping place for all who came. Generally one of the children of the family was sent to perform this perilous pilotage. While spending my last vacation in Kishacoquillas valley in the fall of 1859, I rode with a friend from Milroy to Bellefonte, the home of Governor Andrew G. Curtin. Our route followed the stage road, a fine turnpike, through one of the most romantic mountain gorges I have ever seen, not excepting our Carolina Hickory Nut Gap; thence by interminable windings across the "Seven Mountains," which, as the name signifies, consist of seven parallel ranges, so closely drawn that the traveller no sooner descends the slope of one than he begins the ascent of another.

The tops are quite broad and flat, covered with laurel, and producing immense quantities of whortleberries. In some of the marshes between the mountains, these berries grow on trees fully twelve feet in height; though the prevalence of snakes, black bears, wild boars, and even panthers render the picking somewhat precarious.

On the present occasion as we were slowly dragging around a curve, in crossing one of the narrow valleys, my friend glanced up and uttered an exclamation at seeing among the rhododendrons a dark object that he supposed to be a bear. But in springing to his feet in the buggy he saw the back of a horse bearing a woman's saddle also among the bushes. The sound of smothered voices showed that quite a party were lounging upon the banks of the rivulet, about a stone's throw from the road. Our boyish curiosity being aroused, we drove noiselessly

up the opposite slope until our vehicle was screened by a turn in the road, and then walked back until we could overlook the picnickers. To my intense surprise, though my companion seemed to think little of it, we discovered that it was a gang of half a dozen negro men, most of them young looking, gathered about a comely young while girl, who was giving them dinner out of a well-filled pillow case. All of the darkies were in their shirt sleeves, and several of them were lolling at full length on the moss-covered rocks directly at the feet of the girl, who could not have yet reached twenty years of age!

Subsequently stopping to take lunch at a spring near the brow of the mountain, we saw the party straggle out of the bushes, and descend through the valley; the white girl riding and carrying the "bundles" of the negroes, one of whom, evidently a favorite, walked by her horse's side and talked with her! It was doubtless a "train" on the Underground Railroad, piloted by some woodsman's daughter.

The actual losses inflicted upon Southern property-holders by the underground kidnappers probably can never be ascertained; though General Clingman in one of his speeches alludes to a boast made by an abolition member of Congress that these depredations had already cost the South "forty-five millions of dollars!"

At all events they were sufficient to force the virtual abandonment of slave-holding in the regions adjacent to the border.

Planters of Delaware, Western Maryland, Northern Virginia, and portions of Kentucky and Missouri, finding themselves continually harassed by the care of their negroes, being burdened with the aged, the sick, and the helpless, while liable at any time to be robbed of the services of the more active and useful, gradually disposed of the troublesome property by sale or manumission; retaining only a few favored house servants, too much attached to "the family" to be coaxed away. But in giving up their slaves they did not give up the natural feeling of resentment against the abolition plotters. Many

of the best troops from Virginia who followed the flag of the South into the "Last Ditch" were from the border counties where not one in fifty of the inhabitants owned a slave. They took up arms because they knew, even better than their brethren of the more Southerly latitudes, how incessant and persistent were the inroads of the abolitionists and how plain was the alternative of fighting, or submission to humiliating robbery, not only of their property, but of their constitutional and natural right to hold it.

To most of them the attempt of John Brown to raise the fires of servile insurrection throughout the South was a fearful reality, an eruption of organized murder, pillage, and rapine at their very doors. And in view of the wide-spread sympathy shown for the assassins, who could fail to fear a speedy repetition of the attempt?

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[1] There is omitted here a long and detailed account of John Brown's conspiracy, his "raid" on Harper's Ferry, and his capture, trial and execution.

CHAPTER SECOND

Helper's Book, and the struggles over John Sherman in Congress—Hon. W. N. H. Smith, of North Carolina, loses the Speakership by one vote, and consequences thereof—The Election of Election—The Wide Awake Organization—My Removal to a School near Philadelphia—Intense Excitement—Mob Law.

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It is a singular fact, for fact it is, that although the Southerners are charged with preparing in advance for Civil War, the only real preparations were made by the Republicans themselves. At the very outset of the great campaign which was fraught with so much disaster, they got up the scheme of organizing the able-bodied Republicans into secret associations, called "Wide-Awake companies," regularly officered and uniformed like army battalions, and in a certain degree armed, a majority of the members carrying pocket pistols in addition to their staves or pikes.

The uniform consisted of a black glazed cap, a large cape covering the shoulders to the waist, black pantaloons and belts. The officers generally wore red sashes, and in some cases swords. The staves or "torches" were fashioned like the John Brown pikes except that at the tip of the point was a small tin bowl or cup for holding oil and cotton, which were burned as flambeaux during the nightly parades. What was done in their secret conclaves, I am, of course, unable to say, but the frequent drills and processions, all wore a warlike aspect. Undoubtedly, these companies thus organized, and known to consist entirely of zealous Abolitionists, did a great deal to stir the military spirit of the masses. Not a town or village but had one or more companies, amounting in

[1]The table of contents indicates the character of the material omitted.

several states to twenty or thirty thousand enrolled men; whose members thus acquired a partial knowledge of military evolutions, such as marching-in-step, wheeling by platoons, deploying, counter marching, etc., a training which became of much service twelve months later.

For it is a fact, though I have never seen it referred to in our Southern histories, that numbers of these semi-soldier Wide-Awake bands resolved themselves into real military companies after the fall of Fort Sumter, and hurried on to Washington to put into practical demonstration the threats and hatred they had so often indulged in during the preliminary campaign.

About a month before the election, in coming from Tuscarora Academy to Philadelphia, I found the cars filled with "Wide-Awakes" going to a large political meeting at Lancaster. They were all "roughs" apparently; swaggering, cursing, howling, spilling the oil from their lamp-torches over the cushions, and the clothes of the passengers, bursting into a chorus of yells at intervals, accompanied by the clash of fifteen or twenty drums, and conducting themselves like drunken rowdies from Five Points. At Harrisburg, and other points, there were local battalions of "Wide-Awakes" drawn up at the depot to greet their traveling brethren, and the common jest was—"So you are going down to whip out the chivalry, etc?" It was plain the members preferred the idea of being considered a semi-military organization, rather than a mere political club.

A Southerner coming to claim his constitutional rights, or reclaim his stolen slave-property would have scarcely escaped with his life from such a crew. It was about this period that Colonel McRae of Fayetteville, received a practical demonstration of the prevalent feeling, during a brief business visit to New Haven, Connecticut. Arriving in the night he found next morning a large crowd assembled in front of the hotel, drawn thither by the report that he was a Southerner in search of a fugitive slave. Going into the basement to be shaved, he was

urged by the old barber to hurry out the back way as the mob were openly threatening, consequently he retired to the house of his business acquaintance. The latter professed to be a good friend of the South, but was forced to contribute $20 to a Wide-Awake committee for the torchlight processions that were of almost nightly occurrence. Such incidents were common.

Pending the Presidential election I changed my pupilage from Tuscarora Academy to Dr. Gayley's Classical Institute at Media, a pleasant little village a few miles south of Philadelphia.

It would be absurd to say that a youth still short of his sixteenth birthday could forecast a political eruption that many of the sagest statesmen of the country failed to realize for some months later; but I may truly say that a premonitory disquiet, and sense of expectancy made me very glad to exchange the rural retirement of the Tuscarora valley in the Highlands for the proximity to a great city on the direct railroad route southward and homeward, and where I could also have hourly intelligence of the march of events. Philadelphia had enjoyed a larger proportion of Southern patronage, particularly in shoes, hats, furniture, etc., than any other Northern city, consequently her people, despite their Quakerish antecedents, professed excessive cordiality towards Southerners, up to the last moment, or until they fully realized that the Southern trade was estopped by the war; whereupon they burst forth with an intensity of South-cursing rage exceeding any other city in the whole North. They got back in animosity all they had lost in dollars. Hate and avarice walk hand-in-hand as boon companions. But of this more anon. At the period of which I write, the city press, except Forney's *Chronicle,* was almost unanimous for Bell and Everett, that ticket being considered in the light of a compromise between the extremes of Northern and Southern sentiment.

Having some excellent friends, and also some family connections, (the families of Ex-Governor James Pol-

lock[1], General Robert Patterson[2], Dr. Agnew[3], *et al,*) in Philadelphia I could run down almost any day, there were hourly trains, to attend a political meeting, see some noted actor, or spend Sunday with a classmate. At the residence of one of the latter I several times met Madame Iturbide[4], ex-empress of Mexico, and her daughters,—an interesting family. It will be remembered that Emperor Iturbide after a brief and troublous reign abdicated the throne and left the country, but was subsequently captured in a mad endeavor to regain his crown. He speedily met the fate of the hapless and gallant Maximilian; and his family, who of course fled the country, were still in deep mourning when I knew them, living quietly at a boarding house, tho', of course, one of the more exclusive sort.

Madame, "the Empress," was very fond of all manner of games—such as chess, draughts, dominoes, etc., and she with her eldest daughter, then in her "'teens," joined us in rubbers of whist.

The young lady afterwards, (in 1862), became the Maid of Honor to the Empress Carlotta, during Maximilian's four years' reign, and to the credit of the brave young Emperor, be it remarked that his first bequest in making his will was an annuity of $30,000 to the Princess Iturbide.

Another reminiscence of that epoch was a visit to the birth place and early home of Benjamin West, the first American painter who obtained recognition of his genius in England. The cottage was occupied by a wealthy fam-

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[1]James Pollock, 1810-1890, M. C., 1844-1849; governor of Pennsylvania 1854-1858; delegate to the Peace Conference, 1861; director of the mint 1861-1867; and author of the motto "In God We Trust."

[2]Robert Patterson, 1792-1881, colonel in the War of 1812, major general of volunteers in Mexican War, major general of Pennsylvania volunteers, 1861. He was a prominent Democratic politician and one of the largest mill owners in the United States. He was also heavily interested in cotton plantations and sugar refineries in the South.

[3]David Hayes Agnew, 1818-1892, a noted orthopedic surgeon and professor of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania.

[4]Madame Huate de Iturbide, widow of Augustine I. de Iturbide, Emperor of Mexico. After the execution of her husband in 1824, she resided with her family in Philadelphia, receiving a pension from Mexico.

ily named Norris, locomotive builders, but the bedroom wherein Ben essayed his embryo experiments with oils, ochres, and pigments was left just as abandoned by him; the walls frescoed in charcoal, and even the bootjack daubed with paints as though he had used it for a mixing-slab. Returning by moonlight, a merry party of lads and lassies, we were caught by a swift express train, while crossing the "High Trestle," (about 190 feet above the waters of Leeper's Creek) and had reason to remember the visit ever after; though doubtless "a miss is as good as a mile."

These social diversions, however, were of brief duration, with the first week of November came the Presidential crisis, and the triumph of Abolition sectionalism, after which there was little desire for festivity or even social intercourses! for the sombre shadow of approaching horrors o'erspread the land, and the solemn drama of separation stretched forth day after day like the unrolling of a scroll.

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[1] The portion here omitted relates in considerable detail the events following closely on the election of Lincoln: the agitation in the Southern States, and the secession movement.

CHAPTER THIRD

South Carolina secedes—Major Anderson spikes the guns at Fort Moultrie, and seizes Fort Sumter—His action quickens the secession movement; and makes trouble at Washington—Buchanan and Floyd—The Steamer, "Star of the West," fired upon—Star after Star falling from the coronal of the Union.

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CHAPTER FOURTH

The Peace Conference—The Confederate Congress—Jefferson Davis elected Provisional President—Old "Fuss and Feathers" Scott alarms the country by various movements, and silly display of troops to guard Washington, and the electoral College—Lincoln sets out for his capital. My first view of the "Railsplitter" President.

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CHAPTER FIFTH

The Confederates seek peace—Disgraceful conduct of the Lincolnite government—Perfidious attempt to reinforce Sumter—The mask thrown off—Lincoln forces war upon the discovery of Seward's treachery—Major Anderson is ordered to withdraw from Fort Sumter—Beauregard bombards the fort—Magnificent spectacle—A volcano of fire—Surrender of Major Anderson, who is allowed to salute his flag, and is not treated as a prisoner of war—Exciting scenes throughout the country.

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[1]The nature of the omitted portion is sufficiently indicated in the chapter summary.

CHAPTER SIXTH

How the North Received the News—Lincoln Calls for 75,000 Volunteers—The Border States Leave the Union—President Davis Calls for 32,000 Volunteers—Fight in Baltimore—North Carolina Acts Promptly.

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CHAPTER SEVENTH

North Carolina Convention—Troops hastening to Virginia—Lincolnites invade Virginia; Colonel Ellsworth slain—Battle of Big Bethel.

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[1] The nature of the omitted portion is sufficiently indicated in the chapter summary.

CHAPTER EIGHTH

Personal Narrative Resumed—School Boy Politics, and A Taste of Mob-Law—Preposing to Cross the Rubicon—Great Battle of Bull Run—How North Carolina Saved the Day—A Farewell to Youth, and School Days—Starting on Foot to Run the Blockade—Visit to Thomas Bayard at Wilmington, Delaware.

Having reached the period of actual warfare, I turn back to take up the thread of personal experience. During all the foregoing events, I had been following the dismal round of scholastic duties at Media Classical Institute, though in a mechanical, perfunctory manner with little heart in the performance.

An early fondness for reading gave me a better knowledge of contemporary political transactions than is ordinarily acquired by youths of my age. I received the Philadelphia papers regularly, and also had the use of my preceptor's mail. He was a highly cultured old gentleman, bent with age but full of classical lore, a native of Dublin, but for a half-a-century resident in Delaware, where he acquired considerable property and strong Jeffersonian Democratic views.

He sided with the North against secession because, like thousands of the Northern people, he fancied republican institutions would be crushed if once the Union was dislinked, (whereas in fact the Southern Confederacy was founded on more republican principles than even the old Union); but his leanings were all towards the sunny side of the Union. He was very kind to me, as were his family, with whom I boarded, during vacation, not being able to come home for so short a time. On one occasion, early in the fall of 1860, he offered me a cadet-ship at West Point, the notorious John Hickman[1], representing that district

[1]John Hickman, 1810-1875, was a Republican member of Congress from 1855 to 1862. His activity in the anti-slavery agitation probably accounts for Shotwell's estimate of him.

in Congress, having requested him to name one of his pupils for the place. All my inclinations were to enter the army, but Hickman was then at the zenith of his notoriety for *virulent, malignant abuse of the South,* and I told Mr. Gayley there was nothing I would accept at such hands.

Had I accepted, how great a difference would have been made in my after life! I should have escaped all the hardships and suffering of the war, or most of it, and have had a thorough education in addition to an excellent situation for life. But, except the loss of education, I regret nothing of my conduct in this instance. The noisy exultations of the Lincolnites, the swaggering of the "Wide-Awakes," and the incessant falsehoods in the newspapers, charging the Southerners with all manner of crimes from "high treason" to "petty-theft," gradually worked my feelings to the verge of intolerance on the other side; ready to defend the South to the utmost extremity, right or wrong.

One incident occuring a few days after South Carolina seceded, may serve to illustrate the temper of the times. On Christmas Eve the Media School gave an exhibition at the Courthouse to raise funds to equip a volunteer company. A number of pieces, elicited boisterous applause for their political significance, one being a procession of thirteen-year-old boys, in continentals uniforms, "Marching to clean out the South Carolina secesh." Next, a gigantic picture of an eagle clawing a snake labelled "States Rights," was thrown upon the wall by a concealed Magic Lantern. Again a wild uproar burst forth; whereupon a local politician (who I have since heard was expelled from the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1876 for fraud and corruption) sprang on the stage and made a furious harangue against the South, particularly South Carolina, closing with a call for,—*"Three groans for the accursed traitors!"*

With passionate impulse as the groans and hisses subsided, I sprang upon a bench, flourished a broad brimmed hat, and shouted,—"Three cheers for Carolina, and Southern Rights! The South defies you!"

The sensation, of course, was prodigious; such views were not tolerated in that latitude. The only Southern student at the Institute, very tall and slim, and with a foolish fondness for very long hair, and daily walks in all directions, I had come to be as well known in the town as any one in it; hence, I was, at once, recognized by the vast assemblage. Howls of rage, cries of "Put him out!" "Kick him out!" "Knock him down!" "Kill the damned traitor!" etc., etc., arose from all parts of the house and there was a general movement towards the centre aisle, down which I was walking. Fortunately at that moment, either intentionally, or to repeat the stereoscopic picture, the gas jets were turned off, and in the darkness and confusion I passed out, and hastening to the Institute packed my trunk, and got ready my defensive armament. The latter consisted of an old knife, and an ancient pistol of "the pepperbox" pattern, which through much service had acquired the properties of a Gatling gun or Mitrailleuse; all six of its barrels going off with a whirr at one snap of the hammer. There was danger everywhere in the neighborhood when it started on its round of firing. However, no occasion for its use arose.

A number of men came to the gate of the Institute, which was in the suburbs of the village, but after a long talk with the Principal, went away. The Media Republican paper, next day stated that "a sprig of chivalry" had attempted to raise a disturbance, and narrowly escaped rough handling, etc. Boylike, I worried myself over this derisive squib more than if I had been really mobbed.

A few days later, Will Gayley, our Principal's son, and some others, urged me not to go over to town after dark, as some of the drunken bullies were threatening to demolish me on the first opportunity. I gave little thought to the matter until one day several months later, a gentle reminder occurred. Strolling in the beautiful groves, as usual after school hours, searching for violets, and dreaming day dreams of the great world that was bubbling all over its surface with hot passion, I heard regular firing in

an adjoining ravine or hollow. It was a party of the local military practising at a target set up against a railway embankment which ran across the ravine. Going to the edge of the woods I perched upon a fence watching their bad marksmanship. Presently one of them cried: "Look at that d—d long haired Secesh, up yonder, spying on us!" and with no more ado he fired towards me! Thinking he fired to frighten not to hit, I sat still; whereupon several began a rapid fusilade and many splinters flew off the fence! I followed their example. It appeared to be judicious to retire upon my base of supplies—half a mile in the rear,—lest some of the drunken rascals might "wing" me, even if not really intending it. It is altogether probable they were indifferent whether they struck me or not. The Media companies had been recruited by riff raff from Philadelphia, who like the famous, "Billy Wilson's Pet Lambs," and "Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves," were more dangerous to their own fellow citizens than to the Confederates. Besides the mobbing of Democrats and "Southern sympathisers" in almost every town and village had lessened popular respect for personal rights—when not joined to the right politics. I have spoken of a Media druggist who was made to kneel in the street and swear fidelity to Lincolnism while at the same moment the sound of his crashing windows, and case bottles rang in his ears.

A Lancaster county man was mobbed because of an unlucky taste for red-and-white curtains to his windows, which were suspected of signifying sympathy for the Southern bi-colors!

"*Inter arma silent literae,*" saith the poet, and in war times truly books must go to the rear. From the day that I witnessed Lincoln's popular ovation in Philadelphia on his way to take control of the government, I felt convinced that the great struggle must begin within a short period; and this feeling grew so strong that it caused me to give up all hope of entering college, although already prepared for the first year at Yale, or the second at Princeton. I

still pursued the usual course of the curriculum, but my thoughts were oftener with the news of the morning than with the Greek heroics, or Latin bucolics. Perchance, while lanquidly delving amid ancient dry Greek roots, Latin tenses, or German idioms every nerve would be tingling, and every classical idea put to flight by the chance inquiry of a schoolmate,—"Have you heard the latest news?"—followed by some one of the daily crop of startling rumors.

The Philadelphia morning papers usually came as we were entering Recitation Hall; the venerable Preceptor was near-sighted; and often the rows of heads supposed to be poring over the voyages of Æneas, the Marches of Caesar, the Battles of Achilles, or the Retreats of Xenophon, were in fact eagerly reading the exploits of "real flesh and blood" heroes, Ashby, Stuart, Lee, and Jackson by name. Often when called to recite I had not looked at a line of my lesson, but had been busily reading the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* neatly folded behind a pile of books on my desk. Having no classmates, owing to the fact that I was further advanced in the classics than the rest of the boys—I was able to make some sort of recitation on the spur of the moment. Perhaps Mr. Gayley did not care much whether I *learned or not* since he must have foreseen that I would drift into the war in a twelve month if not sooner, as I was a "Rebel" in sentiment already. My relations with the most of my school mates were now on a war-footing, or kind of armed neutrality. The only Southern student left, and boyishly out-spoken, I had taken ground that placed me in direct antagonism with them; and though they respected—possibly feared me—they deemed it wisest to keep aloof from me, excepting perhaps half a dozen of the older ones, including Mr. Gayley's son.

Now the average school boy has an inexhaustible fund of ingenuity for covert annoyance of any one who incurs his enmity. These little Yankees never said or did anything offensive in my sight or knowledge; but busy indeed were they behind my back judging from the fruits of their

labors. Books were stolen from my desk, my hat from the nail, my pencils, paper, etc., from my drawers. Caricatures adorned every available bit of white wash around the building; and spirited sketches were found on my slate, sentences in charcoal were even written on my room door, such for instance as—"*Death to traitors! Shotwell is a traitor!*" "Shotwell ought to be hung!" One day on returning to my room I found a fine large lithograph of "President Davis and his cabinet" woefully disfigured by the addition of a pen-and-ink rope to each of their necks! This got the better of my patience, and going down into the study room where they were all assembled awaiting supper, I made a speech—rather vehement and abounding in adjectives,—shaming the sneaking scamps for doing what they were ashamed to acknowledge. It had a good effect, as some of the older boys also denounced such conduct.

There were some strange, sad, soul struggles in those days. Circumstances had conspired to make me *older at fifteen than afterwards at thirty.* It was not that my mind was not made up as to the proper action when the war should come, but there was sorrow for its coming, and sorrow for the consequences which all men could forecast let the ultimate issue be what it might.

I did not desire the perpetuation of slavery, on the contrary, I should have favored any plan of manumission which would have compensated the owners, and provided for the gradual deportation of the blacks to South America or any other outside regions.

Nor did I favor secession *per se.* Instead of desiring the disruption of the Government I had the old Virginian idea that "the wonderful Constitution," and "Glorious Union" embraced the sum of political wisdom and perfection. From earliest youth my favorite reading had been history and particularly biographical history. Irving, Lossing, Hadley, Motley, and the rest were very familiar to me. And it caused a thrill of secret exultation to view even the pictures of Cornwallis' Red-Coats grounding arms, Paul Jones' capturing the *Serapis;* Ser-

geants Jasper and Newton rescuing the prisoners; or Morgan's men chasing Tarleton from Cowpens.

Then, how gratifying to read that the American flag,—the glorious old "Stars and Stripes,"—received the homage of foreigners wherever unfurled! How strong the boyish indignation against Dickens, Miss Martineau, the Trollopes, Dilke, Kemble, *et al.*, for their "libelous" comments upon American manners and methods. To this day I cannot enjoy their writings, owing to this patriotic prejudice.

Although of English family (and directly connected on the paternal side with the Gages, of whom General Gage, the British commander at Boston, was a member) all my Revolutionary, and subsequent ancestors were strongly American, and republican—in the old true sense of the word. Many an hour have I sat in front of the portrait of General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, a near kinsman, and read the private journal that he kept when, as a youth of twenty, he surveyed for the government the sources and affluents of the Mississippi, (during which he discovered Pike's peak) while every boyish pulse was thrilling at the memory of his heroic death. Imbued with these early patriotic inspirations, and Union-loving associations, it was but natural that I should regard with sorrow the approach of a storm which must shatter the old-time idols, dispel the glowing promises of future growth and greatness, verify the predictions of monarchical scoffers, and destroy all hopes of political regeneration in the old world.

Herein consists, I think the essential difference between Northern and Southern unionism; the one was practical and utilitarian, the other was sentimental and hereditary. The North *valued* the Union, because it was profitable; the South admired it, because of its past glories and present greatness. The Northerner considered it "the best government the world ever saw,"—because he made money by its tariff regulations; dis-Union to him meant a loss of a great monopoly. The Southerner tolerated the Union, because he had been educated by "The Farewell

Address," Fourth of July orations, and the like, to regard it as indispensable to national peace and prosperity, though he well knew that his section would advance and flourish in ten-fold degree if relieved from the unequal laws which made it a bond servant to the manufacturing section.

It is an indisputable fact that prior to the Union the Southern States were advancing faster than any portion of the country. In the first congress Virginia had eleven representatives to six from New York; in the last House, Virginia had eleven to thirty-six from New York. Many causes brought about this change; but the fact that the South was the most promising section as colonies before the Union, and as States in the Union up to the date of the protective tariffs cannot be denied or evaded. Virginia and North Carolina were in a more prosperous condition during the first years of the century than *twenty years later!*

But it is not singular the Southerners clung to the Union with a sentimental fondness, even against their material interests. They were sons of the grandsires who made it; their chimney-corners were filled with its traditions; their neighborhood and family chronicles were interwoven with its brightest pages.

A rural conservative people, still occupying the old homesteads wrested from the virgin forest half a dozen generations back, they were slow to accept innovations of any sort, much less a movement against the "ancient regime,"—that "glorious old Union"—"for which our forefathers fought."

Nearly every Southern family had its Revolutionary traditions, with a constant reminder hanging on the walls in the shape of the identical sword, rifle, or powder-horn, or bugle, carried by some gallant ancestor who camped with Washington on Boston Heights, or charged with "Mad Anthony Wayne" at Stony Point, or fought with Frank Nash at Germantown, or trooped after Sumter, Marion, Morgan, Moore, or Davie in the Carolinas.

There was indeed much to foster a Southerner's pride in the Union. He loved to boast that a slave-holder, Thomas Jefferson, drafted the Constitution[1], that a slave-holder, George Washington, led the infant Republic through its first eight years of civil trial, as he had led it through eight years of war; that a slave-holder, Andrew Jackson, closed the second war, as the first was closed, by a great victory on Southern soil (at New Orleans); that a slave-holder enunciated the "Monroe doctrine;" that Southerners acquired Louisiana, Florida, and Texas; that Southern Presidents occupied the White House during all but twelve years of the first half-century of the Union; that a Southerner, Winfield Scott, led the victorious armies of the Union into the capital of the Montezumas; and that the large majority of the troops who "rallied to the old flag," in both 1812 and 1846 were Southerners.

Very different was the average estimate of the Union, among Northerners. They put little interest in the past provided the present showed a good cent-per-cent. This sort of patriotism which begins at one pocket and ends at the other is now the rule. There are, of course, many noble exceptions. Yet even though every genuine Southern patriot was duplicated and re-duplicated at the North, there would still remain a majority whose Unionism runs no deeper than the pocket nerve.

In truth, anything like the Southern hereditary pride in the Union could hardly be expected from the Northern masses, the bulk of whom are foreigners, without ancestral, or other knowledge of the early history of the country. It would be unreasonable to expect any feeling of veneration for the Constitution, or respect for "State-Rights" from the Irish of New York, the Germans of Ohio, and Missouri, the Scandinavians of Michigan, and Minnesota, or the migrating swarms of every tongue, color, and nationality that settled the great West. They came to America under the impression that it was one great nation, and as they have but one view it would be

[1] This is evidently a slip of the pen.

strange if they did not cast their ballots steadily for centralization[1].

At length, on a fair Spring morning there came an end to all debate, though not to mental tribulation and distress. The bombardment of Sumter had begun. Forty-eight hours later, and Lincoln's call for troops came over the wires! War, cruel, *civil* war, the deadliest, savagest, wickedest of modern wars had outburst at last!

And now that the barbarous test of force was to be met, the personal test of manliness fell upon all Southern men. Few were found wanting! Regardless of previous views, oblivous to individual interests, (and oft-times affections), each true son of the South prepared to take his stand, —"to live, or die, for Dixie!"

My own resolution, (I trust it is needless to say), was taken instantly. Had it been possible I would have taken the first train South. But my situation was exceedingly distressing. I was utterly without funds for travelling, or even for cancelling certain small debts which I could not think of leaving unpaid.

Colonel Hastings, the legal guardian of a small estate inherited by me in Massachusetts, had sent me a comparatively large sum early in the Spring, and refused to advance another dollar until the fall. My father, supposing I could draw upon that source, as needed, had not sent remittances for sometime. Mail communications, which for a month had been so precarious that only by accident a letter escaped the embargo of acquisitive "loyalty," now abruptly ceased. The last letter from home, like many preceding ones, urged me to adhere to my studies, regardless of political excitement. For once, the wisdom and precept of my venerated father were at fault, since he had been quite sanguine of peace until the last. An extensive acquaintance with all sections of the country made him value the Union so highly that he could not believe there would really be a bloody war. Many similar storms had blown over in former years.

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[1] This is the reflection of a point of view very common in the South in the years preceding the Civil War.

"But even if a conflict should ensue," he wrote, "of what use could *you* be, a mere lad of sixteen! delicate, and unused to hardships of any kind? If you desire to be of real service to the South, do not waste an hour, push for college, complete your education, then you may be able to lead, whereas now you could not even follow, for you would quickly break down.

"Alas! If war should come, which may God forbid! there will be no lack of opportunity for fighting years hence!"

This, of course, was prior to Lincoln's proclamation of war. And now the lines had been suddenly drawn, and all communication cut off! Letters, as I afterwards learned, were sent to me through many routes, but none came to hand; while my own lugubrious epistles also fell by the wayside. Colonel Hastings, an Abolitionist, like all his generation, surmising that my sudden anxiety for money boded flight, vouchsafed no reply to my letters, much less any money!

The weeks of waiting which followed were among the most dismal and distressing of my existence, chequered as it has been with disaster and misfortunes.

I fell ill and lay for weeks with nervous fever, and languished miserably in a mental solitude and ostracism.

When at length the vitality of youth, reasserted itself, and I began to mend, my resolution was taken. Despairing of relief, as soon as I had somewhat regained my strength I determined to make the long journey on foot. Through the aid of a school-mate who had lived in Florida, and was friendly to our people, my valuable lexicons, and articles of room furniture were made to pay the debts alluded to.

Another student, not knowing the boon he was conferring, offered me $2.00 as a bonus to exchange my large fine trunk for his old one. Never were eight quarter-dollars more greedily pocketed! Hastening to my room, I packed an old satchel, and drew a rough chart of the route southward, the distances, etc.

As may be supposed, these preparations were made with a hungry heart, and not a few misgivings as to the consequences of the step to be taken on the morrow. It was such a "Crossing of the Rubicon" as rarely happens at so early an age. It was more than the mere giving up of school, acquaintances, property, comfort;—it was the complete cutting loose from boyhood to assume the responsibilities and perils of manhood; both magnified by youth's inexperience. Risk, indeed, began at once; for had any of the students whom I had rather roughly handled in rashly resenting allusions to "rebels" and "traitors," earlier in the year, now seen fit to denounce me to the authorities I should have at once been arrested, notwithstanding the circumstances, for I had made myself immensely unpopular by acts of boyish folly and impetuosity already confessed.

To the credit of my class-mates, be it said, that instead of betraying me, several of the older boys getting an inkling of my intentions quickly dropped in to express their regret. Four of them decided to accompany me to Chester, six miles distant, lest there should be trouble with some of the town "roughs."

Old Mr. Gayley, the Preceptor, made no effort to dissuade me, although he did not at all believe I could escape into Dixie. The war he considered would soon engulf the whole land, and there would be little use to shirk its responsibilities. His wife gave me a package of food, and both walked with me to the gates of the grounds to give me farewell and a blessing!

Thus ended my school days, never to be resumed. There and then I threw away an education, and all that I possessed in the way of worldly wealth as a sacrifice in behalf of the South.

The four school-mates who were in my confidence kindly carried my satchel to the old town of Chester, on the Delaware, where I could take the steamer *Ariel* for Wilmington, Delaware, thereby lessening the risk of recognition on the trains, all of which were guarded by soldiers, and daily searched while being ferried over the

Susquehanna at Havre-de-Grace. The fare took one-eighth of my cash, but a man cannot travel without some expense! Young Charles N——— had volunteered to escort me to the house of the Preceptor's oldest son, his cousin, who resided in Wilmington.

Mr. Gayley, an ardent Republican, showed no excessive gladness at receiving the visitation, but eventually relaxed, and after tea accompanied me down town to the residence of Senator James A. Bayard[1], from whom I hoped to obtain some clue to the reported "Under-Ground-Route" for escaping through the Yankee lines into Virginia.

Both the Senator and his brother Thomas, the present Senator, were then under a cloud. The little State of Delaware, though nominally slave-holding held very little of the troublesome property, and though the old rural families secretly sympathized with the South, the large city of Wilmington, and other railroad towns had imported enough Northern workmen to turn the elections. So while the Bayards decidedly opposed coercion, they also opposed secession.

On the next morning I bade adieu to the Gayleys and N——, my last acquaintance, and set out tramping down the Delaware in the vague hope of finding at some of the small ports a southward bound vessel, whereon I could secure passage in exchange for personal service. Not until after the war did I learn that my Wilmington friends had followed me for several miles to make sure of my getting safely out of town as they considered my appearance "suspiciously Southern," and the land was full of spies.

The early morning was delightful. The road ran along the beach of the broad river with scores of white sailed vessels ploughing the waves under a fresh breeze within a stone's throw of me, as I walked; while on the other side

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[1] James Asheton Bayard, 1799-1880, United States senator from 1851 to 1864, and from 1867 to 1869. He was a Democrat and friendly to the South but scarcely to be called a Southern sympathizer in the usual meaning of the term.

of the highway was a succession of immense peach orchards, loaded with delicious fruit; which has given this whole region the title of the "Great American Peachery."

But the sun grew oppressive ere New Castle was reached, and the sandy little town seemed so uninviting that I did not dare to stop lest a gruff rebuff should bring discouragement ere the long and perilous journey was scarce begun.

Nine miles further down the river was the little village of Delaware City, directly opposite to that mass of granite on an island in mid-stream, which was soon to become ever-infamous as Fort Delaware. Little did I dream that within only three years I should be cooped up with 12,000 other suffering Southerners on the slimy "Pea Patch," longing for even a glimpse of the green fields of Delaware City!

As nothing could be done on the Delaware, I decided to strike across the State,—this sounds large, but the State is small—to the head of Chesapeake Bay. By this time I learned my unfitness for the vocation of "tramp." Although an hungered I dared not ask for food, athirst, I dreaded the big dog at the well, and wearied almost to exhaustion by the eighteen miles of trudging through the deep sand, under a mid-summer sun yet I dared not stop.

My satchel, (let no man call it a "carpet-bag!") had grown as heavy as lead, and a pair of tight-fitting, thin soled, high heeled boots proved a first-class purgatorial contrivance in such a country. So that when a passing waggoner agreed to let me ride a few miles "for a consideration," I disbursed another "quarter," and fell into a deep sleep upon his grain sacks.

Thereupon, the rascal seeing I was unused to such travel, took up the idea that I also was a rogue,—and fleeing from justice. He therefore turned his team, and had carried me six miles back towards town when I awoke, and chancing to recognize a peculiar barn near a cross-roads I had passed earlier in the day, after some remonstrance I seized my satchel and stout stick, and sprang over the rear-board of the wagon. He was not

as courageous as he was rascally, and did not attempt to stop me.

It was only by the rarest accident that I recognized the ground, for ordinarily I walked along looking neither to the right nor left, and might have been carried directly into the camp of the enemy without suspecting it.

Fearful of pursuit, I took the first turn-off, to the left, and hobbled for several miles as rapidly as possible considering the condition of my feet which were swollen until each step was a battery of needle-thrusts. The torture became unbearable. The boots were cut in pieces to get them off: to put them on again would have required a compressing machine. The only resource was to spend two or three hours bathing the inflamed and suffering members in a rivulet.

While thus engaged, I was startled by hearing a gruff voice saying—"Who are you?" A big man with a club had emerged from the bushes immediately behind me. "Oh, I am all right!"—said I, with a desperate attempt to look as dangerous as he did. "Well,"—said the Good Samaritan, for such he proved to be,—"I kinder thought you mought be in trouble, you've been sittin' here so long." The kindly tone gave me confidence, and after some conversation, it came out that he had been cattle hunting, that he lived in the adjacent hamlet of Red Lion and was named Todd; an undertaker by trade, or, as he cheerfully expressed it,—"I fits folks with bargain furniture." But a generous-hearted man was Mr. Todd, and he knew how to make people comfortable above ground as well as *under* it. For, picking up my valise, he led the way to his neat brick house in the village; showed me to a nice chamber with bath attached, very grateful to one of my aquatic habits in such warm weather; and his pretty young wife did the honors of an excellent dinner with surprising gracefulness and hospitality.

After dinner, as we all sat upon the porch, within sight of the canal, (The Delaware and Raritan) a boatsman's horn was heard, and Mr. Todd, catching up my baggage, boots and all, cried—"Come on as fast as you can while I

run ahead and see if the Captain of yonder boat, who is a friend of mine, won't take you down to Chesapeake, which is eighteen miles from here." I bade adieu to Mrs. Todd, and hobbled on, very grateful for all this kindness. Whether the family were Southerners and saw that I was one, or whether they acted through sheer sympathy for suffering, it is impossible to say. In any case they have my most grateful remembrance and my hearty thanks.

A very rough fellow was the boatman, momentarily roaring out a string of oaths as long as his mule team; but he gave me the only stool on the deck of his gallant craft, and as we slowly glided out of view of Red Lion, I concluded I had met three "blessings in disguise" that day, not excepting the money-making teamster.

The canal is, in the main, an old creek deepened and widened, so that large vessels use it to pass from Chesapeake Bay into the Delaware without making the tedious journey round the Capes, thereby greatly lessening the distance between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The southern end of the canal is at a village called Chesapeake City, at the head of the Bay into which a huge lock gives admittance. Along the whole way the Captain gave me sailor's yarns and fish stories, with a gusto that showed he found his customary daily trip rather monotonous, as his beloved mule-motor did not carry passengers.

Indeed, his pleasure at having a listener who accepted all his tales of the "Raging Canawl," and "vasty deep," without question, was so great, that he did me a real service.

We had reached the Chesapeake, and I was sitting upon the wharf, eating a dime's worth of cheese and crackers for supper, while the strong damp wind from off the Bay made me shiver at the thought of spending the night amid the lumber piles, as I designed doing, when a voice "interlarded with strange oaths," as the poet hath it; called through the darkness for that "longhaired, lubberly son of a gun"—myself, aforesaid.

He came to tell me that a steamer was coming down the canal, bound for Washington, and if I were sharp I could

get on board as she was passing through the lock. This, he explained, was "the darndest piece of luck"; for it was not often that vessels took that route for ports as far south as Washington.

The steamer proved to be the *W. W. Whilden,* formerly a Philadelphia and Charleston packet, recently chartered by the Lincoln government, and now on her way to report for service as a transport. In this fact were seeds of disaster to my hopes. The canal captain called on the sea captain in my behalf, but was put aside with the curt response that his boat belonged to the government and did not carry passengers.

Meanwhile no time was to be lost, as the steamer was already surging into the lock. Accordingly, to make a sure thing of it, I walked off, and passing to the other gangway, walked on again, descended to the ladies' cabin, and asked the stewardess for a cup of tea, as I "felt quite exhausted!" Ere she returned, the great lock gate had been thrown open; and the *Whilden's* wheels were churn- the waters of the Bay into foam, and the lights on shore were growing dim.

When the last star-like twinkle had vanished from offshore, and the vessel had gone too far to turn back, I summoned resolution to call upon the Captain; deeming it better "to beard the lion in his den" with an air of fearlessness, than to permit him to pounce upon my back while skulking from him.

That it was not in any wise a pleasant venture may be inferred from the circumstances; since if he should treat me insolently; and naval commanders by habitual exercise of absolute authority are apt to become small salt-water Caesars, I dare not resent it; and if he should prove suspicious, I would be completely in his power, as much as if under a real lion's paw.

"Well, by the Lord!"

Thus quoth the Autocrat of the Quarter Deck, with almost ludicrous astonishment, as he discovered that he had, in Paddy's phrase,—"a passenger on board that he had left behind." And in truth, it was an unexpected ap-

parition, this tall young man, in a broadcloth suit, but barefooted, and carrying an old carpet-sack, stepping suddenly out of the murk of the night into the full glare of the pilot house, when no such soul was supposed to be on the steamer!

"Well, by the Lord!—Who are you? How did you get here? Who allowed you to come aboard this boat," This interrogatory volley brought up the whole subject in a rather disagreeable manner. However, according to Tallyrand, "Language is an invention to conceal thought," and lawyers and women know that the best way to avoid troublesome questions is by answering a great many that *were not asked.*

"Why, sir,"—said I, deliberately depositing the carpet-sack in one corner, "you will probably recollect me as the young man that had the pleasure of an introduction to you at Chesapeake; but you were busy, (and I don't wonder, for that is an ugly lock to bring such a fine ship as this through) so I thought I would call and thank you for the great favor you have done me in giving me the ride; for really, Captain, as you can see for yourself, my feet are dreadfully blistered, because I wasn't used to walking, and I don't see how in the world I could have held out to foot it all the way to Washington; besides I had spent all my money except $1.50, and of course I couldn't expect much assistance from the Maryland Secesh in times like these."

Despite the frowning and puzzled expression of the Captain's face, I proceeded to tell him that my people wanted me to continue on at school, and take a college course, but now that I was sixteen years old,—"And big for my age, don't you think so, Captain?"—it seemed a pity to waste four years before making a start in life; so I meant to try to do something for myself; and at any rate, I intended to call on the Secretary of War to see what he could do for me, etc., etc.

Every word of this statement was literally true; though it must be confessed, my gorgeous "Red-White and Blue" necktie, and enormous silver-plated spread-eagle badge,

(worn on the lapel of my coat in accordance with the fashion of gushing loyalty at that period) were calculated to make him put a slightly erroneous construction upon it.

Fortunately, as he was beginning a gruff rejoiner a clangor of bells called him hastily to some matter connected with the ship, and I hastened to the rear, not anxious to hear his further remarks, or—questions! Yet, the unfinished interview left me very uneasy; because, although unskilled in reading countenances, I felt assured the Captain was not satisfied, and would perhaps turn me over to the police to give a better account of myself. It must be considered that a great hubbub had been raised only a little more than a fortnight before, by the capture of the Bay Line steamer, *St. Nicholas,* under the following circumstances:—

Colonel R. Tarbona Thomas, of Baltimore, had been secretly organizing a battalion of Zouaves for the Southern service. On the first of July[1], a party of ten or twelve poorly dressed men took passage in the large side-wheel steamer, *St. Nicholas,* which ran between that city and Washington.

The men seemed to be countrymen going to various points along the route. A very lively French lady, with her maid, also came on board. When the steamer reached Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, a number of other countrymen took passage. Among them was Lieutenant Alexander, and Captain George N. Hollins, a Virginian, who had resigned from the Federal Navy.

These men made a sign to the French lady, who thereupon slipped her petticoats over her head, and stepped out, the redoubtable little Colonel Thomas with a big pistol in each hand! And all the countrymen fished up pistols from their boot-tops, and the *St. Nicholas* became a Confederate prize.

She was headed for Cane River, where a Tennessee regiment was to be taken on board, and several grand exploits to be attempted. But the Tennesseans were too

[1] The St. Nicholas was captured on June 28, 1861.

tardy; so the ship sailed up the river, capturing three other vessels with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property, and forty-five prisoners, all of which were brought safely into Fredericksburg. Unfortunately this news rendered Colonel Thomas so rash that two weeks later he attempted another project, and being *betrayed,* was found tucked away in the drawer of an old bureau on the steamer *Washington,* while she was sailing up the Bay. He was made a prisoner, and treated with inhuman vigor, being promptly *chained down* in the dark dungeon of Fort McHenry, where both his sight and health were destroyed.

Naturally these occurrences kept the officers of merchant vessels, plying the inland waters, in a state of suspicion for some time thereafter; and I had the benefit of it, boy though I was.

That the Captain distrusted me, though bewildered in a measure by my frankness in conversation, soon became apparent from his actions. Repeatedly he slipped into the cabin on some pretence, and shot many sharp glances at me, curled up on a corner sofa simulating sleep.

Early next morning the duty of keeping an eye on me was assigned to a quite pretty and sprightly young woman, who may have been the stewardness when the steamer ran as a passenger packet, though she was apparently a near relative of the Captain's. Unawares, I won her favorable opinion by bringing her a chair when she came on deck, and offering her a pictorial paper which Todd had given me. Later on, seeing that I did not go to breakfast, she told me I might get seasick; and when I boyishly explained that I could only afford to pay for four meals ($1.00) during the trip, she brought a tray of breakfast, and told me to go into one of the staterooms to eat it.

Ere noon the kindness was well appreciated; for the day was exceedingly blustering, and the water near Point Lookout is almost always rough; the Potomac river—seven miles wide—here debouching into the Bay, causing what the sailors term "a chopping sea." Little did

I dream that in the same month three years later, with six hundred other officers, packed like sardines in the dark, filthy, and nauseating hold of a much smaller vessel, I should be tossing on the same waves, at the same point, suffering so grievously for air that dozens of my companions were dragged out in a dead faint at every moment!

During the afternoon my new friend, the pretty "young person" aforesaid, brought me a late dinner, or early supper which we enjoyed together in the little stateroom. Presently there came a heavy jarring sound, followed by another, and many others in rapid sucession. "Oh, Mercy!" she exclaimed, "the rebels are shelling some boat, and maybe they will shell us too! I am scared to death!"

The cannonading was at Aquia Creek, the terminal of the Fredericksburg Railroad, and the extreme right of Beauregard's lines, where an effort was being made to blockade the river. Our vessel slowed down, to diminish her smoke, and got everything of an inflammable nature off her decks, lest a bursting shell should set her on fire. She then drew as closely as possible to the Maryland side, put on full steam, and went ahead.

All of the crew, who were not needed to work the ship, went down into the hold, and some crouched on the floor when the roar of the guns began. The Potomac is about four miles wide at this point, but the channel runs within fair range for the big 64 pounders in the Confederate batteries; and the large white side-wheel steamer presented a good target though being unloaded her speed was lively. It required probably twenty minutes to run the gauntlet, and during that time some fifty shot and shell were pitched at us. Many fell short, splashing the water directly in line of us, showing that a little more elevation of the aim would have sent the huge missiles crashing into our fragile hull. Many exploded in the air, some fell too far in the rear, others shot past our bows. It was a strange sight to see a ball of iron, the size of a half

bushel measure ricochetting along the top of the water, like a big cork dancing from wave to wave.

It seemed at each shot as if the next must strike; and I confess to a decided change of views in consequence. Before coming under fire, I was elated at the thought that perhaps a shell would disable the steamer, and permit the Confederates to capture her; thus putting an end to all my difficulties and dangers. But half a dozen shots awoke an exceedingly strong desire to go right along without all this fuss!

The Potomac soon grew narrower, and the young girl called me on deck to view points rendered famous by recent occurrences. She brought the Captain's large glass and watched me narrowly as she inquired if I would not like to take a look at the "Rebel flag."

At another place, lower down, the order was passed for all hands to go inside and remain concealed while running by Matthias Point, the spot where Captain Ward of the gunboat *Pawnee,* had been killed only a few days previous.[1] He had discovered signs that the Rebels were erecting a masked battery—all the Southern batteries were "masked" in these days—amid the spruce thickets at the Point; and at once landed to drive them off.

He was killed, and several of his men wounded; but the Confederates, a mere scouting party, also withdrew. This was singular, inasmuch as the point is the only one at which the Potomac could be blockaded. The current sets in so near the shore, that, as I said, we were cautioned to keep out of sight, lest concealed riflemen in the thicket should pick us off. Instead of thus closing the river, the Confederates planted their batteries at Aquia Creek, where no boat could be struck at night, and but few in the day! And now night descended rapidly. Mountainous masses of clouds, "Pelion upon Ossa piled" around the horizon, still showed the ruddy tinge—the crimson blushes—of the sunken sun; but darkness lay upon the land; like a funeral pall, not a light twinkling,

[1] Commander James Harman Ward was killed as described on June 27, 1861, but he was not in command of the Pawnee but the Freeborn.

not even the bark of a dog resounding, from anywhere along the wooded bluffs of the Virginia shore.

Presently the great bell began a muffled tolling that was in strange consonance with the hour and the scene. It was the usual salute of honor paid by vessels in passing the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the oft-pictured mansion, but the gloom was impenetrable.

In a short time Fort Washington was reached, and the steamer "slowed down" to admit of a conversation between the captain and an officer on the parapet. Standing on the gangway, and looking up at the massive battlements, I fell into a familiar schoolboy habit of thinking aloud.

"Wonder why under the sun our men did not seize this fort when they took Harper's Ferry and Alexandria!" Instantly, to my dismay, a voice from a latticed window next to the one against which I was leaning, responded:

"Why, because our men got here first."

There was no mistaking the significance of the emphasis on *"Our* men." My secret stood revealed! And Washington was almost at hand. In less than an hour I should be delivered up to the enemy. The situation was desperate. Had I been able to swim, no matter how poorly, I should have sprung overboard, trusting to blind luck for escape. But a pound of lead was a better swimmer than I. However, "all is not necessarily lost," sayeth the proverb, "because in great danger." By a sudden impulse, I hastened into the saloon, took my boots and baggage, and went into the small stateroom, locked the door, and staid there.

And when Washington was reached—I was among the missing.

After much bustle and commotion, the steamer continued on to Georgetown, somewhat over a mile farther up the river. It was a tedious trip, as the stream seemed filled with gunboats, transports and other craft; and there was much delay in getting through the drawbridge.

Finally, near midnight, I heard the Captain hailing the crowd of soldiers on the wharf—"Hello! Men, catch the ropes!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Tie her fast, we'll be here all day!" "Aye, aye, sir!" (Then came a swarm of Blue-coats over the gangplank, asking for newspapers, and "news from down below," and "how you escaped the Rebs," etc., etc. But the hum rather served as a lullaby to my many senses, as I lay in the snug berth, taking the last comfortable night's sleep I should enjoy in many a long month.

At dawn, after carefully reconnoitering, I took my valise, and with a brisk matter of fact step marched out upon the wharf, carefully picking my way among the groups of men, some asleep, some cooking breakfast, while I expected to hear at every moment, the voice of the officer on deck ordering me to "Halt!" or some one to "Stop that Rebel!"

The soldiers cast curious glances at the long-haired youth leaving the boat at such an early hour, but I soon passed out of view among the wilderness of tents, which covered the face of the earth as far as the eye could reach.

Then came many novel sights; for here was the *debris* of the "grandest army on the planet," which, less than a fortnight before, had started on its "triumphant march to New Orleans, via Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, and Montgomery"—as the Northern press had proclaimed to all the world.

Pen cannot picture the scene at sunrise, as the men swarmed out of their tents and holes. The hum of voices was like the buzzing of a basketful of bees dumped into a barrel. It will be remembered that Scott's army of sixty thousand men, after stretching forth into Virginia like a gigantic fan, flaunting its banners, and accompanied by all the baggage, the extra equipage, vehicles, etc., of inexperienced troops, were suddenly routed, hurled back doubled up, and joined together, within the fortifications at Arlington. There was not room, and the overflow rolled across the Long Bridge, or the Viaduct until Georgetown and Washington were also crowded. Fences were torn away, and the whole space was packed with

tents, wagons, artillery, baggage, piles of boxes and barrels, hospitals, ambulances, commissary stores, quartermaster's stores, medical stores, sutler's stores, acres of cavalry horses, and wagon mules picketed as closely as the animals could stand, long rows of cook-fires, hundreds of negroes baking rations, hundreds of women and children huddled under wagons, their only shelter; and surging through this medley, a noisy multitude of men of every nationality, tongue, and color under the sun.

They still wore the old "volunteer company" uniforms; hence were decked in every conceivable color, red, green, blue, yellow, pink, buff, black—every shade except white—*and grey!*

When organized into regiments these incongruities of taste were not so glaring, but now that the army was a mob, horse, foot, and artillery all jumbled and jabbering it was an inconceivable harlequinaderie, a vivid realization of the tumult at Babel's tower, after the confusion of tongues.

All the way down to Washington the same condition of things existed, as if a great city had been blown in pieces, and the citizens were cowering amid the ruins.

Although much improved by the two days rest, my feet gave me so much trouble that it was nearly nine o'clock ere I reached the vicinity of Willard's Hotel, which was the headquarters of General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces.

During all the trip I had had a vague idea of applying to him—and if he refused, to the Secretary of War—for a pass to go over to Alexandria, whence I hoped to escape by dodging through the picket lines at night. This seemed the only hope for crossing the Potomac, which was the *bete noir* of my waking and nightly dreams. Utterly unable to swim, and constitutionally timid in relation to deep water, (the result of a great peril in infancy I believe) I dreaded above all things the river, as there were no bridges save those at Washington and at Harper's Ferry; while at the ferries the boats as well as the small skiffs had been destroyed, even if there had not been a close picket line along the river for hundreds of

miles to prevent passage. So my only hope lay in getting a permit to visit the camps on the south side, and then eluding the pickets.

This will suffice to show the extreme verdancy of youth. I ought to have known that no civilian carrying a carpet-bag would be allowed to even approach on the pickets, and as for eluding them, in the prevailing state of nervous apprehension of a Rebel advance, that was absurdity indeed! The whole front of Arlington Heights was fortified with high ramparts and broad ditches, from the Chain Bridge, four miles above, to Alexandria, six miles below, within which semi-circle more than 30,000 troops were densely packed.

Investing half of my last half-dollar in a shabby breakfast, and depositing my satchel with the saloon-keeper I sallied forth to visit the Lincolnite chiefs, an errand so absurdly hopeless, and so plainly dangerous, that on retrospect I fail to comprehend how anyone could have been so unsophisticated as to undertake it. Yet, as I recollect, it seemed the last resort.

Casual inquiries while on board the boat assured me that the entire river, both above and below Washington was closely guarded, owing to the large numbers of young Marylanders trying to escape across it. Persons were arrested even when travelling in carriages as though citizens of the neighborhood; and how much more suspicious would I be, travelling on foot, carrying a valise, and inquiring the way as I went! To cross below the city was out of the question, while above it, I must first get over the canal, which runs along the Potomac for hundreds of miles, and then dodging between the Yankee pickets, posted all along the tow-path between the canal and the river to prevent the Marylanders from escaping as well as to guard the canal levee from being cut by parties of Rebels at night; I must *get over the river!* —a not very promising prospect when you consider that I could not swim even the canal, much less the broad river! So, in my weary and penniless condition the utmost risk appeared excusable, nay, *indispensable!*

General Scott's headquarters were at Willard's Hotel, and as it happened he was standing in the doorway ready to take horse to visit the camps on Arlington Heights. He was surrounded by a glittering staff, but no one could fail to recognize the stout solderly figure, the massive head, leonine mane, and plumed chapeau, which were lithographed in every shop window, and previously familiar from the colored prints seen in every public house in the anti-bellum days, representing him on a prancing charger "Entering Mexico," or as the "Hero of Lundy's Lane."

He strode back and forth with knit brows and impatient look that left the idea, even upon my boyish mind, that he knew he was "observed of all observers," or in theatrical phrase, was "striking an attitude."

Selecting the mildest looking of the brass-buttoned, gold-epauletted sons of Mars, who were clanking their big spurs on the pavement, I ventured amid fear and trembling to ask if he would introduce me to the General.

"Who are you, Sir?" quoth he. "I am a stranger, Sir, and wish to speak to the General." "What does the young man want?" said the big son of the War-God, coming to a sudden halt in front of me. I began a stammering explanation of my great desire for a permit to cross the river, when he interrupted me in a stern tone, saying, "Do you want to join the army?" "Yes," hesitating, "that is I had thought of it, Sir." And I tried to excuse myself to conscience by adding the mental reservation that "*the* army" in my meaning was *our* own army, then at Mansen's Hill, only four miles south of the city. "Well," said he, "you are rather young for a solder, but I was young myself when I entered the army; and we need young men. I told Mr. Lincoln," he was addressing his staff rather than me, "three months ago we should need young brains and young energies to carry through this war to a successful termination, and already we see that such is the fact. The Country calls for McClellan, and I am glad he is coming. *Here, Orderly,*

show this young man to the recruiting station on the next block! Gentlemen, to horse!"

Then climbing heavily into his magnificent saddle, he galloped off to the southward, followed by a clattering troop, and leaving in my mind the impression that he well deserved his reputation for pomp and parade, although assuredly a gallant soldier in his younger days, and in a better cause.

Naturally I felt very much set aback on finding myself marched to a recruiting station, but retained self-possession enough to thank the orderly at the door, and spend some time talking with the officer at the desk. It was observable that not a single other recruit was present; the recent battle having subdued the martial ardor of most persons in that region. In fact, the city seemed filled with discharged men; members of regiments whose terms of enlistment had just expired.

In the public buildings, notably the Patent Office, whither I went to pass an hour in thinking what to do next, great crowds of tattered and muddy soldiers surged to and fro, some bragging loudly, but many complaining of bad leadership and bad treatment altogether.

More than once I caught the remark, "Well, I'm done soldiering! I was fooled into this thing once but I've got enough." Others grumbled at having been carried into battle "just as their time was up." There was a modicum of truth in this. General McDowell, in explaining his advance upon Beauregard, says that he had to fight, because the three months volunteers (particularly those from Pennsylvania and New York), "refused to stay an hour beyond their time." "The Secretary of War, and I also, plead with them in vain; they insisted on their discharge that Saturday night. And the next morning as the army moved forward into the battle, these troops moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's guns." Perhaps they had lost confidence in their leaders. At any rate they were in advance next day *when the movement on Washington began in such haste!* Shortly after ten o'clock I ventured to call at the

War Department. The corridor was crowded with men, both civilians and officers, awaiting audience. A select number were admitted to the War Office, proper; and a still smaller number were granted personal interviews with that thrifty Pennsylvania Scot, Simon Cameron, panoplied with the portfolio of war. Ushers and messengers, aides and orderlies, clerks and secretaries, were coming and going incessantly—the privileged few admitted being envied by all. My timid application did not at first receive even a reply; the official merely nodding to one of the officers to follow him into "the Presence." Several persons in the waiting crowd said they had been kicking their heels against the floor at the same spot since nine o'clock.

Very curious conversation was indulged in by some of them, red tape being bountifully abused. "It lost us the battle the other day, and will lose us the Capital I am afraid!" quoth one. "Yes," said another, "if Little Mac' doesn't make a speedy change, we will have the old 'Bladensburg Races' repeated, in Bull Run fashion. Why do you know, there are one hundred barrels of gunpowder packed downstairs in the cellar this minute—fixed to blow the whole Department sky-high if the Secesh should get in? Well, it's a fact. And the Capitol is mined the same way." "Bah! that's all done for effect!" said another, "Of course, it is a very good idea to make the country believe the capital is in danger. But everybody knows Jeff Davis means to stand on the defensive. That's his strong card: 'Only let us alone and we'll let you alone,' " he says. "Yes, but suppose Maryland secedes? Then the Rebels will claim this city as being in their territory." "Pshaw, men, do you suppose the government will allow a Secesh convention to meet now? Why the State is full of soldiers already. You saw how they treated Marshal Kane the other day, and I hear there will be any number of big fish taken in before long. They say old General Dix has bought up two or three members of the Legislature, who are to give him notice of any attempt to pass an act of Secession in

secret session, and you may be sure if the traitors try that game they will land in Fort McHenry."

Singularly enough these casual predictions were fulfilled within a month, by the wholesale arrest of the Maryland Legislature, the members being dragged from their beds at midnight by armed gangs of soldiers, under General George B. McClellan's orders; an act of arbitrary and inexcusable despotism which is justly considered the blackest spot upon his reputation, though he claims to have simply followed Lincoln's orders. Promenading over a stone floor, in momentary expectancy for some hours or longer, is a discouraging business, and I more than once was on the eve of retiring in despair, when some new arrival or departure, would cause me to linger; which I do not now regret, as it gave me opportunity to see, at close view, several personages since prominent in history.

First among these, perhaps, should be named Prince Napoleon of France, who, with his wife, the Princess Clothilde, had just arrived in this country. He came up the stairway chatting rather noisily—"for a Prince"—arm-in-arm with William H. Seward, the Lincolnite Secretary of State. They had walked over from the State Department to arrange for "Plon Plon's" visit to the Bull Run battlefield which occurred during the same week. General Beauregard's published account of this visit expresses the belief that it had other objects in view than mere sight-seeing. But of this I may speak in another connection.

The real Napoleon had not taken his departure from the building, when a shout was heard outside, and a squad of officers walked in with "the idol of the hour" the "Hero of Rich Mountain"—the "Young Napoleon," who was receiving more newspaper and personal adulation than any man in the war at that period.

He was in his thirty-fifth year, stoutly built, soldierly looking, with a pleasing expression of face, and a little affectation it seemed to me. He had just arrived from

West Virginia, and issued his first order on the following day.

Referring to this date afterwards, in an official report to the Secretary of War, he wrote: "I found no army to command; *a mere collection of regiments cowering on the banks of the Potomac,* some perfectly raw, others dispirited by the recent defeat. Nothing of any consequence had been done to secure the Southern approaches by defensive works; *nothing whatever* to defend the avenues to the city on the northern side of the Potomac. The troops were not only undrilled, undisciplined, and dispirited; they were not even placed in military positions. The city was almost in a condition *to have been taken by the dash of a regiment of cavalry.*"

Another officer, who was not so quickly admitted to audience, was General Robert Patterson, the Federal commander in the Valley, who permitted General Joseph E. Johnston to escape to Manassas. So fierce was the howl raised in consequence that Patterson bent before the storm, and resigned his command six days after the battle. He now seemed visibly care-worn and broken; yet I am disposed to think the old man was a victim to the same popular injustice which followed every unsuccessful northern general.

He had about 16,000 men, against 13,000, under Johnston (as the latter himself admits), and the Valley is so conformed that an able general could easily do as Johnston did; to wit: present a bold front with three or four thousand men, while secretly sending 8,000 or 9,000 through the mountain passes towards the east. However, a scape-goat was badly needed, and Patterson had the misfortune to be a Democrat, and he might consider himself lucky in not being thrown into Fort Warren on a charge of disloyalty, as was General Stone after the failure at Ball's Bluff.

My own turn at length arrived, and I was ushered into the office. "What is your business?" asked an *attache.* "I wish to see Mr. Secretary." "Write your business on a card." "I desire to obtain a permit to cross the

river." "Report yourself to General Mansfield!—ahem! Usher,—the door!" Thus I was shown in, and shown out, in three minutes with three curt answers, after three or four hours of wearisome waiting. *And I also blessed red tape!*

It was now nearly 3:00 p. m.—the day flying, and nothing as yet accomplished! Another dime's worth of cheese and crackers left me only fifteen cents, less than would pay for a night's lodging, and as there was almost absolute certainty of being arrested as a suspicious character, if seen prowling around the streets at night, I realized that I must act promptly.

General Mansfield's headquarters were easily found; he proved to be provost marshal. The office, a small room, had one side railed off, with a high counter, and a wire netting, with a square aperture, or window, as in banks. A sentry, with fixed bayonet, stood near an inner doorway, leading probably into the General's private office.

A dozen or more persons were waiting when I arrived, and others came in until there was a throng around the railing. No one was visible behind it, but on the walls were several placards, such as, *"Attend to your business and go!"—"No time for politeness here!"—"Come at office hours!"* etc., I did not at first comprehend their meaning so well as when, an hour later, I saw the crowd jostling and pushing to get at the window, where a spruce young officer, in new uniform, curled hair, and dandyish whiskers, had made his appearance just as the clock chimed the hour of five. The rush was owing to the fact that only one boat left for Alexandria during the afternoon, and as it would start in half an hour, only those who got permits at once, could reach the wharf in time.

Disgusted with the scuffling crowd, I stood back, and by chance was thrown near a lady in mourning dress, whose agitation was perceptible even through her heavy veil. In a few minutes she touched my arm, and in trembling accents begged me to hand in her application for a pass, saying she was from Rhode Island, and had

a wounded father, or brother, or some relative somewhere on the river, and she had been travelling night and day, and "must!—must!—must!" go on that night. Of course, I lost no time in elbowing my way up to the window and presenting the card. The brass-buttoned dandy (who was said by a bystander to be Lieutenant Drake DeKay, aide-de-camp to General Mansfield), became a colonel and was, in 1876, Secretary of one of the Republican National Executive Committees, or possibly of the Veteran League Committee, at any rate, he was one of Grant's chief tools in 1872. On glancing at the pencilled application, tossed it back with the remark—"This calls for a woman." "Yes, Sir, that lady in black near the door. She cannot push through this crowd," I replied. "Let her wait, then, till it thins out!" "But she is in trouble, and wants to catch the boat to see her relative who is wounded, I believe." "Well, she can go over in the morning. Everybody takes his turn here. 'No time for politeness here!' " and he pointed to the placard on the wall. "*You don't know* what politeness is!" was my reply, vexed at his supercilious tone and air. "You are no gentleman here, or anywhere else, or you wouldn't treat a lady in this way!"

Unused to such retorts, the popinjay stood glaring at me for an instant, until I had handed the lady back her card, and was almost at the door, when he roared out—"Who in the devil are you! Come back, come here, sir! Guard, stop that man! Stop him! Arrest him!"

Whatever else he may have said I did not hear, I impolitely stepped out! There was no use in remaining, and much good reason for going. Before the sentry who was on the opposite side of the room, could push through the throng, I had turned the corner, and was gone. His duties as sentinel probably did not permit of prolonged pursuit, and as soon as I could reach the saloon where I had left my satchel, I made haste through by-streets and alleys to reach the Capitol grounds, where I found a secluded seat amid the shrubbery. Out of breath, out of

heart, out of money, and out of shoe leather—I felt very nearly out of hope, also!

It was approaching nightfall, and the question of ways and means for supper and a bed was distressingly involved. To make matters worse, the slow spattering drops of a general rain began to rattle on the dry leaves as I crouched among them. This, however, helped me to a decision. By many *detours* the road to Georgetown was regained, and I turned my steps westward resolved to go over one river or—the other—to cross the Potomac —or the Styx!

It was a lonesome, dreary walk—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Bluecoats, coming into town from the picket stations on the river. Knowing nothing of the country, and not daring to inquire I had taken the most dangerous road, to wit, the one called the "River Road," which crosses into Virginia, over the Chain Bridge, one and a half miles above Washington. Of this fact I was made aware by suddenly walking around a curve into view of the bridge, *and also a battalion of soldiers bivouacking on both sides of the road!*

As a squad of mounted officers were riding up behind me I could not turn back; while it seemed equally impossible to go ahead because here was virtually the *end of the road!*

The bridge was still standing, but a portion of the planking had been taken up, and a strong guard was posted with two brass howitzers behind a barricade to sweep the bed of the bridge, if the Rebels should dare to venture across.

On the right of the road, the land rose into steep bluffs, thirty or forty feet high, like palisades; and upon the summit were planted other pieces of artillery. The soldiers were crowded under small shelters at the foot of these cliffs. It was not surprising they marvelled to see a tall youngster in so fine a suit, (I had worn my best, knowing that it would be lost if left at school) but almost barefooted, and lugging a carpet-bag plodding wearily along in their midst in a drenching rain! I saw I had

walked into a dilemma—a regular *cul de sac,* as it were; but happily I had heard an officer at the War Department telling a comrade that General McCall's division of Pennsylvania militia, (known as "the Reserves") had marched the day previous to take post at Tenallytown —somewhere up the river.

Accordingly, when I was halted by the squad of pickets in front of the commanding officer's quarters, I endeavored to look self-possessed as I inquired—"Is this the camp of the Pennsylvania Reserves?" "No this is the (giving the name of some Ohio battery, I believe). "Well, do you know where McCalls' men are camped?" "Over at Tenallytown," they say. "How far off is that?" "Nigh on to six miles," they say. "Good heavens! I ought to have gotten a horse and buggy, but I must get there tonight somehow." And after receiving many directions how to proceed, I climbed the steep cliffs and turned off through the fields in the designated direction. Looking far across the Virginia end of the bridge, I could see two men sitting on horseback, with oilcloths over their shoulders, and curtains across their knees, who were, of course, Confederate pickets; and my soul ached as I thought I must go dismally on into all manner of perils, while just over yonder, a thousand yards distant, was safety, country, and friends! But I did not have long to brood over these things for presently a soldier yelled after me—*"Hello, Mister, hold on!"* The shout made every nerve tingle, and as he came running forward my impulse was to take to my heels, and leave my baggage as his spoil.

Luckily I "held on," and as he came up he said, "The Major sent me over to Tenally, and I'll keep you company." This was better than I feared, yet it did not altogether relieve my anxiety, because now I would have to go on to the village; and how could I tell whether or not this man was sent as a guard to make sure that I reached General McCall's camp? Or what if he had been misled by my fine dress, and meant to rob me, as soon as we were in the gloomy woods! He was a big strapping

fellow, with shaggy beard, and enormous boots, wearing a blouse, which did not cover the muzzle of a big pistol swinging in his belt. To my boyish eyes these things were ruffianly in the extreme, equal to the pictures in a dime novel. However, he wasn't much of a cut-throat after all! On the contrary, as we were plodding along through the gloom and rain, he confessed, he was very glad of my company; "for" said he, "these Marylanders, since the big fight are getting sassier and sassier, an' I dessay they'd just as 'lief pop over a fellow as not if they ketch't him out here alone in the fields at night."

It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tenallytown. The rain was pouring down, and the soldier himself suggested that I had better go to the hotel, and postpone until the next day my inquiries for the troops. He said General McCall had his headquarters there, and I could learn all I wished to know from him. So we at once stamped into the big room, which served as office, sitting, smoking, and dining room of the establishment.

The General and staff with one or two colonels, and several travellers, chanced to be at tea, and the rheumatic old landlord, after leisurely filling his corn-cob pipe, inquired if I didn't "want ter set up ter supper?" There was nothing under the sun I did "want ter set up ter" more excruciatingly than the big platters of ham and eggs, hot biscuit and coffee, ranged so liberally on the board; but as my fifteen cents would barely pay for half of a bed, I could only pretend to be busy drying myself.

My coming in so familiarly with the soldier had prevented the least thought of my identity, so after supper we all sat round the huge fireplace smoking and talking like a party of village topers. The only thing worthy of mention was a remark by an officer—to which General McCall gave his assent—that "every Southern Capital from Richmond to Montgomery must be burned to the ground!" "And the ground sowed in salt!" said one

colonel. "And every Rebel port destroyed, so that there shall be no ingress or egress to the accursed region," said another.

The conversation is perfectly distinct in my memory; and when just twelve months later, I had the pleasure of seeing Major-General McCall a prisoner, captured by the Division to which I belonged, on the ridge of Frazier's Farm, near Richmond, I could have reminded him of his sneers at the "Southern Chivalry," and his talk of laying our capital cities in ashes, that night in the old Tenallytown hotel.

At bedtime I was assigned to a room with three travellers, all Northerners, and had to share my mattress with a "varmint" from "d-e-o-w-n in V'rm-o-u-n-t State"—a typical Yankee of the "Brother Jonathan" style; tall, angular, inquisitive, and with a nasal snarl that would have betrayed him in any costume, or corner of the globe. He had never been a dozen miles from home before in his life, and knew absolutely *nothing* about the South, yet he drawled on for hours all manner of abuse of our section and people, till my patience was well nigh exhausted. It was a sore temptation—as he was expressing his wish to "lay eyes on a Rebel,"—for me to spring up and seize him by the throat, shouting—"*Here! you scoundrel! here is one of them who is going to cut your head off!*" Unfortunately he was of a very *discouraging size* for such a performance; and as I had paid my last penny for the bed, it seemed a pity not to get at least a little sleep out of it.

Early next morning I set out on the road to Rockville, —dreading at every moment to find myself hailed by the soldier who came from the Chain Bridge with me. The morning was very dark, with occasional showers, and a fog so dense that I could not see one hundred yards around me, and twice ran upon the pickets before I was aware of it.

Strange to say, at the first, or inner line, I was not halted, the sentry merely nodding in response to my salutation. But at a point more than a mile from the vil-

lage a soldier sprang from a fence corner, and ordered me to halt. My fright and agitation must have been manifest to ordinary observation, though I endeavored to talk boldly. He insisted on calling the "Sergeant of the Guard," and I had another long parley with that official. I told him he could put me to a great deal of trouble, but I didn't suppose he wished merely to do that; therefore there wasn't any use sending back to town, for I had spent the night at General McCall's hotel and had talked with the colonel of their regiment, etc., etc.

It was a close touch, but I managed to get off and language cannot picture my anxiety as I walked on; the dread of recall being worse than the fear of a bullet in the back.

Towards noon, hunger and fatigue brought on a spell of dizziness, the earth spinning in great black circles; so that I realized the necessity of obtaining food of some sort, and a measure of rest. But it was not easy to get food in that region without money. Western Maryland is mainly settled by "Pensylvania Dutch,"—a thrifty class of small farmers, who believe that "the chief end of man" is *to Get,* and the next best commandment is *to Keep.* Here and there, a wealthy Southern family *had* lived (until they fled to Virginia, or Baltimore), but the majority of the existing population were poor, ignorant, and "truly loyal." It was owing to this fact that so small a number of recruits joined General Lee during his incursions through that section.

At length about noon, I staggered into a fair looking cottage, and told the inmates,—a young man and his sister,—how exhausted I was, and begged a little food. They grumbled a good deal about not keeping a hotel for strangers, but the woman after much delay, spread an old petticoat, this is the exact truth—for a table cloth, and put down a saucer of cold cabbage, half a pone of corn bread, a few pickles, etc., a vile mess of which my famished appetite could endure only a few mouthfuls.

And yet the wretches actually demanded half a dollar from me for it, and so mortified me by their snarling

intimations that I was cheating them out of a "meal of victuals," that I opened my valise and gave them a heavy chased-silver cup, lined with gold, and worth $25., a birthday present to me from my father. *"Reckon it's worth it, Bill?"* asked the girl. "Bill" " 'lowed ef he haint got no money, this'll hev ter do!" I bear no love to that scoundrel even to this day!

Then I hastened away, but in self defense I must say let it be remembered that I was nearly broken down, *and exceedingly depressed;* seeing very little hope of escape; and it seemed hardly worth while lugging the cup any further to surrender it to some Yankee in the end.

During the afternoon I reached Rockville and called on Mr. Bowie, a relative of Governer Oden Bowie[1], and a friend of Senator Bayard. Though holding the position of county attorney, he was strongly Southern in sentiment, and after fencing, lawyer-like for some time, he called me into his private office and became more confidential. Yet his conversation was discouraging in the last degree.

General Banks, he said, had stretched his division all the way along the river from the Chain Bridge to Harper's Ferry; the pickets being stationed between the canal and the river to prevent the former from being cut off by the Confederates, which would deprive Washington of one of its main sources of supply. *To escape I would have to swim the canal, dodge between the pickets, and then swim the Potomac which was nearly a mile wide.* "But I cannot swim at all!" "Then, my young friend, I can only say you will save yourself much useless fatigue and disappointment by giving up the attempt. There is no use going farther west, because you will be arrested before night fall. There are half a dozen troops of cavalry patrolling the region above here, and they will snap you up on sight!"

To confirm his counsel he called in a wealthy farmer named Mike W.—, who lived near the river, and who said

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[1]Oden Bowie, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, governor of Maryland, 1867-1871.

there was no earthly chance of crossing at any time as so many young Marylanders had gone south that the Yankees were arresting all strangers upon suspicion, when found near the river roads. Too proud to admit to these men, who seemed nervous and half afraid of my deceiving them, that I had not a penny in my pockets and was nearly famished, I shook off their cold comfort and bade adieu to Rockville, to continue my tramp. It was a trying time to the—sole—for my fine dress boots had become mere sandals held to the foot by strips of handkerchief tied around them. And every step in the sand and gravel was a stinging pain.

At early dawn, unrested and breakfastless, I pursued my weary way, after hasty ablutions at a wayside rivulet. It was a lovely morning, the whole face of Nature was refreshed by the rain, birds chirped in the shrubbery, and little red squirrels frisking along the fences stopped to look at the big biped as if challenging him for a race; but alas the biped wayfarer was faring very badly indeed.

After several years of close student life, in rather feeble health, this continual trudging day after day, without food, or rest, or even the stimulus of hope was a severe tax upon untrained muscles and unformed character. Yet to this fact, I presume was due my escape so far; my looks and actions being too boyish and verdant to arouse suspicion.

Repeatedly during the morning I met cavalry patrols, and twice or oftener, had to pass directly through camps of one or more regiments, stretched along both sides of the road, with groups of curious gazers at every bivouac; yet I escaped, whereas well known citizens of the vicinity dared not go outside of view of their own homes for fear of being arrested.

My invariable reply to all questions from the soldiers was—"Oh,—I'm jist up from Washington coming home from school. I thought I could foot it, for I suppose you know they want all the horses down there to haul artillery

to defend the city. And by the way isn't there some danger of the Rebs slipping over to gobble a fellow up between here and Frederick?"

Usually the reply was a laughing one:—"*Oh, you needn't look so scared!* We are guarding the river, every foot of it; and no d—d Rebel dares to poke his head up while we are around."

"Well, that's all right; but a fellow needs to keep a sharp lookout nowadays!" and thus we would pass along.

About 11 a. m., the little village of Darnestown, if I mistake not, became visible, and at the same moment, the sweet, mellow chimes of church bells came echoing over the hills in the crisp morning air. The sound startled me like an electric shock; I had forgotten it was Sunday! Thus quickly doth War overturn the settled habits and teachings of Peace! However, I was not as yet trained to play the soldier, since I could not as yet muster courage to enter the village, and confront the citizens walking to church, knowing they must wonder why this gaunt looking youngster, barefooted, tho' in costly dress, should be staggering along their streets with a rusty carpet bag over his shoulder on that quiet Sabbath morning.

Singularly enough, this boyish timidity, in causing me to turn aside from the house of worship threw me into a train of circumstances seemingly little less than providential.

Taking a by-road to skirt the village, and finding that it led in the direction of the Potomac, one or two miles distant, I determined in my desperation to follow it down to within sight of the Yankee pickets and see for myself how matters stood.

Presently I overtook an old darkey loaded with liquor literally "inside and out." The trusted house servant of a neighboring planter, he had been sent to town after "the weekly supplies," to wit; a three gallon jug in a bag, an old tin canteen swung around his neck, and three long necked bottles—"for Marster"—in his capacious pockets.

One or more additional quarts carried internally might be inferred from his gait, and exceeding loquacity. In response to a casual inquiry where he lived, he launched out into a verbal map of the entire locality, interspersed with much funny gossip of men and things, pouring it out in a maudlin monotone like the gurgling of an emptying jug, as he trotted along behind me.

At first annoyed, I soon saw the wisdom of encouraging the old servant's garrulity, since it gave me considerable information relative to the Federals. The whole region, he said, was filled with small camps; "Jin-ul Stone's army" being at Seneca's Mills, and "Jin-ul Bank's army" at Point of Rocks, or thereabouts. His ideas, of course, were greatly exaggerated, but there could be no question as to the difficulty of the situation. The Federals had even taken the precaution to break up all the small boats belonging to the citizens so that not even a skiff or canoe could be seen along the entire river line.

As a last resort, and knowing the old slave must know if there was any secret ford or boat, I displayed the varied contents of my satchel,—including many glittering trinkets such as school boys are apt to pick up,—and promising him the whole lot if he would show me the way to escape. It was easy to see his eyes were dazzled by the offer, but the gloating expression changed to despair as he declared, "Fore de good God, Marster," there was neither boat, skiff, dugout, nor raft anywhere along the river within a day's journey. There could be no doubt of his sincerity, and my discouragement was in due proportion. Yet at this moment a straw of hope came by. *"I did hear,"* said old Sam,—*"dey was fixin' a stun' boat up at Hoss-Pen de oder day."*

"What is a Stun'-boat?" "Why you know, it's a flat; one of dem boats built ter haul rock an' san.' " Then he explained that "Hoss Pen" was a stream,—i.e., Horse Pen Creek,—which ran into the Potomac about ten miles above, and that the flat bottomed scow was used in hauling material to repair the canal, when it leaked. Instantly I caught at the straw, and ordered him to lead the way to Horse Pen. It was a great risk; for I knew noth-

ing of the locality, and might be led directly into the hands of the enemy. The negro well knew the Yankees would give him my baggage for betraying me.

He had become quite intoxicated, and gave me a great deal of trouble in keeping him from drinking himself past travelling. Several times he halted and refused to proceed, as the day was intensely hot, and the march an arduous one, owing to the necessity of climbing fences, scrambling through thickets, and often retracing our steps.

I was myself nearly "past travelling," though not from liquor. I had had no food for two days, was very footsore, and miserably tired. But danger began to act as a stimulus.

About two o'clock, we came upon the brow of the bluffs overlooking the valley of the river, which, however, was more than a mile distant; the intervening "Bottoms" being filled with broad fields of standing corn, as far as the eye could reach. An old by-road ran along the ridge, but as it had no signs of travel I yielded to the old negro's panting plea to take "a noon rest."

A mammoth oak threw a dense shade over an inviting plot of grass, and both of us stretched at length upon it. By a lucky chance, I drew off my coat and spread it over my satchel as a back-rest, and by another piece of good fortune, the old darkey, overpowered by heat and whiskey, dropped instantly asleep. I had myself fallen into a half doze, when suddenly there came a sound which set every nerve ajar, like the crashing of a buzz-saw upon a piece of iron! It was the clatter of horses' hoofs galloping up within a stone's throw, and a loud voice saying:—*"Here, General; here is the place I told you about?"* Another moment, and Brigadier-General Stone, (of "Ball's Bluff" notoriety a little later, and now holding high office under the Khedive of Egypt) with two staff officers, and an orderly, had drawn rein under the shade of the same tree with us.

That I did not betray myself by attempting to escape was due, doubtless, to momentary paralysis, compounded

of surprise, sleepiness and alarm, that held me motionless as the slumbering slave on the grass. Luckily, the Federals intent upon their errand, i. e., to test the rumor of certain Rebel camps being visible from this hill-top gave me but little notice for a time, during which I recovered self-possession. "There are a number of tents in the skirt of woods."—said General Stone, after carefully surveying the Virginia bluffs with a field glass—"But it looks like a mere cavalry bivouac. Do you see horses in the field to your left?"

There was some difference of opinion whether the camp was infantry or cavalry. Finally an officer with a colonel's shoulder-straps pronounced it artillery, and said he could see a brass twelve-pounder gun near the tents. Curiously enough, considering the distance of above four miles, he was correct; for as I afterwards ascertained, the camp was that of the "Richmond Howitzers,"—a crack company composed of well known young men of that city, who by the by helped to extinguish Stone's military fame two months later, upon that same rolling ridge.

Amid the discussion a dapper young officer, having no field glass, turned his attention to me. After many suspicious glances, and riding his horse so that I feared he would tread upon the old negro, he said—"You appear to be travelling." My face grew hot, and it was with difficulty the words could be uttered,—"Yes,—Sir;—just coming home from school." The whole party now turned in their saddles except the General, who rode off a few paces to view the camps again.—"I've been at school near Philadelphia, and ought to have come home by way of Baltimore, but you know *there's been a heap of trouble with the Secesh,* and I got a chance to come round by Washington, and as I got out of money, I thought I'd foot it home. But it's pretty rough on a boy like me I can tell you. In fact, I don't know what in snakes I *should* have done, if old Sam, here, had not come to carry my baggage." "Is that your servant?" "Mine?—oh, no,—I've been at school. He is Sam Harris. Maybe you've been over to old Squire Harris's plantation—it's about

five miles above here? Sam says some of your men—that is, I reckon they are your men, come over nearly every day to get butter-milk and eggs, and one stuff or another." "Yes,"—said the orderly,—"I stopped there last week, coming from Point of Rocks. *But this isn't the right road!*" Imagine my feelings! Still by a powerful effort of self-control I answered:—"Well not the *nearest* road, but Sam knows the country like a map, and we'll cross to the other road above here." At this moment by great good fortune, the General called to the party; and after some further observations they rode slowly down the ridge to their camps. During the whole interview, of more than half an hour, I had been on nettles of apprehension, lest the sound of voices should rouse the negro from his drunken stupor. He had fallen asleep in anger with me for taking his whiskey away from him, and were he to awake and find me surrounded by Yankee horsemen, it was altogether improbable that he would neglect such an opportunity to gratify his greed for my goods, save himself all farther trouble, and have the *éclat* of capturing a Rebel spy, as he supposed me to be. Indeed he could hardly have escaped betraying me by his replies, even if not intending to do so. That the Yankees were suspicious, I did not doubt; especially after seeing them, as they rode off, bend together in low toned conversation, with an occasional backward glance at us.

My apprehensions were so strong that on the moment the enemy disappeared, I roused Sam, and taking his liquor, bade him follow me *instantly,* or we would part company. He growlingly clambered over the fence, and we became buried in the depths of an immense cornfield.

Not an instant too soon was it! For ere we had gone a few hundred yards the sound of galloping horses, coming up the road, told me that the Philistines were returning to investigate my story more closely!

Halting at the tree, they looked around for a few moments, and then put spurs, and dashed up the road like a whirlwind—doubtless supposing we had gone in that

direction. How devoutly I thanked my stars that we *had not!*

We were now descending into the river flats, or "bottoms," as they are called, where I felt comparatively safe. These broad alluvial plains border the river for a mile or more in width, and many miles in length, producing vast forests of corn so luxuriant that a cavalry regiment might ride therein unseen.

Much to Sam's amazement my first act on reaching the bottoms was to pound up a quantity of the hard maize and swallow it down, husk, grit, sand, and all; for hunger, when two days old is not discriminative, nor fastidious.

The tipsy black was now giving me great trouble, himself, hungry, weary, and soaked with the meanest of mean whiskey, he had begun to suspect that I would bring him into some difficulty or danger. I had no weapon, not even a pen knife, and it was not easy for a mere boy, barefooted, dusty, dilapidated, and dodging through by-ways like a rogue, to make a very successful assertion of personal dignity for bluffing purposes.

The most serious of our squabbles occurred in the heart of the bottom, at an old hut, long unoccupied, and almost hidden by briars and vines.

Evening was coming on rapidly, so also, was a tremendous thunder-storm; the great black clouds overspreading the whole vault of heaven, while the wind swept the tall corn like the billows of an ocean. Sam wished to stop and lie down, but his reasons for stopping were mine for hastening on.

Getting between him and the cabin, I grasped his shoulder-stick, a stout hickory, and threatened to use it on his head if he didn't come right along. Instantly the door behind me flew open, and three ruffianly fellows rushed out, each with a knife in one hand, and a brick bat from the chimney in the other.

They were runaway slaves from Virginia, who had escaped across the river several weeks previous, and were skulking in the corn, probably fed by the negroes on the adjacent plantations, awaiting a chance to cross the State

into Pennsylvania. For at that time the Lincolnites were professing to respect the rights of slaveholders.

The runaways seemed surprised, as they had imagined it was a party in search of them. But on seeing a well dressed stripling, with capacious carpet-bag, evidently a traveller, and quarrelling with his negro servant, they drew together, whispering in an ominous manner, perhaps consulting whether this was not a lucky chance to supply themselves with money and clothes for their own flight. Later occurrences warranted such a supposition, in fact their menacing looks sobered old Sam, somewhat, for he refused to answer their questions and followed me very docilely.

At length, a little before sunset, a line of white water-larches, or poplars, straggling across the plain at right angles to the river betokened our arrival at the Horse Pen. The creek, a sluggish stream, or succession of swamps was ushered into the Potomac by passing through an arched stone culvert under the canal, just as small streams are passed under railroad embankments. But where was Sam's "stun'-boat"?

Leaving the negro to rest, I followed the bank for more than half a mile, growing more and more disheartened at every step. Directly around the culvert was a cleared space of two or three hundred yards. Into this open area, I emerged unexpectedly, and as rapidly retreated; having in the brief interval discovered two objects, one of which uplifted me into transports of joy; the other, dashing me down in despair,—literally into the "slough of Despond;" for I stood knee-deep in the oozing marsh.

The first glance revealed to me the long-sought "stun-boat,"—the ark of my salvation, freighted with all my hopes,—floating quietly at the culvert's entrance!

And, oh! hideous sight!—*on the levee, or tow-path, directly in front of the boat a blue coated vidette pacing quietly back and forth with musket over his shoulder!*

For a few breathless moments I crouched amid the weeds where I could just see the tip of the soldier's bayonet. Every hope seemed gone, though it was not; be-

cause I determined to stay there. But first to get rid of Sam. It was a severe trial to give him the extra linen, fancy cravats, and trinkets, with other school boy treasures; but such had been my promise, and he had kept, after a fashion, his part of the bargain.

"I dun knowed dar wahn't no chance ter git acrost."—he assured me, consolingly; and then in a burst of confidence, he added,—"I spec' you better hadn't go up in dat bottom no mo', kase I tells you, young Marster, *dere's blood in dem Virginny niggers' eye agin dis yah close-bag. I yere dem talk atter you done walk way in de co'hn."*

As for himself, he intended to make a wide circuit and go round home after night. Thus we parted, and I returned to the edge of the cleared space, and crawled amid the wet weeds to watch the foe. Sunset was at hand, darkened by the storm into the gloom of twilight. Heavy thunder lumbered in the distance. The winds swept over the river with a loud booming roar, and the rustling of millions of dry blades of corn sounded to my overwrought nerves like some strange supernatural symphony.

Then the windows of heaven opened; the deluge descended; in a twinkling the earth was drenched, half drowned! As for me, what difference did it make? I was miserably superior to any such discomfort, my cup of disaster being full.

But hark! What was that? The sound of voices in the cornfield behind me! And a snapping, crashing, swaying of the tall stalks as of men running; soon they will strike the creek and come upon me! Half arising to look for a hiding place among the reeds I make a blood-stirring discovery. The sentry has left the culvert, and taken shelter with a comrade, under a large tree, nearly one hundred yards down the levee! They are standing together, with hats pulled down, and a single oilcloth wrapped around the shoulders of both.

Instantly my resolution is taken. Uttering a little prayer as I ran across the cleared ground, thrashing down the reeds and weeds with what seemed to my excited

senses the noise of a locomotive, I tumble into the boat, headlong, and pause a moment to take breath and listen! Had there come a yell from the men in the corn, or soldiers in front, I think I would have dropped down dead. But "a miss is as good as a mile," the booming of the storm saved me!

And now to unfasten the boat which is chained to a rock on the bank. After trying all my keys on the padlock and failing to break the chain, I tear up the seat, a strip of pine plank about five inches wide, and by great stress manage to slide rock, lock, and all into the bow of the boat. Then to my dismay I perceive *that there are no oars!* The boat was a flat-bottomed bateau, twenty feet long, six feet wide, and a foot deep; designed for use in shallow water, propelled by long poles, which had been carried away, although of no use in crossing the deep river.

Fearing the searchers would emerge from the corn, I shoved the end of the boat into the culvert, and, flat upon my back, began to work through by pushing with feet and hands against the masonry.

There was barely space between the top of the water and the arch for the boat to enter, and its sides scraped down large quantities of ooze, mud, slime, dripping moss, etc., while a perfect shower of snakes, lizards, or other "serpents" dropped upon me from the slimy walls. As the culvert extended entirely across the canal, and the levee there was pitchy darkness inside, particularly on this stormy evening; and the falling trash made the atmosphere heavy.

At the moment the bow projected again into daylight, I crawled forward, washed my face, and raised up on my knee to reconnoitre. The outlook was discouraging enough! At the tree, scarcely a stone's throw distance, stood the two soldiers in plain view of my line of transit across the river!

Taking the broken strip of plank for a paddle, I threw my whole strength against the masonry and sent the flat

surging twenty feet into the river, and then began to ply the paddle, as noiselessly as possible. But what can be the matter? The clumsy old craft seems to turn on a pivot instead of going ahead; while the swift current is carrying it down directly in front of the Yankees! Every pulse stands still with such a sensation as men must have on finding themselves borne down a cataract. In a moment I see my error: ignorant of boating, I have been paddling too much on one side. Luckily the rain drowned the noise of the paddle. Of course this cannot last. Although obliquing across the stream, my weak arms are unable to keep the boat from drifting in front of the foe.

Suddenly I hear a growl of amazement, a volley of curses, the clicking of musket triggers, and a chorus of yells. "Halt! Halt! Halt there! Stop, God d—n you! Stop! Drop that paddle! Halt, d—n you, or we'll kill you!"

I do not look around,—there isn't any need to do so—nor drop the paddle,—it is all I have—nor come to a halt, —because I prefer to put a thousand yards of water between us. They have their views; I have mine. People cannot always agree.

A momentary delay, while the Yankees ran down to the river bank, and then they opened fire. *"Bang! Bang!"*—the music resounded through the misty atmosphere like the explosion of a couple of cannon.

One bullet went "sing-ing-ing" over head; the other struck the water. Instantly a shout arose from the cornfield, and another soldier came running down the riverbank, and at once followed the rapid thump-thumping of a drum beating the "Long Roll," at some point below; the firing having created an alarm of a "Rebel advance." Half a dozen "Reserves" came running up the tow path yelling and firing as they caught sight of me. It sounded like a skirmish line of sharp shooters.

The air swarmed with bullets; each one *seemingly* a trifle less than the sixteenth of an inch from my ears! Presently the rascals, getting the range, began to chip

splinter after splinter off the edge of my boat. All my strength was put forth in widening the distance between us.

Then came a crippling shot, splitting my paddle, and leaving the strips of pine in my hand! This disaster occurred within forty feet of the shore. To lessen the chances of being killed, I sprang into the water and clinging by one arm to the off gunwale, determined to drift until darkness set in.

The enemy continued to pop away in very lively fashion; but as they were armed with old Springfield muskets —long range guns not then having come into vogue,—and as I had gotten fully four hundred yards distant and in the shadow with a heavy rain falling, my chances were pretty good.

While drifting with the current, hanging at full length, my toes touched a sand bar, the momentum of the boat dragged me off, but I felt encouraged to watch for another; and finding a firm foothold on a rock, gave a lurch which sent us a dozen feet nearer the land. A hundred feet below we passed another sand bar, and as a bullet just then bored through the boat below the water line, I let go, and by tiptoeing, hopping, and sputtering, with my nose just above water, managed to reach the bank! What an exultant moment was that! Although exhausted, chilled, and hungry, as well as soaked like a drowned rat, I cut a caper on the beach, waved my hat at the Yankees, tore off my red-white-and-blue necktie, with the showy spread eagle badge, and crushing both under my heel, set out through a cornfield in search of the nearest farm house, not doubting for a moment that safety, food, and shelter, "on old Virginny Shore" had been reached at last!

Woeful mistake! Most miserable undeception! Six hundred yards through the cornfield, and there appeared a fresh line of reeds. And beyond,—great Heavens!—another rushing, muddy river nearly as broad as the one already crossed! I *stood upon an island,* now more helpless than before because my boat was gone!

The upper Potomac, after bursting through the Blue Ridge range, rapidly widens and deepens, and contains a succession of long narrow islands, well known as, "Harrison's Island," "Smart's Island," "Big Island," "Jenkins's Island," and the like.

Harrison's Island, two months later, became famous the world over, as being the *point d' appris* of the fatal expedition to Leesburg, or "Ball's Bluff;" the Federal troops crossed on pontoons to the island; and thence in bateaux to the bluffs.

As my island was more than a mile long, and as I landed near the center, in the gloom of a stormy evening, it was no wonder that I mistook it for the mainland. Yet it was a very disheartening discovery. Recollect that I had eaten nothing, except a little raw corn for nearly three days, was barefooted and exhausted by over-excitement, the rain was pouring down, and twilight settling with a blackness that fitted like a soggy black blanket over all the Earth.

But, hold!—a cornfield signifies cultivation, and cultivation betokens habitation. Perhaps someone lives on the island. Hastening westward, I came out of the corn into an immense wheatfield, the island being divided between the two grains.

Imagine my joy on seeing in the middle of the field a two-story log house! It was as if the sun had suddenly burst through the gloom! True, the denizens might be loyal, but they surely would not refuse to give me food and shelter, which, with rest, had become absolutely indispensible. Strange there are no lights! Surely it is not bed time! The door stands open; light flashes—that is upon my mind; the house is tenantless!—deserted—desolated—! The blighting imprint of war, ruthless war, is upon everything. The islanders have fled apparently weeks ago. There are many signs that their departure was hurried. Swinging on a crane in the fireplace is a pot of what once was soup, or boiled cabbage. The tea table had been spread, the chairs are yet gathered around it, but the dishes are dashed about, and a large ham bone on

a platter has been gnawed by the rats till it appears polished as by human hands. The bed retains its mattress, and there is an old sailcloth spread over it, blankets being gone.

Over the mantel-piece hangs a bird-cage, containing two white pigeons, forgotten in the hurry, and now starved to death; one with bill pushed far through the cruel wires, striving for liberty, and dying in the effort. A pathetic sight!

But I must not yield to melancholy yet awhile. Those rascally Yankees knowing that I am entrapped, and angered by my taunting gesticulations, will come over after me! Dark though it is, I must search the island for a skiff, or some means of escape. It is a wretched failure!

The river swollen above its banks is overflowing the lower portions of the island, and in plodding through the tall reeds I repeatedly find myself over boot-tops in water; and it is not easy to tell, in the darkness which is land, and which the aqueous element. Suddenly,—to my intense alarm—the earth opens, and I sink nearly to the arm-pits, in slush, foam, stubble and sand;—a frightful sensation, recalling like a flash all the stories of travellers buried in quicksands!

Luckily it is only a muskrat hole, which the overflow has caused to cave in, working a neat pit-fall, but one might as well be drowned, as frightened to death! So no more reconnoitering this night o'grace, let come what will!

Returning to the deserted dwelling, not without difficulty in the intense darkness, I hung my coat and hat upon the door knob, and spent an hour rummaging among the old cup-boards and drawers for a match. What would not I have given for a single match, one single little splint of pine dipped in sulphur! A single match would enable me to light a cheerful fire to drive away the rats and "spooks"—and things, as well as dry my clothes, and roast some corn for supper to baffle the mocking spirit of Famine which was hourly sapping my strength!

The house was a ghostly pile, at its best; standing in the middle of the island, surrounded by high reeds, and

rugged bushes, with all the attendant attributes of loneliness and desolation. The garret windows were open, and the storm beating in on the litter on the floor made curious noises, which with the moaning of the wind amid the rafters, and the rattling of crazy window casements often sounded like distant voices, or coming footsteps. Ignorance is the father of fear. Had I been upstairs, and fully inspected the interior and exterior during day-light, many things would have looked and sounded differently. As it was, the old place seemed haunted, and by a variety of spirits.

I had thrown myself upon the bed, but not withstanding my weariness, could not immediately fall asleep; between hunger and excitement the mind was too highly wrought up to yield to Morpheus instanter. Every creak of the floor, every flutter of loose shingles, had its supernatural suggestiveness! As midnight approached ghostly troops came in at the open door.

Shuffling steps stole down the shackling stair, dark objects appeared on the window ledge, muffled footfalls crossed the floor,—and there could be no question that strange rustling figures were near the bed-side! Once or twice there was a low, ghostly tap at the foot of the stairway!

There came curious scratchings on the wall, at the head of the bed, as if of long clawed fingers.

Presently *a cold something touched my hand,* as it lay outside of the covering! I sprang up, and there was an instant rush of countless cat-like footsteps!—It seems a pity to spoil this ghost story, but I must explain. These midnight manifestations were not by any means figments of an over-wrought imagination;—only, they were simply rats, enormous river rats, of the Norway species, as large as a common cat, and quite as fearless of man, and his traps. The whole island was infested with them.

In former times they had been accustomed to forage round the cottage for scraps; but since its desertion they had taken possession, and owing to the storm, were all at home to receive me. They literally swarmed over the

floor, the tables, chairs, and even the bed. Their impudence amazed me, they would stick their cold little noses against my hands, and fairly nibble at my toes; and when kicked off the bed, would clamber back again within less than two minutes. In fact, I finally became afraid they would inflict serious injury upon me if I chanced to fall into deep sleep. Thanks to the old sail-cloth, I escaped being eaten alive; though the half-starved Norwegians shelled the buttons off my coat, and nibbled the leather inside lining of my hat.

Morning opened, if anything, more stormy, chilly and dismal than the previous evening. A dense mist, with drizzling showers overspread the earth, making the island seem the bottom of a burial vault surrounded by dripping walls of great height. The freshet had flooded the low lands with yellow, turbid waters unpleasant to wade in, and so muddy that I could not tell at one step where the next would drop me.

The tour of inspection of the river banks was inexpressibly uncomfortable; and I returned to the house in no enviable frame of mind. Could I have kindled a fire, the situation would have changed in a flash, as there was plenty of dry wood in the house, and corn and oats,—the only thing left by the rats—and—a superfluity of *water*.

On the Virginia shore there was no sound nor sign of life; and only one little patch, or field of cleared ground; the bluffs being covered by virgin forest. Towards noon, I secured a long pole and set at work trying in all directions to ford the river. It was probably a hopless undertaking even at low-tide, whereas now the river was eight or ten feet above that mark. Thrice I waded chin-deep in the muddy flood; and tried again at a fourth place, but slipped into a hole, soused over head and ears, and was so frightened ere I could scramble out, that I had enough of it for that day.

Late in the evening I attempted to construct a raft, though of such incongruous materials as would have assured failure had I possessed ordinary practical wisdom. Items, *imprimis*, a window shutter, *secundus*, a long lad-

der, *tertius,* a cart wheel, *quartus,* a plank full of holes, *quintus,* a barrel-stave, *sextus,* half a bed quilt torn in strips. These were flimsy constituents for crossing a swollen river, but there were none better on the island, and I had grown desperate from starvation.

Taking the cart wheel for a keel, the ladder for a hulk, and the plank for a quarter deck, and using the barrel-stave for a paddle, I pushed out into the "raging deep." All went well for a short distance; then the swift current caught the projecting end of the ladder, with a sudden wrench, which soon twisted the raft into "forty-'leven" pieces, and dropped me once more over head in the "boiling flood." (N.B.—This phrase is used because I felt in extremely "hot water" at this moment; although the real temperature was very chilling for August.) However, "by main strength and awkwardness," I managed to reach the shore again. Here it seems a positive duty to interject a remark upon the exceeding folly of parents in restraining their children from a knowledge of swimming. Mothers in particular are so averse to their boys going to the river or ponds to sport, that a surprisingly large number of persons perish every year by reason of ignorance of the simple art of floating until aid can be had. As an editor, I have had occasion to read daily of accidents, on shipboard, at pleasure parties, at watering places, at bridge breakings, etc., where scores of priceless lives are lost; often in water not a hand's breadth above the height of the victims; or so near the shore that half a dozen strokes of the arm would have insured safety. In every one of these cases, perhaps, the parents through negligence, fastidiousness, or ill timed timidity had prevented the acquirement of a knowledge in youth which would have saved untold wretchedness at a later period. It is the duty, *the positive duty,* of parents to see that their children, not only sons but daughters, learn to swim, and feel perfectly at home in the water; not simply to permit them to learn, but *to see to it that they do learn.* Many English women can ride better, swim better, row

better, and walk farther, than the average town-bred American man!

I have said there was a little field of cleared ground on the distant Virginia hill-side. During the forenoon a belled cow came over the brow of the ridge, nipping the wet grass. She was the first sign of life I had yet seen upon the main-land, and I watched her very carefully, hoping some one would come to fetch her home. To attract attention in that event, I erected a tall pole, with the white sheet from the bed as a signal of distress. It was a forlorn hope, as the cow would very likely go home on her own accord; and besides, the rain and mist frequently obscured the island from view for half an hour at a time. Nevertheless, to make sure of being at hand in case I should be wanted, I brought an arm full of water-reeds and straw to form a seat at the foot of the flag-pole. Speedily, tired nature ceased to struggle, and I fell over on the sand fast asleep.

The afternoon sped away, and it was nearly sunset, if there was any sun behind the black lining of the skies, with its everlasting drizzle, when I awoke with a start of alarm, to find the swelling flood actually covering my feet, as I lay against the beach. There was no real danger, but a great deal of discomfort. This, however, was not the cause of my awakening; a human voice had yelled to arouse me.

The first thought, naturally, was one of apprehension—expecting to see the enemy approaching. But no, there is not a human being in sight! Can I have been dreaming? Have I reached that point in starvation where madness supplies visions of the longed for realities? At length, I start to remove the flagstaff to a safer position, and am again hailed. This time it sounds distinctly from across the yellow waters.

No strain of music, Alpine yodel, Sicilian vespers, [sic] or modern melody of the maistras, can compare with the sweetness of that strong-lunged, Virginia drawl,—"H-i-llo! Hello-o-o-o! You, mister! over thar! Who is yoh?" The same moment I spy the slouch hat of a little

old man hiding among the alder bushes on the opposite hill-side. He had come after the cow, and seeing the flag, slipped down to reconnoitre; being extremely suspicious that it was another trick of the Yankees who had several times sent a man in citizen's dress to decoy the Virginia farmers across the river with their boats. However, on reflecting that he had seen me asleep, half buried in the flood, he became satisfied of the truth of my story; and fishing up a small skiff, from among the reeds, shot like an arrow to my rescue. I waded out to meet him, clambered into the skiff, and was soon landed on "Old Virginny Shore," sure enough.

I did not on this occasion cut any such capers as when I before supposed myself on the mainland, but the reader will admit there was fair reason for self-congratulation. It certainly was unexpected that a bashful school-boy, ignorant of travel, and too proud to ask assistance of strangers, should make a journey of nearly five hundred miles[1], within less than six days, at an expense of only one dollar and ninety-seven cents; this, too, in the enemy's country, at a time when scores of suspected persons were being arrested daily in the same region; and finally escaping in one of the enemy's boats, directly under the eyes of the pickets set to guard it.

The little old man, my rescuer, was Mr. J.—, a respectable and industrous farmer of the vicinity, who had two stalwart sons in the Confederate Army, and a graduated scale of daughters, aged from eight to twenty; rosy, round-cheeked lassies, whose unbound tresses, and sunburned ankles, bare from "top to toe" were quite a revelation to my town-bred fastidiousness.

But the plain log farm-house contained a generous hospitality such as I sorely needed just then. Motherly Mrs. J.—, made haste to fry a platter of enormous slices of ham and eggs, which, with hot biscuit, and green corn, and yellow butter, and creamy milk, (a three gallon pitcher full,) made "a feast worthy of the gods" in my famished estimation.

[1] The distance stated is, of course, incorrect.

Then with genuine courtesy, she called everybody out of the room—"to let the youngster eat."—*He ate!!* No use to make oath to that.

The storm continuing, I spent the night in the farmhouse; and succeeded eventually in allaying the distrust which my "Yankee ways" and "brogue," and boyish politeness to the bare-footed lassies, had aroused. It was hard for them to believe I could have passed through the Yankee camps, and the Horse Pen Culvert; but they finally agreed it must have been a rare stroke of luck, due to my patriotic vow to enlist in the first southern corps I should meet after "running the Blockade." This vow was a veritable one, and I had no thought of evading it, now that the perilous journey was accomplished.

I had come to serve my State and section: it mattered little as to the rest, I boyishly thought. On the morrow, therefore, I should proceed to Leesburg, the nearest military post, and enroll myself as a volunteer in some of the regiments there. Unless, indeed, there should be an opportunity of proceeding to Manassas, where I hoped my brother Hamilton's regiment might be found; although I had been without knowledge of his whereabouts for months. The reader will perceive that I was too inexperienced and simple-minded to know the difference between patriotism *in the ranks, and in an office!*

Had I hunted up my friends, and looked around for an easy berth, I might have done full duty; yet escaped a thousand hardships, for which I was perhaps less fitted by nature and by training than any other man in the service.

Early next morning, bidding adieu to the J— family I set out for Leesburg, passing several Confederate cavalrymen who were lounging at a shop near the point where I entered the turnpike from the plantation. They did not detain me; though I informed them of my recent arrival from Yankeedom. Curious videttes, I thought, who will allow a stranger to enter their lines unchallenged!

However, I was not to get off entirely unmolested. A mile or so up the road was a country store, dwelling, etc., which I had hardly passed when a hoarse yell rang in my ears, and I felt myself seized by the neck and arm as suddenly and viciously as if a tiger had vaulted from the fence-corner to my back! It was only after considerable struggling that I could twist around sufficiently to see that my assailant was a tall gaunt giant of a man, with hair like an Indian, and eyes snapping wolfishly, as he kept roaring,—"Oh, you infernal hound! You devilish d—d dog of a Yankee spy! You blackhearted, sneakin' hell cat of a traitor! I've got you! I've got you! I've got you!"—and it really seemed as if he *had* gotton me, for I could hardly keep him from dragging me backward to the ground, much less shake him off!

How long this singular contest might have lasted, it is not easy to say, had not a third party appeared on the scene in the shape of a bare-headed, screaming woman, who proved to be the mad man's daughter, and knew how to manage him. At all events, he ceased to struggle and presently walked away, growling sullenly; whereupon she begged me "not to mind it," as her father was "a little flighty," (I should think he was!) and "had a fashion of stopping travellers" because there had been so much talk about Yankee spies, etc. Afterwards I learned to laugh at the old man's peculiar fashion of "catching Yankees," but on this particular morning, stranger as I was, it seemed a little like over-crowding adventures. And they were not ended either.

A short time afterwards I heard the clattering horse-hoofs of a party of cavalrymen, pursuing me in hot haste. Two dashed in front; two closed in rear; a fifth drew his sabre, shouting—"Surrender!" "All right,"—I said quietly,—"please consider me surrendered!"

They looked a little sheepish, and put up their weapons. "Are you the man that came over the river last night?" "Of course, I am; I told you all about it when I saw you at the shop this morning." "Well, we are going to take you to town." "Well, then, you will have to get me a

horse. I am too tired to walk,—*as a prisoner.*" Accordingly one of them agreed to stop at Muse's, a wayside tavern, and allow me his horse; thus saving me an eight-mile tramp in the mud and rain,—a trifle of "sweet" amid the "bitter."

The troopers were members of Captain William Thomas's "Madison Cavalry," the single company doing picket duty along the entire riverline! They had been guilty of negligence in the morning, and were guilty of foolishness now, for of course if I had been a spy I would not have marched along the highway in this fashion.

Arrived at Leesburg, they reported to Captain Thomas, who sent them on to the Camp of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, one mile south of town. The colonel being absent, the foppish subaltern officer of the day, coolly ordered me down to the guard tent, at the foot of the camp, there to await Colonel Hunton's[1] return.

A vast crowd instantly assembled around the tent to see the "long-haired Yankee spy," whom the cavalrymen had caught down at the river. Rough, uncouth-looking, shaggy-bearded men, in all manner of uniforms, standing in the rain, with gaping curiosity, they were in such vivid contrast with the well-clad Yankees among whom I had been passing, that I felt an indescribable mortification thereat; little dreaming how soon we would all come to a condition wherein *this* would seem gorgeous by contrast!

Hour after hour passed, and night came, but brought not the colonel. The tent was in low soggy ground, without straw, and so leaky that the interior was trodden into mud by the chronic occupant, an Irishman, named Pierce Nolan, who had been a sailor, and had acquired so great a dislike to water that he rarely drank anything else than whiskey. He was now on the ebbtide of a spree, and his maudlin moaning added no little to the wretchedness of the place.

[1]Eppa Hunton, 1823-1908, had been a member of the Virginia secession convention. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1863. After the war he was a member of the House of Representatives from 1873 to 1881, and of the Senate from 1892 to 1895. He was a member from the House of the electoral commission of 1877.

Neither blankets nor food were furnished to me though I protested against such treatment; and asked the privilege of sleeping outside on the grass in the rain rather than in the filthy, and vermin-infested tent. It was denied, and I did not sleep at all. A severe test of the patriotism of a mere lad was this long night spent in sitting in the unclean mud, with back propped against the tent pole, listening to the drunken ravings of a common sailor, mad with *delirium tremens;* and wrestling in spirit against the promptings of indignation and humilation.

"It is pretty hard," I muttered, "after all that I have undergone, after all manner of hardships and suffering resulting from a voluntary surrender of ease, comfort, and safety; after sacrificing every personal consideration, property, relatives, the chance of completing my education, etc., after undergoing untold trials and positive perils to reach my native state, and offer my weak arm in her defence; thus to be dragged about under arrest, to be provided with neither food nor comforts of any sort, and finally thrust into a filthy guard house, to lie in the mud, like a dog, with a drunken rowdy for a companion!"

And it *was* hard! But on reflection, I tried to consider the fact that only a few hours before I had been blaming the Confederates for lack of vigilance; and that, of course, circumstances were presumptively against me, seeing that I was an utter stranger, confessedly from the enemy's country, with a great deal of "Yankee brogue" in my enunciation, and above all, I had crossed the Potomac in a way that was deemed *impossible without Yankee connivance.*

Hence, the dictates of reason demanded a philosophic acceptance of the situation until relieved. But Philosophy is apt to prove weak support, when one is *aetat* sixteen, barefooted, weary, and sleepy,—forced to occupy an ignominious situation, with the storm dripping down his back, and twenty-four hours hunger gnawing in front!

It was past noon next day ere Colonel Hunton returned to camp, and I had starved until I chafed myself into such ill humor that I would not make any effort to set

matters straight; although he, with a lawyer's experience in sifting testimony readily saw that my narrative was true. He therefore released me from the guard house, and gave me a tent at his headquarters, but exacted my *parole d'honneur* not to leave the bounds of camp for the present.

His regiment was small, and knowing my intention to volunteer at once, he wished to retain me as one of his own men. Although very verdant, I soon realized this piece of *finesse*, and it almost defeated itself; notwithstanding my vow to join the first regiment that I met.

However, in a day or two the unfavorable features of my introduction were worn away by courteous treatment from the regimental officers, and the more well-bred of the young volunteers. A comfortable cot was furnished, and I took my meals at the colonel's table with the staff.

Colonel Eppa Hunton was a lawyer of some prominence at Warrenton; a man of much firmness, who arose to the command of the brigade, and is now well known as a member of Congress, a member of the Electoral Commission, etc. The lieutenant-colonel, major, and senior captain, were all Berkeleys; descendents of the ancient Berkeley family, one of whom was the Royal Governor. Nearly all the officers were men of wealth, and many of them were of excellent family. It will amuse old soldiers to read that each company of the regiment had two baggage wagons, a cooking stove, and quantities of camp stools, mattresses, etc. The headquarters equipage filled four or five wagons or nearly as much as a whole brigade two years later. The colonel's "tent" was unique. It consisted of an old photographer's car, closely resembling a modern Pullman coach; being divided into three compartments: one for cooking, one for eating, and one for sleeping,—an outfit of chairs, tables, culinary utensils, cook and chamber maid, rendered the establishment as complete and comfortable as an ordinary cottage. It was drawn by a couple of horses, and rolled along at the head of the baggage train, a novel spectacle amid the green woods. In the same comfortable fashion of summer

soldiering each day after dinner we carried our chairs outside the car, in the shade of a mammoth oak, and indulged in a post prandial discussion of cigars, pipes, and the condition of the country. In a brief period, the majority of the regiment would assemble in a circle around us to listen to the conversation, as if it was a crossroads political debate.

The fact that I had left Philadelphia only a few days previous, and had seen Washington amid all the distraction succeeding the battle of Manassas, made me an object of special interest to all. A thousand and one questions were asked from morning till night,—each newcomer repeating the series;—as for example, "What did they say about Bull Run?" "How do they like Southern cold steel?"—"Ain't some of 'em still a running?" "Do you reckon they'll ever try us agin?" "What do they say about the war?"—"Has old Abe Lincoln run from Washington yet?" "Is it true that England has recognized us?"—etc., etc. Occasionally I found it hard to keep my temper when contesting the loud-tongued assertions of some small-witted braggarts, that the "Yankees wouldn't fight;" that "*one Southerner could whip ten Yankees,*" and similar braggodocio of provincial pride, freshly inflated by the extraordinary discomfiture of the Federals at Bull Run.

In boyish indignation I wrote in my journal, still preserved,—"when old Scott, and Lincoln, and Seward proclaimed that the war would end in sixty days they were trying to deceive their followers in order to get them fairly started on the track of war; but the upshot of it all seems to be *the deception of the South!* For one-half of these troops believe the war already over, and the North trembling in her boots for fear we may invade her! *Better wait half a dozen years before we talk of peace.*" This was dated Aug. 6th, 1861. And four years later, the braggarts were down on their knees, bleating like sheep, and declaring that our armies could not cope with the Blue Coats because the latter were naturally stronger and more vigorous fighters owing to their cold,

hardy climate, etc., etc! "Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" and a very rare jewel at that!

At the end of the week, to wit, on the 16th of August, there came rumors of a hostile inroad by the enemy near Waterford, in the extreme northern portion of Loudon county, and orders were issued to prepare to march at dawn, with a full supply of ammunition. A fight seemed probable; and my decision was taken.

Repairing to Colonel Hunton, I informed him of my *vow to volunteer in the first Southern regiment I might meet*—if Providence should favor my escape through the many perils of the trip; and I now desired to redeem my pledge.

He at once sent for a number of the Captains to introduce me. Whereupon I enrolled as a member of company H, composed of young men of Leesburg, commanded by Captain J. M. Wampler, who afterwards built "Battery Wagner," and was slain therein.

He was quite a genius, and had invented a breech-loading, revolving rifle; which he had never patented, but which was well known among his friends years before Colt or Remington were heard from.

Anticipating a battle next day, I told Captain Wampler he had better look to my outfit. It proved a "not-fit," and gave me my first lesson in military subordination, for nothing but direct orders could have made me don the miserable garments thrown out to me; to wit: an ugly grey cap, with a round top flopping on the brows like a pig's ear; a short grey jacket, cunningly contrived to reveal some six inches of shirt in front and rear between it and the grey coffee sacks of pantaloons; and a pair of coarse brogan shoes, three sizes too large, shaped like a brickbat, and about as comfortable. In this delectable rig I felt as awkward and ungainly as a modern parlour knight in ancient chain-armor.

A pair of musty blankets, a rough cartridge box, cap-pouch, and canteen, all home-made, a rusty old flint-lock musket, altered to percussion, and a canvas haversack completed my military outfit.

"And now,—" said the brisk little captain,—"let us hunt up a place to stow you away for the night!" "Tattoo" and "Taps" had sounded; the camp was wrapped in darkness, but the men were not asleep, for the war was new, and the rumor of a fight stirred all hearts.

The captain peered into tent after tent seeking a vacant corner to "stow away" the new recruit, but at each was greeted by a chorus of exclamations that there was not an inch of room; that the occupants were already "thick as fleas"! At length, at the last tent, the very bottom of the row in more than one respect, he bade me enter. "Crowd up, men, crowd up!"—he cried—"make room for this new man." There were seven large men rustling amid the straw and swearing they were already packed one on top of another. "Can't help it"—said he—"you must squeeze in somehow." This last remark was addressed to me. Then he walked off to have a smoke with the colonel, leaving me to find a bed if I could.

It was too dark to distinguish faces, but the spectacle of seven men prone in the straw was so much like a pig-pen that I laughed outright, whereupon one of them recognized me, and amid much cursing of the officers made room for me "spoon-fashion." However, I soon crawled out to sit in the doorway. The night was very hot and sultry—precursor of a thunder-storm, and the odor of seven pairs of unwashed feet filled the interior of the tent with nauseating oppressiveness.

Right here let me suggest that perhaps few readers appreciate the difference,—the disproportion, in the sacrifices of different persons, and classes in our calamitous struggle for Southern freedom. Differences in health, in wealth, in temperament, in culture, in social relations, and in domestic circumstances were so great that there could be no sort of comparison between the patriotism of different members of the same company, from the same county, or even family.

Take, for example, a wild rollicking youngster, without family ties, fond of outdoor life, and male companionship, careless of books or newspapers, and easily amused by a

game of cards, "a fight or a footrace," who would therefore rather volunteer than to stay at home and work in the shop or on the farm. What equality of sacrifice was there in his case as compared with another young man of the same age, with a wife and children needing his care, or an aged mother, begging him to stay; with no predilections for a hardy life, but with a thousand reasons for pursuing other plans, yet who drops all personal considerations, leaves his family to the charity of outsiders, and goes forth to obey the call of his State! Or how shall we adjust the difference between the strong healthy man who, after marching all day, slept like a log, while his weakly comrade staggered wearily into camp three hours behind the rest and sat all night propped against a tree, barking with a consumptive cough! Both may have been patriotic, but surely not equal in self-sacrifice.

Camp-life to one may not always have been *pleasant;* but to the other it was *continual misery.* Some men suffered from *deprivations,* such as books, letters, and intellectual food, which were never once thought of by the majority of their comrades.

Some men were accustomed to rough ways of living before they volunteered in the army; whereas, for my part I can truthfully say I suffered more from coarse dirty food, dirty blankets and clothes; unwashed linen, (often marching and fighting for weeks without opportunity to wash our faces once a day,) and the ineradicable camp-vermin, than from all other hardships of the service. Perhaps I ought to include the bitter mortification of having to obey in silence the coarse commands of petty upstarts from corporals to captains and colonels, vulgar in speech, manner, and action, but clothed with "a little brief authority" which gave them opportunity to domineer over men in every respect their superiors. In recalling my four years of military service, these features of personal discomfort from lack of proper outfit, annoyance from rough and uncongenial associates, and sore humiliation under official arrogance far exceed the mere physical hardships and sufferings.

Next morning after marching nine miles in the direction of Harper's Ferry, we learned that the Federals, a small scouting party, had returned north of the Potomac, so the battalion turned into a large meadow sloping down from a forest; in the skirt of which our tents were pitched in regular order, betokening a lengthy stay.

The new encampment was named in honor of the Commander-in-Chief, General Joseph E. Johnston; and it was hoped ere long we should see him amongst us, as he would very probably follow this route to the upper fords if an advance *trans-Potomac* was decided upon. Unhappily, as all the world now perceives, it was resolved *against;* the Confederacy having decided upon the Fabian, or "Passive-Defence" policy, which under the circumstances was equivalent to slow suicide from phlebotomy, i.e., "death by inches."

The daily dull round of Morning roll call, Breakfast, Guard mounting, Company drill, Squad drill, Dinner, Battalion drill, Dress parade, Supper, Night roll, Tattoo and Taps—which filled the days, weeks, and months at Camp Johnston was but typical of similar red tape routine in all of Johnston's camps from Bull Run to the Blue Ridge.

Precisely three months, to the day, to the hour, after the famous battle (Sunday, July 21st) were allowed to elapse in utter quietude—I had almost written indolence, —amid the finest weather of the year,—ere the lines were again formed, and another Bull Run rout began (4 p. m., Sunday, Oct. 21st,) on the bluffs on Ball's plantation near Leesburg. Apropos, the subject, (and now that I have enrolled myself as a musket-bearer in the ranks of the 8th Virginia Volunteers) let me ask the reader to take up the thread of historical narrative where I left it after McClellan's defeat of the uphappy Garnett at Carnifix Ferry, West Virginia.

CHAPTER NINTH

Manassas; the Third Conflict of the War[1]

* * * * *

From the first developments of the secession movement the Southern leaders and presses had protested that their sole object was self-protection; that all they asked was to be "let alone." "We do not hate you"—they declared to the North—"We do not dislike the Union; on the contrary, we feel a warmer pride in it than even yourselves, for our forefathers were its chief founders. But you are altering the nature of the Union for our oppression. Daily you add new insults, encroachments, and robberies of our most valuable property; and now, after long continued protests, offered in vain, we shall withdraw to form a better Union, as our ancestors did. All our designs are peaceable. Our first act is to send commissioners to treat for an equitable adjustment of our mutual claims for Federal forts, buildings, etc., so that there need not be the least jarring between us. We are well aware that the millions on millions of acres of public lands which we ourselves donated to the Federal Union, and which we now relinquish to you, will exceed immeasurably in value any Federal property within our borders; and you will admit that we have for seventy years been paying higher tariff and revenue taxes to build up your section,—all of which we now surrender to you without an equivalent, still we will not quarrel about that. Our aim is peace and self-preservation. All we want is to be let alone. If forced to take up arms, it will

[1] This chapter gives a lengthy and striking account of the battle of Manassas. But because Shotwell was not a participant in the battle, the chapter is omitted except its concluding portion.

be, not for any purpose of aggrandizement,—not to seize your property as you have warred upon ours, but to meet you on the Potomac border, and face you as free men in defence of our homes and country."

Upon this outline, upon this fixed policy the changes were rung from every platform, press, and I might almost add pulpit from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; by the outgoing members of the old Congress at Washington, and the incoming members of the new one at Montgomery; by Presidential Messages and military proclamations.

Nor was it idle rhetoric, to be forgotten in an hour. Northern folly and fanaticism had not yet welded Southern sentiment into the fierce unison of a later period; so that anything savoring of aggression or ambition on the part of the Confederate government would have created dissension throughout all the South. It will be remembered that the "Ten Regiment Bill" was loudly contested in the North Carolina Legislature on the ground that as there were already troops enough for defensive purposes, any increase was to be deprecated because of the increased "patronage" it would afford the executive! So, too, in relation to cavalry. There were offered, it is said, nearly fifty thousand horsemen from the single State of Georgia; nearly all of whom were declined on the score of not being needed for defensive warfare.

(Just here parenthetically, I quote as *apropos* the subject the following paragraphs from my private journal, written in Fort Delaware Military Prison, June 10th, 1865,—two months after Lee's surrender:

"Another of these fatal errors, in my judgment has been our underestimate of the importance of cavalry; the natural sequence of the Fabian, or stand-on-the-defensive policy, adopted by our government at the beginning of the struggle. The cavalry has been so universally neglected and deprecated that many high-spirited and sensitive men might hesitate to join a branch of the service wherein they would be termed "a member of the

Buttermilk Rattlers," and if slain would be indifferently mentioned as "only a cavalryman."

Yet in truth our main reliance should have been placed upon our mounted men. The South, as an agricultural region had practically unlimited horses and forage; the North as a populous manufacturing and commercial region had neither. In the South nine men in ten were natural horsemen, who could ride and fire on horseback as readily as Indians; whereas at the North scarcely one man in ten had ever been astride of a saddle,—particularly the foreigners who composed the bulk of Federal recruits. The same superiority that the North had over the South in respect to sailors and ships of war, was possessed by us over them in respect to mounted troops; and in my judgment their squadrons of gunboats ravaging and burning our seacoast, and carrying desolation along the banks of our inland streams and bayoux, should have been offset by our squadrons of "light horse," ravaging and burning their towns and villages and spreading terror and dismay along their country highways.

The cavalry arm was not only the most popular, but the least expensive for us. Tens of thousands of dashing, daring youngsters throughout the South were so anxious to avoid the drudgery and "trudgery" of other branches they would gladly have furnished horse and accountrements at private expense. It is not too much to say that 100,000 horsemen could have been assembled on the banks of the Potomac within 30 days after a call by the government, and without the cost of a dollar to the latter, for either horses, saddles, bridles, blankets or railway transportation.

Let us suppose, however, that one third of that number, say 35,000, armed with rifles and pistols instead of sabres, were organized for offensive work, and launched across the border, under the leadership of such men as "Jeb" Stuart, John H. Morgan, N. B. Forrest, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and others as Division commanders. Think of the consternation they would carry to twice an hundred thousand homes! Conceive of

the alarm at the Yankee capitol; the rejoicing in Baltimore, the flight from Harrisburg and other towns within easy striking distance! One hundred men on horseback are far more terrifying than five hundred on foot. Imagine, then, the terror certain to be inspired by this magnificent column, or series of columns moving upon forty roads, forty miles a day, covering the country like a swarm of locusts, burning bridges, railway stations, courthouses and all manner of public property,—cutting every line of communication between Washington and the North, if not actually forcing the evacuation of that city, because the Federal troops would be so scattered by the need of defending a hundred threatened points, that a dash of Confederate infantry might capture the City.

Such a foray would not only "pay its own expenses" but might levy millions of dollars of ransom fees on rich Abolition war howlers.

Such a foray would pick up ten thousand recruits from the rich young men of the Border States. And the losses would be small, as it would be the true policy to avoid fighting, and fortified towns,—keeping constantly in view the one object of covering as much territory as possible and causing the greatest amount of alarm, damage and distress; in short "carrying the war into Africa," and teaching the Africanistic Yankees some of the real evils of the fire and sword they were hurling upon our soil!

"But," says Lieutenant Thumade, to whom I have been talking,—"such a course would have been contrary to our policy. Besides, it would have fired the Northern heart and utterly wiped out the Northern Peace party."

Ah, yes! the Northern peace party! Fatal figment of our credulity! Twin *Ignis fatuus* of our hopes of foreign recognition, and English sympathy! How mockingly have they flitted before us through all these years of our vain wanderings through the slough of Despond. But for them we should have waged a war of Revolution,—a desperate "rough and tumble" struggle for freedom,—instead of putting on the hollow forms and pursuing the methods of red tape, scientific, military chess-playing!

For myself, I have never placed any confidence in the so-called "Peace party," many of its leaders were professional politicians, not so much in favor of *peace*, as of *place*. Seeing little chance to get office under Republican rule they fostered popular discontent at the management of the war merely to ride into power thereby. Who believes that McClellan or Bayard, once in the White House would have been any more willing to concede Southern Independence than Lincoln?

But, granting there was a peace element at the North, the "sharp, short, decisive" plan of campaign, of which I am speaking would tend to build up that party. The cavalry columns could be instructed to make distinctions between Abolitionists and Peace men; giving "protection papers" to whomsoever would sign his parole not to aid or assist in farther invasion of the South.

Thousands and tens of thousands would gladly sign such an agreement to save themselves from personal annoyance, and to protect their property. I saw scores of Confederate flags floating from the windows and roof trees of "loyal" Pennsylvanians during the Gettysburg campaign, particularly in the rich Cumberland Valley.

This kind of distinction, whereby "the one would be taken and the other left," the war howler ruined, and the peace man unmolested would, of course, create great dissensions, and array neighbor against neighbor; but such a state of things would serve to increase popular discontent with the war, and distract the energies which otherwise were expended upon the South.

Returning to the cavalry, however, I fear we underrated it even for defensive purposes. In this, the Yankees showed themselves superior scholars in the science of war. As we allowed our cavalry to deteriorate, they increased theirs, both in numbers and efficiency. Realizing the natural inferiority of their material, they sought to counterbalance it by superior training and equipment. The result proved their wisdom.

During the first year of the war our cavalry were winners in every engagement; a hundred of them would put

five hundred to flight. Every skirmish ended in a race in which the Blue Coats worked well in the lead; and frequently the Yankee trooper was found strapped to the saddle to prevent his falling off. During the second year of the war, Stuart, and John Morgan, and Mosby repeatedly rode around in rear of the Federal armies, burning their supplies and laughing at all efforts to stop, to intercept, or whip them. But in the third year, the Federal cavalry had become formidable even in greater proportion than the Confederates had deteriorated in numbers, horses, arms and spirit!

Alas, in the fourth year, the tables were completely turned. The Southern horsemen with thinned ranks, dispirited commanders, relaxed discipline, ill-fed, ill-kept mounts, and little of the old dash and *elan* remaining, stood on the defensive doing outpost duty, and the like; while the Yankees well mounted, and well armed with seven and seventeen shooting carbines, which rendered them more formidable than infantry, dashed hither and thither with the greatest insolence; raiding through Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina, until the names of Sheridan, Stoneman, Custer, Pleasanton, Buford, Kuntz, and Kilpatrick, became only too well known in every Southern cot and mansion. They, indeed, *finished the war;* doing for the South the very thing I have suggested should have been done by our horsemen to the North four years ago.

Sheridan's troopers almost totally destroyed Early's army at Winchester and Fisher's Hill; losing us the fertile valley upon which Richmond was depending for breadstuffs. Hunter, the infamous, and Averill came to Lynchburg from West Virginia ravaging the country like Cossacks. Stoneman burst through the Blue Ridge to Salisbury destroying large quantities of invaluable property. Kuntz raided down the Petersburg and Weldon railroad destroying bridges and miles of track. Pickett's division was marched out in pursuit until broken down and demoralized, and in this condition a day or two

later was set upon by Sheridan at Five Forks, and wiped out of existance.

Lee now tried to escape but the fear of cavalry raids had caused the removal of provisions upon which he depended, and his half famished men found Sheridan with 20,000 well armed, well fed, sleek troopers directly across their single line of retreat. So the end came. Grant, himself, says the Confederates must have escaped *but for the cavalry,* as the bulk of his infantry had rations for only a day or two longer.

So the weapon which the Confederacy rejected, or at any rate undervalued and neglected, became in the end the chief instrument of our destruction.

And now having ended our retrospect of the battle of Manassas, let us return to our narrative.

In this style of midsummer idling within the beautiful groves and orchards of Upper Loudon the three months following the battle of Bull Run were passed. Fatal *idling* it was destined to prove in the end; for if the South had even any chance of success it must have been dependent upon the activity of her movements during this first summer, when she had the advantage in zeal, unity, popular enthusiasm, and physical fighting material. The whole history of the struggle up to this period had been a series of shocking surprises to the Abolitionists; surprise that secession should so speedily succeed Lincoln's election; surprise that the border states should stand by their Southern sisters, after pleading on their very knees for peace and union; surprise that the slaves instead of being an ever present terror to the South should really prove a great help to her, quietly using the bread making hoe at home while their masters were wielding different implements in another field; and finally surprise, and chagrin as well, that the braggart Southerners, after all, should *fight* and fight so well that each and every Federal expedition, however formidable, seemed assured of shameful overthrow!

These successive reversals of expectation would have been fatal to a less pertinacious and prejudiced people.

Happily for them, as I have said, the South in the intoxication of the three great victories, imagined the cause already won; and sat down in scornful indifference, or indolence idling away month after month of magnificent weather, and superb roads, while her great adversary was reaching around the world, raking land and sea, for men and means to crush her.

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[1] The omitted portion contains a short account of military operations in Missouri.

CHAPTER TENTH

Battle of Leesburg—The Enemy Steals a March and Catches a Tartar—Desperate Struggle on the River Bluffs—Senator Baker Slain—Flight of the Federals, with Shocking Scenes of Death by Drowning—A Lovely Night Watch on the Battlefield—"Phantom Steeds" Charging in Line—Shameful Stampede to Sycolin.

Returning from the historical digression to Missouri, we find the 8th Regiment enjoying the bright October weather *en bivouac* upon the sloping sides of a little mountain overlooking the town of Leesburg to the right, and the blue, winding Potomac in front.

The location was delightfully picturesque; the camp being pitched within the pale of "Swann's Park," an area of one or two hundred acres surrounding the summer residence of the Hon. Thomas Swann[1], formerly mayor of Baltimore, and member of Congress, whose supposed Southern sympathies were security for the non-molestation of his property.

The mansion stood near the summit of the terraced slope, commanding a view of park, plain, and river; having a jet fountain in front, and two gigantic bronze stags, upon granite pedestals at the verge of the main terrace overlooking the grassy expanse below.

On the smooth sward, at the base of one of the life-like bronzes, was my favorite lounging place, when not on duty. Reclining at full length, half hidden in grass and flowers, basking in the sunshine and balmy breezes, perfumed with honeysuckles and roses, lulled by the hum of

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[1] Thomas Swann, 1809-1883, a native of Virginia, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Northeastern Virginia Railroad. He was mayor of Baltimore from 1856 to 1860. Opposed to slavery, he emancipated his slaves and when the civil war came he was a Union man, though he retained his connection with the Democratic party. He was Governor of Maryland from 1865 to 1869 and a member of the House of Representatives from 1869 to 1879.

bees, the twittering of birds and fanciful strains of the regimental bands practicing in the groves at the foot of the hill, while from far and near over the turfy lawn came the merry laughter of the Leesburg maidens coquetting with their "bold soldier boys," while groups of children fed the swans in the pond, or chased the herds of tame deer around the pickets, it was easy for me to forget all about the war, and its hardest features, individual and national.

During this period I learned the rudiments of military education:—the manual of arms, squad, company, and battalion drill; camp guard duty, gun cleaning, camp calls and police duty; with, likewise, a large number of petty mortifications and vexations incident and consequent thereupon for a thin-skinned youth.

I learned also that a private soldier's life is far from being "a summer idyl," or any other kind of an idle! That the friction of military discipline quickly wears off the shams that coat men in the more peaceful walks of life; and that if a man has flaws, flimsiness of character, or manhood, soon will they be shown. Alas, too, I learned that in camp, as elsewhere, the tub that doesn't stand on its own bottom is apt to get knocked and tumbled about, and have an exceedingly hard time of it.

Camp Johnston soon became a visiting point for all the countryside. The regiment being mostly composed of Loudon County men, all their "homefolks" came to visit them once a week or oftener; bringing as a matter of course, huge baskets of provisions, such as only a fertile region like Loudon could produce.

Daily the camp was crowded with fathers, mothers, and children; wives, aunts, cousins and sweethearts, of all classes, from the wealthy townsman riding in his carriage with servants in livery, to the humble cotter jogging in on a jackass. In fact most of the soldiers were within a few miles of their homes, and could slip off any time to replenish their victuals tray, or have some clothes washed, or "kiss the good wife." Not a man of the regiment dreamed that in a few months he would gladly pick up for

a day's rations that which he now threw away after each meal! It was "the frolic time" of "summer soldiering." Yet had anyone taken the opinion of the regiment he would have found that amid this "feast of fat things," and easy, careless living, two in three of us would have believed we were seeing "great hardships," nor ever imagined that so soon we should recall these days with longing!

While at school I had been accustomed to wear my hair in long, flowing locks; a distinguishing mark by which Southern students were easily recognized in the streets of Philadelphia and Princeton in *ante-bellum* days.

During my long and perilous journey from Media, this superfluity of dangling locks subjected me to a good deal of remark, and doubtless increased the danger of my arrest, as almost anyone who had ever seen the typical Southerner with broad slouch hat, and long hair, would have suspected me at a glance.

I had been rather proud of my "wealth of glossy dark curls" in my dandyish social debut; but now the great mop of hair was becoming a first class nuisance, besides attracting a great deal more attention and ridicule than was at all agreeable to so sensitive a youth as I was. But what could be done? There were no barbers in camp. I had no shears, nor had any of my acquaintances in camp, and even if I could have procured a pair I would have been too proud—being on my high and youthful stilts in those days—to ask any one to cut my "mane."

One evening while the regiment was out drilling I chanced to be strolling through the wagonyard, when a voice came from an adjoining tent saying: "Stranger! Good Lord! Stranger, hold on a bit! Don't you want that h'yar cut?" I was at once abashed and amused as my interlocutor crawled from under the tentfly and supplemented his inquiry by explaining "that the other night his wife had been brushing her back hair and he told her he'd be diddled-be-darned if there warn't a feller in camp had longer h'yar, and a heap more of it than she

had, an' that he'd jus' like to take her a gob of it and show her."

Of course this was a case in which courtesy and self-interest combined to give the desired consent; and the countryman after half an hour's clipping, obtained not only his "big gob of h'yar," but enough of it to have stuffed a pillow. As I sat upon a stump to undergo the tonsorial shearing I felt it difficult to realize that only a fortnight before I had primped up these my locks to display in the little Episcopal Chapel in Media, 300 miles northward!

As has been before stated, I generally went on my high boyish stilts at that time in the matter of obligations and incurring favors. My pride was so stilted that I would submit to all sorts of hardships rather than ask assistance or benefit from my companions who naturally found little to either admire or like in my cold reserve and fastidious manners. Thus it happened that weeks and months went by before I could master my aversion to borrowing a sheet of paper, envelope and postage stamp to write to my family and notify them than I was safe in Dixie.

One day after despatching the missive I was startled by hearing Lieutenant Gray call out:—"Where is Shotwell? Here is a letter for him!"

The announcement stirred a tumult of excited thoughts in my mind, and not for some moments could I break the seal, as I recognized the handwriting, and knew that I was at last in communication with—*HOME!*

The letter was from my brother, Hamilton, and began in his enthusiastic style:—

"God bless your noble heart! Brother! I knew you would come! I knew you would come if all Yankeedom blocked the way!" etc., etc.

Then what a strain of surprising news he had to relate! He had, about a year before, married Miss Jennie E. McIntyre, a lovely and accomplished girl, of good family, and independent fortune, and his life seemed bright and happy. He had been elected to a lieutenancy in the 16th North Carolina, but from differences with his captain, had

resigned, and raised a company of his own, in which he took the same rank he had before. He was now attached to the 34th North Carolina, had made hosts of friends, and had strong hopes of promotion. This gave me many things to think of for some time afterwards. Ah, how beneficent is Nature in shutting from our weak mortal ken the vicissitudes and calamities that are to replace the joy-dreams we have dreamed!

Thus sped the days, alas this lazy dreamy *dolce far niente* existence was but for a fortnight, nay, scarcely more than a week. The villainous odor of saltpetre in the air had already been detected by our Commander-in-Chief; and it was for this reason the brigade had been assembled at Leesburg, but of this we knew nothing.

To comprehend the military situation it is necessary to remember that the Confederate Army in Virginia had a double head; to wit, the Camp at Manassas and the Camp at Winchester in the Valley.

The scope of country between the two divisions was held and watched by Brigadier General N. G. Evans, with four regiments and a battery, stationed in front of Leesburg. He had been sent to this post within twenty-four hours after the battle of Bull Run, and was under instructions to hold it at all hazards, because were the enemy to secure a lodgment south of the Potomac in this quarter, he would be a perpetual menace to the flanks of both the camps at Manassas and Winchester.

Evans' regiments were among the best in service. The 8th Virginia, Colonel Eppa Hunton commanding, was composed chiefly of volunteers from Loudon, Warren, Fairfax, and Farquier, hardy yeomanry, in the ranks; scions of well known families, such as the Berkeleys, Carters, Tylers, Graysons, *et al,* in command. The three Mississippi regiments were even more noted; the 13th. commanded by Colonel E. Barksdale[1], formerly a member of

[1] This is an error. It was William Barksdale, 1821-1863, a native of Tennessee, prominent in Mississippi as a Democratic editor and politician. He served in the Mexican War, was a member of Congress from 1853 until his resignation in 1861, when Mississippi seceded. He was one of those accompanying Preston S. Brooks when he assaulted Charles Sumner. He was killed at Gettysburg.

Congress; slain at Gettysburg, at the head of his men; the 17th, Colonel Featherstone, since Governor of his state; and the 18th, Colonel E. R. Burt, a gallant Christian gentleman about to yield up his life for the cause. Among the officers of this regiment—the 18th Mississippi, were Major Henry, ex-Judge of the State Court; Captain Albert G. Brown, ex-United States Senator, and Governor of his State; Captain O. R. Singleton, ex-member of Congress and in Congress since the war; Captain A. P. Hill, and others I cannot now recall.

Corporal Cooper, a member of the Legislature, and Corporal Pettus, a son of the wealthy governor of that name, were among the first to fall in battle. The private fortunes of members of this company aggregated *six millions* at the outbreaking of the war. Such men were naturally moved in a high degree with personal pride, the surest guarantee of *sticking* qualities in the untrained, inexperienced volunteer.

North of the Potomac near Seneca's Mills and Portsville, were the troops of General Charles P. Stone. The reader may remember my encounter with this officer and his staff under a large oak tree while journeying along the river with old Sam in search of a crossing place. They were posted as a corps of observation to prevent any sudden attempt of the Confederates to turn the flank of Washington. As heretofore stated, General George B. McClellan had been summoned by telegraph a few hours after the great defeat at Manassas to succeed Scott and McDowell in command of the Federal forces.

Unrivalled as an organizer, and aided by the obliging inaction of the Southerners, he had used the three months of grace so well that the shattered "Grand Army" was again ready for the field, with increased numbers, improved organization, and vastly superior armament. Accordingly about the middle of October, the "Young Napoleon" spurred by the popular clamor for military sensations, decided to attempt an offensive movement, viz., the occupation of Leesburg.

The plan provided for an advance by General McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves in the direction of Dranesville. It was believed General Evans would hasten to drive off McCall; whereupon General Stone could slip across the river and seize the town in his absence. The scheme nearly succeeded—but not quite!

Intelligence of General McCall's advance upon the Leesburg and Dranesville turnpike reached General Evans before dawn on Sunday morning, Oct. 20th, causing no small stir.

By sunrise the troops were on the march to meet McCall. As the Eighth Virginia was mainly composed of Loudon County men, including all the young men of Leesburg, the entire population thronged the side walks to see them pass and bid them adieu. It was the strangest, most exciting Sunday that ever dawned on the old, red-bricked town.

Here stands an aged sire, bent and tottering, wiping his glasses because his agitation is too great to allow him to distinguish his only son among the grey coated ranks. There a venerable matron with both arms around a stalwart soldier who seems a little ashamed at the demonstration before his comrades. Strange that men should be *ashamed* of tenderness! Yonder, a group of tow headed "Young Americans" trying to talk coolly, but with a little quaver of alarm in their childish voices—"cos I heard the Yankees is acomin' right up the 'pike'." Several practical housewives are dispensing hot coffee, buttermilk, cider, and sandwiches gratis to those nimble enough to dash out of the ranks and gulp them down before ordered back by their officers. Dozens of young misses flutter from doorstep to doorstep—from one point of observation to another—to see the troops pass; particularly Johnnie, or Jimmie, or Sam—"who is a great friend of mine, you know." Handkerchiefs are waving from every window and portico; shouts echo along the narrow streets as the troops cheer a bevy of pretty girls; drums roll heavily, little youngsters yell nervously, little

darkeys caper delightfully on the garden fences, and little dogs yelp for sympathy.

"Goodbye, Mother." "God bless you, my son." "Don't cry, Sis." "Take keer of yourself, Bob." "Bye bye, sweetheart." "Do-d-don't g-get ki-ki-killed (this whispered) just f-for *my* sake, Tom." "Throw me a kiss, Cousin Julia." "March up, men! March up—double quick, Mar-ch!" Such is a specimen of the babel of voices, shouts, commands, partings, and endearments which greets the ear of the lonely recruit who had neither kith nor kin, friend nor sweetheart to bid him goodbye as the column slowly defiles through the crowded streets and out upon the Alexandria turnpike to meet the foe.

And so he could calmly note what was occurring around him; and more than once the thought passed through his mind that perhaps after all he was fortunate in having so few personal and domestic ties, for after witnessing the anguish of a parting glance of a lovely girl as her lover turned to rejoin his lost place in the ranks, he felt that such a look would have unmanned him completely.

Again, he reflected that perhaps, after all, the saddest hearts were not in the battalion going forth to fight, but in the breasts of the gentle ones, and doting parents who all day sat at the windows or upon the housetops listening for the expected crash of deadly weapons. Can anything exceed the agony of a tender mother, listening like a startled deer, for every sound that comes upon the morning breeze, while at the same time nervously scraping lint, or preparing styptics to stay the blood of a mangled first-born who soon may be brought home from the neighboring battlefield.

To the majority of the Southern people, south of the border States, such scenes of local excitement and alarm were comparatively unknown; at all events until about the close of the war. The Northern people knew nothing of them, and this will account for their merciless hounding of the war upon us. They felt safe. A battle loses half its terrors one hundred miles away.

However, notwithstanding the current rumors and general alarm, the expected bloodshed did not occur this Sabbath day; another twenty hours' "grace" was given ere the dread Archer struck his mark!

General Evans decided to advance and meet McCall, taking post at the "burned bridge" over Goose Creek, three miles southeast of Leesburg. This stream, notwithstanding its euphonious title, is no duck-pond outlet; but, with its wooded bluffs, forms quite a good line of defense against an enemy approaching from the east. However, the battle was not to be here fought. During the afternoon a scouting party returned with information that General McCall's corps, after marching up as far as Dranesville, had then, like the king of France, "marched down again." So the morning's flurry was a false alarm. But hold!—here is a dispatch, captured on a Federal courier, which bears the address. "To General Stone, in Leesburg." Other intimations reveal the whole plot. Meantime, Gen. Stone, watching from the Maryland heights, rubs his hands in glee on seeing Evans' four regiments filing down the turnpike towards Dranesville. Orders were hastily issued for Colonel Devens (the present Attorney General of the United States) to cross into Virginia and push forward to Leesburg; while other troops are to follow as fast as they can cross the Potomac.

Colonel Devens, with five companies, landed upon Harrison's Island shortly after midnight; and while a portion of the command were transporting the boats across the island, the remainder were employed in digging rifle pits to command the passage. Harrison's is one of a number of long narrow islands bearing the names of owners of adjacent farms, as Jenkins' Island, Smart's Island, Harrison's, etc. It is nearly half a mile wide, and more than two miles in length, and claimed by both Virginia and Maryland, being distant about 150 yards from the latter and 120 from the former. Opposite the island, the Virginia shore arises abruptly; in many places directly from the water's edge, in cliffs or bluffs, now

historic as "Ball's Bluff." These cliffs, while favorable to the secrecy of the Federal advance, in the end proved a source of fearful disaster.

To convey his battalion to the foot of the bluffs Colonel Devens had one four-oared bateau or "flat boat," and a couple of small skiffs, needing frequent bailing with buckets to keep them afloat. One or two other skiffs were subsequently added, but the transportation was totally inadequate. Several trips were requisite to ferry over an hundred men. Colonel Devens drew up his battalion along the brow of Ball's Bluff about 2:30 a. m. on the morning of October 21st, and began to advance in skirmish order toward Leesburg. The citizens of that town had retired early, fatigued by the excitements of the day, and blissfully unconscious of impending peril. All the troops were miles away, except one company of Mississippians, under Captain Duff, which had been left as a camp-guard. Morning brought a startling apparition to these men, as they rubbed their eyes, and yawned for breakfast. Over the green-clad hills toward the northeast, within musket-shot of town, came a long line of blue-coated skirmishers, their polished musket-barrels gleaming in the sunlight, and the "red, white and blue" fluttering in vivid contrast with the dark foliage of the cedar copse! It was Devens' battalion, advancing from the Potomac! But Captain Duff was no "duffer;" he speedily trotted his men to the nearest fence in the path of the invaders and opened a scorching fire, killing six and wounding twenty before he lost a man, owing to the advantage of shelter and his defensive attitude.

Colonel Devens, seeing a section of artillery coming into town, fell back a short distance into a skirt of timber, to await instructions and reinforcements. He was now joined by Colonel Lee, with four companies; but about the same time two strong companies of Mississippians came to the rescue of Captain Duff, taking Devens on the flank and compelling him to retire nearer Ball's Bluff. Meanwhile General Stone, with the Nineteenth Massachusetts and other troops, had crossed the Potomac at

Edwards' ferry, just above the mouth of Goose Creek; his apparent design being to seize the bridge over the turnpike one mile above and oppose Evans' return from Dranesville. Finding, however, the Thirteenth Mississippi, a strong regiment (which he supposed a full brigade), confronting him at the ferry, he hastened to send the main body of his army to cross at Harrison's, two and a half miles above. This column, which he styled "the right wing," was now given into command of Colonel E. D. Baker (formerly United States Senator from Oregon). It was composed of the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, the First California, the "Tammany" (New York) Regiment, and some "unattached" companies, with four mountain howitzers and one 6-pound rifled-gun. Intelligence of these proceedings reached General Evans at an early hour, and Colonel Eppa Hunton with the Eighth Virginia, was sent at a rapid trot three miles across the fields to drive back Devens.

Colonel Hunton, having deployed his men along a little ridge, advanced and engaged the Federals a few minutes after 1:00 p. m. Sharp musketry firing ensued and continued during the next two hours. Here was the fatal mistake of the day on the Federal side. In the long-range duello the Confederates had all the advantage. So thin was their line that nearly every man could have the shelter of a tree or stump; whereas their own shots could hardly miss the dense line of blue coats. The Virginians and Mississipians being accustomed to the rifle, most of them old hunters, rarely missed their man. Climbing into the tops of trees, creeping through the tall grass, or concealed in the gullies, they plied their weapons with murderous havoc especially among the Federal officers. It was very poor management to allow this to go on. Had Baker ordered a couple of regiments to sweep the woods he would have cleared his path of all these death-stinging hornets and marched into Leesburg. The Federal position at this time was upon the plateau of the bluff, some 700 yards in front of the river, where

there was a cleared field of ten or twelve acres, with a shallow ravine or hollow, running through the middle of it. The artillery was planted to sweep this clearing in front, while the flanks were measurably protected by a series of steep little hills and rocky ravines, overgrown with scrubby, stunted pines.

By 4:00 p. m. the last of the Federal troops had crossed and were drawn up in horseshoe shape, with the point of the shoe fronting the ten-acre cleared lot, 600 yards from the bluff. But the loss in officers had greatly crippled the effectiveness of the force. Lieutenant-Colonel Wistar, of the First California, had been killed, and his regiment much shattered. Furthermore, the Confederates had been reinforced by the remainder of the Seventeenth Mississippi, perhaps 600 muskets, and the Eighteenth Mississippi was within one mile, advancing rapidly. *Per contra* the Virginia regiment had exhausted its ammunition, and no one knew where the wagon trains could be found; war was a new business at that date. Men could be seen crawling about, searching the boxes of the dead or borrowing cartridges of their comrades—to get one more shot. Colonel Hunton dispatched his adjutant to say to General Evans: "My powder is out; what shall I do?" "Fix bayonets and run 'em into the river!" quoth "Old Shanks" (his regular army *soubriquet,*) who had just taken a liquid reinforcement, equivalent to 10,000 men. It was time for some decisive measure, for Colonel Baker had ordered his right wing to advance and flank the little ridge whence came the rebel bullets.

Fortunately for the Confederates, at the moment this movement began, there was heard the pattering footsteps and jingling canteens of the Eighteenth Mississippi double quicking through the brush, then a wild, terror striking yell; then the simultaneous crash of 1,000 muskets, each hurling its leaden contents along the Federal left and centre! The effect was electric. The roar of this sudden, blinding, raking volley was like the crack of doom to the already demoralized Federals, most of whom were under fire for the first time! A strange re-

port ran along the lines that General Joe Johnston, with 10,000 fresh men, had just arrived. Colonel Baker, himself, remarked to an aide that he had seen Johnston, mounted on a white horse, riding in advance. Baker, Colonel Cogswell, Major Harvey and others were at the time working the small howitzers, which had been crippled several times, being plainly exposed to the fire of the concealed sharp-shooters. The rifled six-pounder could not be used. Seeing that the crisis was come—as the Confederates were assuming the offensive and closing upon him from three sides, with the river at his back—Colonel Baker turned to the bayonet as the last hope. Calling to the nearest battalions, he shouted, ordered, entreated them to advance, to charge! His voice, ringing above the murderous crack of the rifle, could be heard even in the Confederate ranks, urging his men to charge and save the day and themselves. Thus incited they began to move, but in wavering irresolution—a sure precursor of failure. Baker ran forward and at once received a stinging wound. But without pausing he gallantly rushed onward and was at the head of his men, when a beardless youth emptied five barrels of his revolver into him, at twenty paces. Four of the balls took effect, the first passing through his brain!

At this moment the hostile lines were within stone's throw, and both advancing. The Federals, seeing the fall of their leader, halted. Some soldiers seized Baker's body and ran with it rearward. This started the rest, and a general retreat took place, though several brave fellows moved so slowly that hand-to-hand fights raged along the whole line during the next ten minutes. Many of the Southerners also stopped at the cannon, which they wheeled around and endeavored to fire upon their late owners, but could not succeed. Subsequently one of the guns was found to have the ball put in before the powder—a very good reason for its refusal to explode. The temporary failure to pursue enabled Colonel Cogswell—now in command—to rally a portion of the survivors on the brow of a bluff, but he himself bleeding from a

wound; Colonel Devens was in like condition; all regimental order was lost, and the huddling of the men on the hill rendered the Confederate fire, which was rapidly closing in on all sides, so much the more fatal. Suddenly the Seventeenth Mississippi closed in on the flank with a terrific volley and ended the battle. Then ensued an awful spectacle! A kind of shiver ran through the huddled mass upon the brow of the cliff; it gave way; rushed a few steps; then, in one wild, panic-stricken herd, rolled, leaped, tumbled over the precipice! The descent is nearly perpendicular, with ragged, jutting crags, and a water laved base. Screams of pain and terror filled the air. Men seemed suddenly bereft of reason; they leaped over the bluff with muskets still in their clutch, threw themselves into the river without divesting themselves of their heavy accoutrements—hence went to the bottom like lead. Others sprang down upon the heads and bayonets of those below. A gray-haired private of the First California was found with his head mashed between two rocks by the heavy boots of a ponderous "Tammany" man, who had broken his own neck by the fall! The side of the bluff was worn smooth by the number sliding down.

From the beginning of the battle a steady stream of wounded men had been trickling down the zig-zag path leading to the narrow beach, whence the boats were to convey them to the Island. As it happened, the two larger bateaux were just starting with an overload when the torrent of terror-stricken fugitives rolled down the bluffs upon them. Both boats were instantly submerged, and their cargoes of helpless human beings (crippled by wounds) were swept away to unknown graves! The whole surface of the river seemed filled with heads, struggling, screaming, fighting, dying! Man clutched at man, and the strong, who might have escaped, were dragged down by the weaker. Voices that strove to shout for help were stifled by the turbid, sullen waters of the swollen river and died away in gurgles. It is strange how persons about to drown turn to their fellows for strength;

they may be in mid-ocean, with no hope for any, yet will they grasp one another and sink in pairs. Captain Otter, of the First California, (an apposite name for a swimmer,) was found a few days later with two men of his company clutching his neckband. Had he attempted to save them, or had they seized and dragged him down? One officer was found with $126 in gold in his pocket; it had cost his life. Colonel Devens escaped by swimming his horse across to the island, though both were slightly wounded. Captain Young, of Colonel Baker's staff, wrote:

"I got Colonel Baker's body back to the island before the worst of the rout, and then looking to the Virginia shore I saw such a spectacle as no tongue can describe. Our entire forces were retreating, tumbling, rolling, leaping down the steep banks; the enemy following them, murdering and taking prisoners. Muskets, coats, and everything were thrown aside, and all were desperately trying to escape. Hundreds plunged into the rapid current, and the shrieks of the drowning added to the horrors of sound and sight. All was confusion, terror and dismay. Many not drowned were shot when about to reach the island."

A portion of the fugitives retreated along the river bank a short distance, and might have escaped; but for the folly of firing on some of our men who came near them. A volley was poured into the dark mass, huddling on the bank, in the gloom of twilight. Then a voice was heard, calling: "Cease firing! My God, men, cease firing! We surrender!" An old officer hobbled forward, waving a white handkerchief. He proved to be Colonel Cogswell, of the "Tammany" Regiment, an "old army" officer, formerly a professor at West Point. He seemed chagrined at the smallness of the force to which he had surrendered, but soon regained equanimity and won the good-will of his captors by his pleasant speeches and easy bearing. With him surrendered Colonel Lee, Major Revere and his brother, a surgeon, four captains, twelve Lieutenants and 876 privates. The prisoners es-

timated their total loss at 1,500, which was much under the true figure. One hundred and seventy bodies were buried on the field. Probably as many were drowned. These with the captured would aggregate 1,200, leaving but a small figure to the wounded. The chaplain of the Twelfth Massachusetts (in his "Potomac and Rapidan,") estimates the loss at "fully one-half of the entire forces sent over with Baker." The staff officer before quoted, says:

"At 8:00 p. m. all of our band whose good fortune it was to return had landed on Harrison's Island, and the fire from the Virginia heights had ceased. When I left (on the following afternoon) the rebels were shouting for us to come over and take away our dead under flag of truce; but had also mounted our own guns on the heights and warned us to leave the island in four hours. *The destruction of life has been far greater in proportion to the numbers engaged than at Bull Run.*"

Great as was the disproportion in numbers, our losses were comparatively slight; though enough to cast a gloom over the command after the excitement of the battle and triumph had subsided. Of the Eighth Virginia, 11 were killed, 36 wounded; of the Seventeenth Mississippi, three were killed, and ten wounded. Of the Eighteenth Missississi, 17 killed and 64 wounded. Among the slain were the gallant Colonel E. R. Burt, Hon. J. S. Cooper, and Corporal Pettus, son of the Governor of Mississippi.

Colonel Burt was not killed outright, but lingered until the 26th of October, when his gallant and noble soul winged its flight to a clime where wars and fighting are unknown. He was a fine officer and appeared to have the esteem and confidence of his men in no small degree. His obsequies were conducted in a most impressive, and at that time novel manner. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi regiments, with the Fifth South Carolina (Colonel Jenkins) which had arrived a day or two after the battle; two sections of the Washington Artil-

lery, and Captain Thomas' cavalry formed the military *cortege;* the whole being under the command of Colonel E. Barksdale. The procession through the streets of Leesburg was followed by almost the entire population, who felt that the brave Mississippian had laid down his life in their defense. A salute of honor was fired, after which the plaintive notes of the brass bands the corpse was borne from the town, escorted by a deputation of one soldier from each company of his regiment, to his distant home in Jackson, Mississippi.

Considered in all its aspects, this affair of Leesburg, or "Ball's Bluff" as the Federals term it, was undoubtedly the completest victory of the war. It surpassed even the celebrated "Rout of Bull Run," fought on the same day, three months earlier, viz: July 21st, in the damage inflicted on the enemy, and the thoroughness of the defeat of their designs.

The reverberations of the artillery, as usual, brought gloomy clouds, and almost as the last musket shot flashed through the dusky twilight, a drenching rain descended on victors and vanquished alike. The discomfort of the rain, as, of course, there were neither tents nor shelter of any kind to be had on the battlefield, was increased by the relaxation from the intense excitement of the contest, and as parents and friends by scores kept coming in to seek the corpse, or reassuring handclasp of the loved ones, it happened that but little sleep was obtained by any of our weary boys that night. But that was not all; few of the Eighth Regiment had yet learned to realize the necessity for strict military discipline, and being urged by friends, or their wounded comrades, to accompany them home—perhaps only a few miles distant—it was natural for them to yield; jump into the wagon or carriage and drive off, until at 9:00 a. m. on the morning after the battle, not one-third of the regiment could be found for duty. Duty must be done, however, and the absence of so many men threw double tides upon those of us who remained at our posts.

"The rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled deep;—
And silenced the cataract's roar,
But neither the night nor the tempest could keep
The battle-grimed warrior"—

from having to go out, and stand "picket" throughout the whole miserable night, and without supper or any sort of shelter from the storm, as even his blankets were laid aside when ball cartridge was to be handled.

Oh! chilly, stormy, dispiriting, disagreeable day that followed! For when not on post I had to remain closely with my company in the grime and soot of an old blacksmith's shop, which was more uncomfortable if possible than outside in the drenching rain, as there was nothing that could serve for seats and the crowded noisy companionship of uncongenial men tired me sorely.

As heretofore stated, General Stone, the Federal commander, had crossed the river at Edward's Ferry, nearly three miles below Ball's Bluff. Early in the morning he galloped out from the ferry, apparently thinking there were no Confederates in the vicinity, an error of which he learned upon receiving a volley from the Thirteenth Mississippi, which killed one of his escort, and brought down a shower of hats, field glasses, etc. This rencontre threw him into the new error of supposing the whole of Evans' brigade in his front. So, instead of going to Baker's support, he remained throughout the day with a strong force idle at the ferry. Indeed, neither he, nor his Lieutenant, (Colonel Baker) appear to have understood their situation, as the following dispatch (written at the moment the awful rout was beginning) will show:

Headquarters, Edward's Ferry,
October 21, 3:45 p. m.

Colonel E. D. Baker, Commanding Right Wing.

Colonel: "Yours of the 2:30 received. I am glad you find your position tenable. If satisfied with it hold on and don't let the troops get fatigued or starve while waiting. Please detail plenty of officers to tend to the

food of the men. Do you need more artillery than the eight pieces now at your disposition? Respectfully, your obedient servant."

Charles P. Stone, Brigadier General.

This note never reached Baker. It was found on the body of a slain courier, who probably arrived on the fatal bluff about the time of the rout. The two hours which had elapsed since 2:30 had wrought a shocking change; the position proved "untenable."

During the night after the battle the customary cannon-called rainstorm set in and rapidly swelled the Potomac to freshet height. The troops utterly without shelter were drenched. General Stone seemed irresolute. He still retained a foothold south of the river at Edward's Ferry, whither a portion of the fugitives from the battlefield had made their way in the darkness. This force had torn down Dailey's log house to erect a stockade and intrenched camp. They were also protected by a dozen cannon planted on the Maryland Heights, which commanded the south side of the river. Moreover the Twelfth Massachusetts had just arrived—giving him some two thousand fresh men. On the other hand the river was becoming dangerous. The troops were dispirited; and should the rebels be reinforced they might repeat the disaster of Monday. However, he was relieved of the necessity of deciding by the unexpected arrival of General McClellan, who had heard of the fighting and ridden all night from Washington. By his orders the troops south of the river were immediately withdrawn—not an easy undertaking by any means, in the darkness, pouring rain, and leaky boats, with the river running like a mill-sluce. But all got safely over.

And now began a useless skedaddle on the Confederate side. A timid cavalry picket, listening to the continual creaking of oarlocks upon the river during the night, became impressed with the belief that whole brigades of Federals were crossing to the ferry landing! Stone had been reinforced, and was coming with "twice ten thous-

and men'' to revenge Ball's Bluff! So, ''whip and spurs,'' march, trop, gallop! Away go half a dozen members of the ''crittur comp'ny'' (as the old lady denominated the cavalry), in search of General Evans. He is found exposing his martial head to all the rigors of a feather pillow, miles away—in Leesburg, doubtless dreaming of ''laurel wreaths,'' puffs and promotion. Excitement, joined to the necessity of frequently sweeping the field with a long-necked (bottle) field-glass, may have somewhat unsettled his nerves—never steadiest at 2 a. m. At all events, General Evans, to the amazement of his army, orders an instantaneous retreat, abandoning the town without a struggle. The whole force marches to the wooded bluffs of Sycolin run, three miles southeast of the town. No, not the whole force, for Colonel Barksdale, of the Thirteenth Mississippi (not engaged on the 21st), after retiring one mile south, halts and refuses to retreat farther, sending word to Evans that he will defend the town with his single regiment. He is placed under arrest, and there are rumors of a court martial; but it is never called, and Barksdale's sword is shortly returned, and the matter drops.

Various reasons were assigned by the apologists of General Evans for his failure to attack General Stone's right wing during the forty-eight hours it lay at Edward's ferry, and for his absurd retrograde to Sycolin run. One was that he wished to draw out the enemy, then overpower him. But these were all after-thoughts. The actual fact is unimpeachable, to wit: That victors and vanquished subsequently simultaneously skedaddled!

Meanwhile on the battlefield at Ball's Bluff the more peaceful white flag was floating, the enemy being allowed to send over a small party to bury their dead. This party showed little feeling in their solemn work, though one would suppose the dreary, drizzling weather would increase the solemnity of the duty. They dug a long trench, and then piled in the stiffened corpses, with little care how they were placed, and covered with so light a covering of earth that within a week the wild hogs rooted up the decaying bodies.

And now once more all the population of Leesburg was upon the sidewalks but with far different feelings. Now the faces are excited and nervous. Many of the gentle sex were in tears. Others thoughtful as ever, were handing out cakes, pies, wine and milk to the soldiers straggling into town from the outposts. "Take this cup of jelly, and here's a bottle of wine, my good Sir; you look tired, and I'd rather you enjoyed it than these hateful Yankees," said a kind matron to me as I trudged past her piazza. Half famished as I was these edibles were exceedingly grateful, and I was demolishing half a pie with Spartan resolution to "do or die" when an excited fool rushed down from the garret shouting, *"Run! Run! men! hide out every one of you! Yonder comes a whole regiment of Yankees!"* Nobody waited to see the supposed Yankees and identify them as a dozen or two cavalry pickets coming in with the baggage wagons; but immediately every fellow took to his heels at a full run, and the stampede became general. I undertook the delicate feat of carrying a slice of pie between my teeth and a hat full of ginger cakes in the same hand with my gun and blankets. Alas in jumping a rivulet I stumbled, dumping my cakes in the red mud, and closed my teeth so sharply on the pie that all which was not within the safe clutch of my mouth broke away, and followed the cakes in the mud! "And what a fall was there my Countrymen!" considering how hungry I was! About a mile from town I came up with the 13th Mississippi, which had halted in the skedaddle and refused to go farther.

The 8th Regiment bivouacked at Sycolin, calling their encampment "Camp Rust" after the gallant Colonel of the 18th Mississippi. Camp Rust was located in the skirt of a dense wood, on the slope of the bluff near the stream, and was a good camping ground; though the necessity of drinking creek water seemed a very great "hardship" and another "distressing thing" was the rocky character of the hillside, rendering our couch by night by no means

a bed of roses. While encamped here the following congratulatory order was read to all the regiments on dress parade:—

General Orders Headquarters, Army of the Potomac
No. 47) Centreville, Va., Oct. 23d, 1861

"The Commanding General announces to the Army with great satisfaction, a brilliant success achieved yesterday near Leesburg, by General Evans and his brigade. After a contest lasting from early morning until dark this brigade routed and drove back to the river, a very large Federal force, capturing 4 cannon, and over 800 prisoners; and killing and wounding a large number. The skill and courage with which this victory has been achieved entitles General Evans and the 7th brigade, 1st corps, to the thanks of the Army."

By Command of General Joseph E. Johnston,
Thos. G. Rhett, A. A. Gen.

The fruits of this victory to the Confederates were 4 guns, 1,500 muskets, 1,000 knapsacks, and 800 prisoners, while the total Confederate loss was 158 killed and wounded.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH

Historical Summary—Battle of Belmont—Capture of Mason and Slidell—Surrender of the Confederate Commissioners by the Federal Authorities—Disgraceful Backdown—Personal Narrative Resumed—The 8th Virginia Regiment Joins the Main Army at Centreville—Short Sightedness of the Authorities—Preparing for Winter—First Military Execution—Winter—On the Outposts—Outpost Duty and Sufferings—A Midnight Rencontre—A De *Merrit* Mark.

* * * * *[1]

A few weeks after the battle of Leesburg, unpleasant rumors reached camp that in consequence of a partial reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, the 8th Virginia would be ordered to Centreville, in Fairfax County, 25 miles south of Washington, to be brigaded with four other Virginia regiments, as it was deemed expedient to throw the troops from the several States as much as possible into the same divisions and brigades, instead of having troops from half a dozen States under one brigadier as was necessary at first, owing to the irregularity with which the volunteer regiments arrived at the seat of war. The 7th brigade, as heretofore stated, contained the 8th Virginia and 13th, 17th and 18th Mississippi regiments. It was now announced that the 8th Virginia would give place in the brigade to the 21st Mississippi, Colonel B. G. Humphreys (afterwards General, and subsequently Governor of Miss.) and on the 20th of November, this regiment arrived at "Camp Sycolin." It was a fine body of men—the first regiment enrolled after President Davis' call for volunteers; and was remarkable from the fact that every member of it, save one, originally voted for anti-secession delegates to the State Convention called to take the State out of the Union. They were

[1]The nature of the omitted portion is indicated in the chapter summary.

"Union men," who loved the Union under the Constitution, but who were *the first* to rally to defend their State and section when assailed by the hirelings of fanatical Abolitionism.

The transfer of the 8th Regiment from the easy life, and rich pastures of Loudon to the closer restraints, rigid discipline, and army fare at Centreville, was a very unpopular measure; and occasioned curses, many, loud, and deep. It was argued, and not without reasonableness, that our regiment being made up chiefly of Loudon County men, all of them able to draw supplies from their homes, could be maintained much cheaper here than elsewhere; and would give less annoyance to the citizens than strangers from other States. Besides the men were well acquainted with every by-path of the region and would be more efficient than strangers, and possibly would fight better under the immediate observation of their friends and neighbors than at a distance where bad conduct or shirking would be less noticed. On the other hand, the exchanged troops would far rather have remained at Centreville where they were in association with the bulk of their fellows from Mississippi, and where the facilities for hearing and receiving packages from their distant homes were much better than in the rural region of Loudon—40 miles from the railroads.

Many other considerations were urged against the exchange. Space is given to these complaints because they illustrate a remarkable lack of forethought and consideration for the feelings and comfort of the citizen soldiery that was a marked and fatal characteristic of the Confederate authorities, both civil and military, throughout the entire war. Indeed it cannot be doubted that the final collapse of the Confederacy was largely due to this cause: the early enthusiasm of the people that had led them to volunteer, old and young alike, and to surrender any private property needed for the army, became so chilled and wounded that the most rigid measures were necessary to keep up the service. The Confederate authorities, and many of the chief military leaders seemed to actually

scoff at, instead of seeking to win popularity with the masses. Many a brigadier general deported himself towards his men as if he were some Russian autocrat, or Turkish Pasha, with power to bastinado, maim, or behead any poor wretch whose temerity reached the attitude of a sane look or a complaint.

The civil officers, likewise, seemed to consider themselves as life-fixtures invested with authority to seize, use, and appropriate any man's property, person or privileges. And often this seizure and appropriation was done so roughly as really to add insult to injury; and turn a warm friend into a bitter enemy.

To come more particularly to the treatment of the Confederate rank and file by those in authority over them, I often remarked the little consideration shown the humble musket-bearer. There was a difference in different companies, regiments and brigades, of course; but on the whole, the disregard for the feelings, comfort, health, and welfare of the private soldier was something wonderful.

The sick were generally left to languish in their tents, liable any day to a drenching from the rain, or to be overturned in a storm. The surgeons were often incompetent to dissect even a chicken's leg, and surgery on the battlefield was sheer *butchery,* resulting, oftener than not, in the death of the sufferer. The troops were often exposed to all the rigors of winter, while thousands of tents lay rotting in warehouses; thousands of men marched and fought (I myself fought at Manassas No. 2, Boonsboro, and Sharpsburg with bare and bleeding feet), with torn and festering feet because of lack of shoes, while plenty lay idle at some depot, or in a Quarter Master General's stores: men were denied a furlough when they could easily have been spared for a day or two, and when every letter from home told of starvation, misery, and death among the dear ones there.

Often we were without rations for three or four days because no care had been taken to secure a supply; often the whim of some epauletted, whiskey-drinking colonel

of brigadier forced a sudden change of camp and consequent discomfort to the troops, who perhaps had been fixing themselves comfortably for weeks. Often the men were rushed off on some wild goose chase, generally in the night time, and after marching until their feet were blistered and legs stiff as iron, ordered to countermarch, and return to their camps—having endured all this hardship by reason of some blunder or absurd experiment, and when weary from frequent marches perhaps kept "drilling" for hours to gratify the ambition of some young officers anxious to show off his corps.

The truth is the Confederate private soldier could give only a part of his patriotism to the repulse of the foe as fully one-half of it was needed to sustain him in patience against the blunting discouragements that assailed him from his own side.

Was it wonderful that in many instances the quality of the article of patriotism proved unequal to the double strain upon it? And yet how few—how very few—were the defections even under all! The world has never had a type of more unflinching steadfastness in the teeth of all manner of discouragements and sufferings than was exhibited for four straight years by the private soldiers of the Confederate armies.

The sudden transfer of the 8th Regiment deepened the experience of soldier-life that I was now learning. Little transportation for private baggage being allowed, the men had to abandon many articles of bedding, camp furniture, provisions, and cooking utensils; and now for the first time were made to realize that the war was a stern reality, with many rigors and privations besides mere fighting. However, on the morning of the 23d of November, the last tent was struck, the last breakfast was cooked, and by midday the last look had been taken at the green meadows and rolling hills of old Loudon.

The next morning witnesses our approach to Centreville; but it was deemed best not to enter the village until the following morning, as the brigade to which we were to

be attached had expressed a desire to give us a formal welcome.

The first glimpse of the mighty camp at Centreville was a novel and inspiriting sight, as witnessed in the crisp atmosphere of a November morning. The hills in all directions were white with tents—every cleared field had its squads or regiments going through military drill; thousands of human figures were moving about among the camps, great columns of smoke rolled up from numerous log fires, flags fluttered in all directions, glistening arms reflected the sunlight from every point on the horizon; while the crash of a score of brass bands filled the air with the clangor of martial music.

Centreville looked like a gigantic ant-hill, with its myriad inhabitants out "sunning themselves" on the zig-zag lines of red-clay fortifications.

Our regiment, having been assigned to the brigade of General Philip St. George Cocke, who was fond of scenic displays, found the other four regiments of the brigade—viz. the 18th, 19th, 28th, and 56th Virginia Volunteers—drawn up, with parade front, to the narrow road upon which we traversed the plain; and upon our approach, the order was given, "present Arms!" the drums rolled, bands struck up—"Lo the Conquering Hero Comes," and the dipping flags saluted each regiment.

Then General Cocke, very gaily attired, galloped to the front, and after a neat little speech complimenting the 8th Regiment—swung his hat with "Three cheers for the heroes of Leesburg!" whereat the four regiments—hollered! Then Colonel Hunton "spoke a short piece," and the newcomers yelled! Then the bands played, the drums rumbled, the flags fluttered, and the men muttered, especially me, who said, "Oh, yes, all this parade does very well for those horseback fellows, but we footists had a plagued sight rather have gone straight to our camping ground, wherever it is,—It will take us a week to get fixed up!"

The complaint was prophetic! Our new camp was upon a rough slope of the elevation, or plain, upon which

Centreville is situated; and so near the foot of the slope that the lower rows of tents were fairly in the marsh which extends eastward from the camp. Thick, scrubby under-growth still covered the rocky soil, making it difficult to find a clear spot upon which to spread our beds. To increase the annoyance, orders were received requiring the tents to be erected in regular order, with broad streets between each row; and by this allotment my tent came upon the roughest, wettest spot on the hill. In fact after the tent-pole was fixed, a stream of water oozed from the hole dug to insert it, and before night a perfect spring was in steady flow in the interior of what was to constitute our *"home"* for many a long day to come!

Great was the disgust of all the men when told that they must learn to sleep on the bare ground as it was impossible for them to have a tent full of dry, clean straw as had always been the case in Loudon.

The presence of so large a body of troops had cleared up the country about Centreville, (never very prosperous) until not a bundle of straw, a piece of plank flooring, nor even the ordinary broomsedge, leaves or pine-tags could be obtained to serve as mattresses under our scanty blankets.

What a contrast was all this to our previous life! Yet how soon was the day to come, when even the discomforts of Centreville would be recalled as positive luxuries compared with existing hardships!

Winters in Northern Virginia are generally quite severe, often equalling the rigors of climes of a far higher latitude. As early as November, the air becomes decidedly fresh, crisp and wintry; and early in December comes snow and ice. The fall of 1861 closed so rapidly that ere we were settled in our new camp, the blasts of winter were cutting through the thin canvass walls of our tents. If we were to remain why were not winter-quarters erected? This question was daily propounded with no little bitterness among the men, but still the delay continued; still we continued to shiver in our tents. Many a day, wrapped in my blanket, I crouched beside a big

gun on a redoubt where parapet overlooked the village of camps, to think, and dream, and shudder at the dreary approach of winter.

At length, orders were given to erect cabins. But now all the timber for miles around had been destroyed, and the labor of getting out, hauling, and lifting the heavy logs was exceedingly arduous.

And here was a source of intense mortification to me, who being an overgrown boy, unused to outdoor life, or manual labor of any sort, and with little more practical experience in mechanical matters than the dullest stick of timber in the woods, found myself unable to help either by counsel, or personal strength in the getting out, cutting, notching and arranging the heavy logs; and being a tall, large-framed youth this incapacity was attributed to laziness and pride; consequently I became very unpopular among the rough-handed, rough-natured fellows composing the majority of the company. And no sooner had I perceived that I was avoided and not invited to join in any "Mess" (as the divisions of men to occupy each cabin were called) than my extreme sensitiveness completed the estrangement by an unbroken reserve on my side that kept me utterly apart from my fellows, and "alone tho' in a crowd." Indeed, throughout the war I had but little companionship with those surrounding me: eating and sleeping by myself, not from pride or misanthropy, but because my quiet, queer, shrinking, reserved nature rendered familiar intercourse with the rough, uncouth, uneducated countrymen of the rank and file, utterly repugnant to my feelings, and I had not strength of mind enough to overcome this aversion.

Besides, I had nothing but my wages, which were rarely paid, and no means of getting clothing or provisions from home, as did most of my comrades—and I could not join in "messes" whereunto I could contribute nothing in return for the extras provided by the other members. My intense poverty had much more to do with my "stuck up" reserve and exclusiveness than pride, or any other more personal scruple.

Not long after our arrival at Centreville, occurred the first military execution of the war, in the Southern Army. Major Bob Wheat's famous battalion of New Orleans "Tigers"—(composed of the dregs of that great city, and certainly not ill named, for a more fierce, ruffianly, ferocious set of desperadoes are rarely assembled in a civilized country;) were camped near the village, and were a terror to the neighborhood; even their own officers could not always restrain them; and Major Wheat, himself, though generally beloved by them, was said to have to use his pistols now and then to quiet some outbreak. Unfortunately he left camp on one occasion, and many of the worst characters became so drunk and unruly, that the officer of the Guard undertook to maintain order, but was set upon, badly beaten, and forced to fly in peril of his life, pursued by the mutinous "Tigers." So great was the tumult that the 7th Louisiana, the nearest regiment adjacent, was called in to overawe the mutineers. Several men were injured more or less in the fray.

General J. E. Johnston naturally regarded this outbreak as an act of overt insubordination that must be severely punished, or all discipline would be at an end. A military court, after patient investigation decided to punish the two chief offenders with death, and the execution to be held in presence of the greater part of the army. The spot selected was in a little hollow or depression forming a natural amphitheatre, upon the slopes of which a vast multitude of soldiers assembled at 10 a. m. Then the division to which the "Tigers" belonged drew up in a hollow square on three sides of the valley. On the fourth side, two stakes were driven into the ground, two graves dug, and two plain wooden coffins lay near by the graves awaiting their occupants.

Bright and beautiful was the morning—the sky unclouded—the air crisp and bracing, and all nature looking fresh and buoyant as if in contrast with the gloom that rested upon the hearts of thirty thousand spectators gathered upon the hillsides. This solemnity of feeling became deepened into intense silence as slowly towards the

fatal spot approached the funeral *cortege;* the brass band mournfully playing the dirge "Dead March" from "Saul;" the doomed men with a priest, and the guards following the musicians, and being followed in turn by the "firing party" of twenty-four men of the same company to which the offenders belonged. The procession halted at the graves. The prisoners were bound, kneeling at the stakes; the firing squad drew up at twenty paces in front of the stakes, and an officer proceeded to read the formal findings and sentence of the court martial. The black multitude that lined the hills listened in breathless silence to the scarcely audible tones of the reader's voice; and leaned forward to watch every movement of the chief actors in the amphitheatre:—not one in a thousand of them having before witnessed a military execution.

The doomed men maintained a remarkable coolness, never flinching when the priest bade them farewell and stepped aside, never flinching when at the curt word of command twenty-four muskets came up to a direct level, never flinching when again the command rings out "Aim!" Nor was there a sound—for I had covered my eyes—when amid the painful silence came the word "Fire!" and was drowned in the crashing volley that ensued. Both men fell forward riddled with bullets. Death was instantaneous.

Speedily they were examined, and laid in their graves. While this work was in progress a large crowd surged around the spot, seeking "relics," a piece of the rope, of the stake,—anything that would do to send home as a memento.

But the "Tiger" firing party—in no pleasant humor over the execution of their comrades, suddenly "charged" with fixed bayonets upon the mob and would have roughly handled them had they not scattered like sheep in all directions. This was the gloomiest spectacle of woe that I had yet seen!

And now the signs increased hourly of the approach of a power quite as much to be dreaded, in our unprepared condition, as the armed legions of the vaunted "Young

Napoleon." I allude to the approach of Winter, whose vanguard of cold bleak winds was already sweeping across the barren plains of Fairfax with great severity.

On the first day of December the heavens announced the coming of the Ice King, and next day the storm burst. Snow, sleet, and rain seemed to vie with each other in rendering our situation dreary in the extreme. Our thin tents afforded scarcely any protection from the elements; but flapped and shook in dismal accord with the surroundings. Few or none of the men had overcoats, most of us had the thinnest of summer clothing without even warm underclothing, while the nature of the soil kept our blankets damp day and night.

Fancy the comforts of such a life as this! Roused at dawn to crawl out and stand half-dressed in a drenching storm while the company-roll was being called; then return to damp blankets—or to rub the skin off of your knuckles, trying to start a fire with green pine poles in the storm; go down to the marsh to break the ice off of a shallow branch or rivulet, and flirt a few handfuls of muddy water upon your face, then wipe it off on the clean corner of a dirty pocket handkerchief, borrow a broken piece of comb (having lost your own, and having no money to replace it) and, after raking the bits of trash out of your stubby locks, devote the next hour to trying to boil a dingy tin-cup of so-called coffee; after which, with a chunk of boiled beef, or broiled bacon (*red*, almost, with rust and skippers) and a piece of cornbread, you are ready to breakfast. But now you have blackened your hands, and are begrimed with the sooty smoke from the snapping, popping, sappy, green pine logs, your eyes are red and smarting, your face burned while your back is drenched and chilled; and you have no place to sit while eating your rough meal.

Around you are dozens of rough, uncouth fellows, whose mingled complaints, coarse jests, quarrels, noise and impatience make you sigh at the prospect of spending the entire day and the next, and the next, and so on *ad infinitum* under precisely similar circumstances.

General Johnston's lines were so extended that the task of keeping up the outpost picket lines was no light service; and devolved upon each regiment once or twice a month. It happened that the duty fell upon the 8th Regiment on Christmas morning.

I had heard the order passed on the previous evening and as I awoke, and saw the whole face of Nature enveloped in a deep mantle of snow, I shivered at the prospect before me. To tramp eight or ten miles through snow over shoetops, and spend the first of the holidays among the pine thickets of lower Fairfax, without even a tent for shelter from the driving sleet was no cheerful outlook, as any one will admit.

However, there was no help for it, and by sunrise the regiment was trudging forward, breaking its own pathway through the crisp snow. Some of the men even indulged in an occasional song or war-whoop, under the influence of enlivening potations "sent down from Loudon for a little Christmas for the boys;" but as I did not indulge in that kind of spirits, my own natural spirits were far less animated; and there was nothing cheerful in the region traversed. The county of Fairfax, never very rich in material wealth, early in the war became the most desolate and apparently God-forsaken region in the world. The ravages of war soon made havoc of the evidences of civilization, leaving gaunt and blackened chimneys, uncultivated fields, burned fences, hewn forests, and dilapidated impassable roads to mark the blighting footsteps of vandal invasion. Of the few farmhouses undestroyed, scarcely one in a dozen was occupied; unless as a hospital, or army store house; while instead of crops the whole country seemed given up to coarse brown broom straw, and a stunted undergrowth of young pines.

Here and there a grave, unturfed, unsodded, washed by rains, with a stone, or piece of plank for a headstone and a few rails piled on it to keep off the hogs, added nothing to the cheerfulness of the landscape. One could not help wondering what poor unfortunate was so wretched as to draw his last breath amid such surroundings!

After a weary march of nine miles, the bivouac of the main reserve post was reached; and here we witnessed the first real rejoicing of this Christmas holiday—the joy of the men on duty to be relieved, and allowed to return to camp! Our loss was their gain; and in gratitude they shouted as they gave up their places a very necessary warning. It was couched in three words. "Better be keerful of them ere lice!" In explanation it will be only necessary to state that the rush huts, or "shelters," (made by leaning long saplings, or poles against a tree, or resting them upon a transverse pole between two trees, and covering the poles with boughs, leaves, etc.) had been occupied for months by all kinds of men, including of course, many dirty, slovenly fellows, careless of cleanliness, and dropping vermin wherever they went, to say nothing of where they stretched their dirty blankets. Hence these outpost bivouacs became literally swarming with the hateful insects, and even the greatest care seemed inadequate to prevent their getting a lodgment somewhere in one's clothes or blankets. And once "entrenched" in the seam of a garment, there is no dislodging them as even two hours boiling in hot water merely makes them more vigorous and lively. To escape this "plague of Egypt"—tho' if the ancient Egyptians were anything like the modern "gem'man of African 'scent" they were not particularly bothered by this plague—I declined to take possession of any of the deserted quarters, but spent the long night wrapped in my blanket, crouching by the side of the fire in the driving storm. Indeed throughout the entire war, after accustoming myself to coarse, dirty clothing, coarse, dirty food, and coarse, dirty companionship, I could not conquer my intense abhorrence of the pestiferous pests—the "Greybacks." And when upon a long march, with no chance to either obtain a change of underclothing, or wash those I wore, the mortification of knowing the vile vermin were "in possession" and multiplying ten times faster than they could be destroyed, was so great as to make me per-

fectly *miserable;* so much so that I could think of nothing else.

What a wretched night was this Christmas night of 1861! Hour after hour, I sat gazing into the fire, which whirling winds blew into my face, scorching it while I shivered from the drizzling rain upon my back, my eyes smarting from the green pine smoke; and my thoughts—"Oh, where were they?" At this date I will not venture to assert positively, but I daresay they were reprobating the authorities for not supplying tents.

During the next afternoon, I was ordered upon out-picket duty for 24-hours. With a shudder I took up my gun and blankets and set out upon the perilous service; though well knowing that I was not capable nor properly equipped therefor. Despite my overgrown proportions, or perhaps in consequence of them I was physically weak, and altogether unused to hardship of any sort: besides being not only thinly clad, in jacket and pantaloons, but without overcoat, oilcloth, or underclothing except the thin cotton garments I had worn all summer. The Government had not furnished any of those articles so indispensable to the health and efficiency of the soldier in this inclement latitude, and as I had received no pay and was without funds of my own how could I have clothed myself comfortably? To complain to my superior officers would have been worse than useless, and I would never have done this even with good hopes of success. Nor did it ever occur to me to shrink the duty imposed upon me that wild stormy twenty-sixth night of December, 1861. Proceeding nearly a mile in advance of the "Reserve post," I was assigned with six others to a certain picket station; each man to stand guard four hours while the other five bivouacked in a rail pen shelter a quarter of a mile in rear of the lonely sentinel,—holding their arms in readiness to fire upon the foe as soon as the sentinel's musket gave the alarm.

It was a few minutes before eleven o'clock,—and I had not slept a moment—when I was placed on my lonely post, as one of the *eyes* of the sleeping army. The night was the rainiest, darkest, and coldest of the severe winter season,

now fairly upon us. Not a star was visible, and objects as large as trees could not be distinguished at a dozen paces; the wind blew across the barren ridges with cutting fury; and the particles of fine cut, frozen snow rasped across the skin as keenly as if mites of crystal.

A more lonely spot than this solitary advance post could hardly have been found. It was upon the slope of a bleak hillside in a barren old field, which in the cheerful light of day presented no more animated object than one or two leafless, and lifeless old trees whose gaunt arms seemed to be reaching out to Heaven in mute misery. At night the place was desolate beyond description. The picket stood without even the trunk of a tree to shield him from the blasts over the open hillside; in snow nearly knee deep, and at so great a distance from the neighboring picket, that all sense of companionship was lost.

To add to the delights of spending four hours at midnight on such a spot, the sergeant remarked—"Better keep your eyes open! *A man was shot on this post not long ago!* And the Yanks have been quite stirrin' of late. Ef you hear anything movin' nigh you, or anything or that sort, better stoop down an' look along the snow, an' ef you don't like hits looks, jus' pull trigger an' cum a running back to the Reserves."

Then he betook himself back to the offpost shelter, and I was left to enjoy myself as best I could for the next four hours.

Four hours is no very long time under ordinary circumstances; but take your stand in an old field, on a windy hillside, knee-deep in snow, at *midnight*—and count the hours!

My sufferings soon became intense. Half-clad as I was, drenched with sleet,—for I had left my blanket at the shelter to keep it dry to sleep in when I should be relieved from my post,—and without tippet or gloves, my ears and nose soon became numb, and my fingers so stiff that I could scarcely clutch the cold barrel of my musket. Had an enemy suddenly rushed upon me I would have

been almost helpless, unable either to fight or fly, and could hardly have fired my gun to give the alarm.

At length the sombre stillness of the night, unbroken save by the fall of the frozen sleet, and the monotone of the wind soughing through the feathery pine saplings, across the valley, began to have its effect upon my youthful nerves to some extent; and I shivered more than once with a kind of involuntary tremor, as if trying to awake from some hideous nightmare. Perhaps I will explain the feeling more intelligibly by saying that an hour after midnight I began to hear, or fancy that I heard, strange sounds near me, voices half muttering, half growling as a dog sometimes gnaws a bone! To this presently was added that feeling which causes one to awaken suddenly in the middle of the night, and look around with a startled feeling, as if some one was standing over us. I was not superstitious, nor yet alarmed in the sense of entertaining personal apprehension, tho' it certainly is not a pleasant, or reassuring sensation to feel convinced that an enemy with loaded musket is approaching in the darkness—creeping upon you without giving you the least clue to his whereabouts. Suddenly, as I stooped to look along the surrounding snow, I distinctly heard the sound of "crunching" such as frozen snow-crust makes when broken by the tread of feet. Still I could discover no one. Putting my fingers in my mouth to thaw them sufficiently to be able to pull a trigger in case there was need, I watched vigilantly the quarter whence came the sound. The crunching was now accompanied by a whining sound, and a chattering, as if the whimpering of a child was interrupted by the chattering of its teeth from the ague of cold.

Presently a dark object,—a mere speck in the snow—seemed to move. The sounds continued.—"Ooo! oh-oo! oo!" Chatter, chatter, chatter,—"Oh! oo! oh, oo, oh, oo-oo!" What could it be? Child, animal, monkey, or—Yankee crawling upon hands and knees through the snow to surprise and assassinate me?

Instantly there flashed into my mind all the tales I had ever read of how Indians and scouts were wont to assume

the guise of wild animals and creep upon unwary pickets to surprise and slay them! Report said, indeed, that several of our pickets had been cut off in this manner.

"I'll surprise him!" thought I—and bringing my weapon to bear upon the dark object, I attempted to cock the piece, but my fingers were so numb with cold the hammer slipped, and fell—happily only snapping the cap, which had become spoiled by the continuous rains of the past week.

Happily,—I say, for the sound of the exploding cap made the dark object spring up, and with a scream that froze all the blood not already congealed in my veins, sped away into the darkness with the speed of a wild-deer!

Not until the day dawned was that supernatural shriek out of my ears; and not until then did I learn that it was given by an idiot boy, who had escaped from a farmhouse within the Federal lines, and actually passed both picket lines, or rather in his flight from me he ran into the post of the adjacent sentry, and was sent to the Reserve Camp to be taken care of, as he was *bare-headed and bare-footed in the snow.* On the following morning a countryman rode along the lines searching for him, and when found took him home. It would be strange if the poor child lived after the exposure of such a night.

I had, as it proved, already served my full turn of four hours when this incident occurred, and yet no relief came. Another hour passed and I felt that I must perish if not relieved very soon; as I was literally numb with cold; and my feet ached beyond description. I wondered if it could be possible the four hours had not expired, it seemed double that time. In fact, as it afterwards appeared, the men at the bivouac had fallen asleep, and I had been left to stand upon that bleak hillside in the cutting wind for *six hours and some minutes*—enough to have killed almost any man, as thinly clad as I was. How dreadfully I suffered as the consequence of this outrageous exposure will be narrated farther on.

Of course the non-commissioned officer was seriously to blame, and was quite alarmed when he found his negligence about to be reported, but by personally appealing to

me not to complain, I agreed to say nothing about the matter. On the following day I returned to the main reserves, which were in the ruins of an old mill. In the detachment was a young man named Hutchinson, dark-skinned, moody, and strange looking, rarely speaking to anyone, and suspected of a hereditary disposition towards insanity.

Near him sat a young fellow named Merrit, a Baltimorean, whose only merit, that I ever observed, was embraced in his name. Besides being a physical coward he was a liar "when the truth would be better," and vulgar in word, thought, and action. He had drawn an obscene picture upon a piece of shingle, and handing it to Hutchinson, asked—"How do you like your Mother?"

Like a flash of lightning the insulted youth had sprung to his feet, darted to the stack of arms, seized the Captain's sword, and slashed at Merrit's scalp! With a blood-curdling scream the latter fled for his life, pursued closely by the maniac, whose stalwart arm hacked at his head, shoulders, and back at every bound! The act was so unexpected, and the cries of the flying wretch so startling, that few of us thought of interfering, though the man's life was in imminent peril.

Happily Captain Wampler, with more self-possession, seized a musket, and running across the arc of the circle, sprang between the lunatic, and Merrit just as the latter stumbled, and fell headlong—never to have risen again but for the brave Captain's interference. Hutchinson glared wildly at Wampler for an instant, but as the Captain's bayonet was almost at his heart, and as I, and others had now sprung to reinforce him,—there was no chance to resist. Slowly dropping the point of his weapon, he allowed his arms to be bound, and remained in moody sullenness until sent to a place of safety. He never recovered his sanity, I believe. Merrit was painfully slashed about his head and shoulders; but I am not sure he got a great deal of sympathy; as his obscenity caused the whole affair, and doubtless threw the unhappy youth's mind off the balance.

CHAPTER TWELFTH

An (Un)-Happy New Year—Delights of Hospital Life—Warfare in Dreamland—Historical Summary—Personal Narrative—A "Sore" Subject—Extracts from My Diary—The Fall of Fort Donelson.

The regiment returned to camp on the last day of the year, and as I staggered into my quarters, I deposited my musket upon its rack with the remark that I would not use it again soon. No one noticed it, just then; but presently Walters said jocosely:—"Shotwell means to turn over a new leaf tomorrow, and give up soldiering."

"Yes," I replied, "I only enlisted for this year, and I am going to take a rest now." I did not know the words were prophetic! Not awaiting supper, feeling indisposed to cook it for myself, I threw myself upon my narrow bunk, and was soon asleep, only to awake two hours later in high fever. Throughout the night I tossed alternately in burning fever, or shivered in a hard chill. At nine o'clock next morning, I managed to reel to the surgeon's tent, and after standing half an hour in the storm and cold, was sent back by Surgeon Estes with the comforting assurance,—"*You've caught cold, maybe. Take care of yourself, and you'll soon be all right.*" I knew better. Returning to my bunk, I carefully gathered up all my letters and private papers, and threw them in the fire. Then steadying myself against the rough wall of the cabin, I attempted to pencil a note to the loved ones at home—telling them not to be surprised if they should hear nothing from me in several weeks, as certain reasons might render it inconvenient for me to get a letter to the post office; but they needn't worry about it in the least.

This task accomplished, I fell back almost unconscious, and on the following day was too ill to attend "sick call",

when the trumpet announced that the surgical "Mogul" was to be consulted by standing at his tent door for hours.

I made no complaint, and was not visited during the day. At length some kind soul informed the doctor that he had "better see Shotwell, or order a coffin for him." Whereupon that worthy condescended to "see" the sick youth, and gave orders for his transfer to the General Hospital at Manassas Junction, eight miles distant. The day was raw and blustering, as I, half unconscious, jolted in a rickety ambulance to the door of the one-story frame building, about a mile south of the Junction, known as the "General Hospital." The buildings were each 100 feet in length, by 22 in width; and being new, were very clean and neat, while I was there. On each side of the central aisle were rows of narrow pine cots, with a small table between each for medicines and water. Stoves furnished heat, and the arrangements for ventilation were sufficient for the purpose.

The hospital was under the supervision of Dr. Williams, a Marylander, formerly of the old army, and a great favorite with General Beauregard. Judging from the observation of an exceedingly sick patient the Doctor knew how to conduct such an institution. For a few days I was in a comatose condition—rarely conscious—and in this state found myself on the train being transferred to the hospital at Culpepper Court House. At the station I was lifted into a rough conveyance, and taken to the door of "Smith's General Hospital"—near the town. There is a blank in my recollection during this period—but I remember sitting for a long time upon a plank bench at the door of the hospital. Then I fell over unconscious; and awoke to find myself undressed and in one of the long rows of beds in "Division 4" of the hospital.

Like the one at Manassas, "Smith's General Hospital" consisted of four long frame buildings one story in height, with a double row of beds, and the usual furniture of such an institution. Each building was called a "ward;" but there was no other sign of system about the place.

A couple of stoves in each room served the treble purpose of warming, cooking for, and annoying the sick by the incessant slamming of the iron doors, because the stoves, being small, required frequent replenishing with wood, and every few minutes some one would yell from the beds, "Fill up that stove, I'm freezing to death!" Whereupon there was generally a growl from the two or more convalescents who were never absent from the vicinity of the stoves. As there was little variation in the order of things at this model institution, it may serve to give a profile of one day's proceeding. *Ex uno disce omnes!* Awakened an hour before dawn by the desultory conversation of half a dozen yawning patients, who are either not so sick as they might be, and have a chronic fondness for "sitting up"—(There were many such fellows in the army)—or, who are really bed weary and unable to sleep. Try as hard as you may, you cannot fall asleep again while these people continue to spit upon the red hot stove, and drawl out their hypochondriacal complaints, or perhaps fall to disputing and stun you with their absurd theories.

The talk, and the sizz of tobacco spurts on the hot iron drags on until broad daylight, then the convalescents of all degrees begin to stir, shake their blankets, and call for articles needed; and slam the doors. After sunrise, the "waiters"—convalescent patients—place on the stove a tin clothes-boiler, capable of holding twelve gallons, empty into it a basket of scraps of meat, bread and potatoes, with unlimited quantities of dirty-looking water, and a handful of salt, to compose the regular morning breakfast of hash. It should boil an hour, at the least; but "too many cooks spoil the broth" and every man who is able to get a place at the stove constitutes himself Director-General of the culinary department. A dozen spoons are dipped in the mess every moment "to see if it isn't done yet." "A watched pot never boils," sayeth the adage; and such a pot as this does seem inclined to be stubborn about it.

And so, ere it begins to simmer even, a goodly portion has been subtracted by the samplers surrounding it. This

depletion of course falls upon the more seriously sick patients, as in the final "dish up," no allowance is made for leakages, etc. True the stuff is far from tempting to a fevered appetite but it is all the breakfast we receive, except a slice of baker's bread, very thin and light; and a cup of so-called coffee, boiled in the same manner as the hash. Dinner and supper combined at three or four o'clock was the same in quantity, quality, and cookery—and this went on day after day until the strongest stomach might be excused from revolting thereat.

Once a day all the doors are thrown open to blow out the dust set in motion by the brooms of the convalescents —giving the weaker ones a fine chance to catch a fresh cold.

Twice a day, the physicians walked through the rooms and mumbled a few words at the foot of each bed. I never knew who these surgeons were, and it is just as well. One I called "Dr. Bolus," and the other "Dr. Pill'em" and occasionally they called in Surgeon "Slash 'em." It may be unjust to say so, but really they seemed to be experimenting whether all sorts of diseases could not be cured with daily doses of quinine and morphia. One or both constituted the daily prescription from bed to bed. "If they don't *cure* us they mean us to *die* easy—that's one consolation," quoth I, after the 202d quinine powder had been emptied into me, and soon I lost hearing, appetite, memory, and what not, under the constant doses of that drug.

The foregoing relates more particularly to the later stages of my sojourn in the hospital, for after relapsing into unconsciousness on my arrival from Manassas, I became so seriously ill that I was given up by the doctors, which probably saved me! For several days I lay like a log, then came fever and boisterous delirium. An excellent woman,—from Alabama, I believe,—was in the habit of bringing delicacies to the sick soldiers; and seeing me so forlorn and neglected, attempted to wash my face and hands. Under the influence of opiates, and "outen his head anyway" as the bystanders assured her,

I took the washing of my hands in good part, but when the lady applied the cloth to my face, I sprang up furiously, and cried wildly, "I aint going to let any woman wash my face like a child—I won't do it—I ain't sick, and I want to be let alone!" And great was the commotion until the lady retired, rather embarrassed I fear. Soon after this, I fancied I had bought two canteens of buttermilk, and after dividing the contents of one with my fellow-sufferers, hung the other at the head of my cot. Soon it was missing! Whereupon "uprose the soldier bold," and vehemently expressed his opinion as to the character of the audience, who, he felt it his duty to say, were all reprobates, addicted to stealing, and given over to mean practices; fond of lying, unfit for genteel company, and generally fit for the devil, where they ought to have betaken themselves long before! Seeing a smile upon the countenances of some of them, he grew infuriated, sprang out of bed, seized a stool, and with a yell dashed at the frightened patients who had not anticipated any such lively demonstration.

For some moments I "had the floor," brandishing my war club and shouting defiance, until a sensible comrade came, with soothing words, and promises of unlimited canteens of buttermilk, whereby he succeeded in quieting me, and getting me back into bed again. The effect of this outbreak, in my terrible weakened and reduced condition can be readily imagined. I have spoken of the lavish use of quinine. Its incessant administration in my case soon had the effect of an opiate upon my emaciated system, and day after day, I lay in a kind of trance similar to that of an opium-eater. My physical senses all seemed numbed; while my mental faculties were stimulated. Thus my hearing became dulled, while my fancy became unnaturally brilliant. I had but to close my eyes —nay I need not even close them; but only withdraw my attention from my surroundings, to immediately people the realms of Dreamland with creatures of my own creation and make them more like puppets at my will. For there was a marked difference between these day-

dreams; and the ordinary healthful dreams of sleep; because now I could resume my dream wherever it chanced to be broken, and follow it to the end. The thread of imagination that had been reeling off all night could be taken up after breakfast, and continued through the day.

For instance, a dream that ran through a whole week, was of a young officer, not unlike the sick dreamer, who was very ambitious, and lost no chance to distinguish himself, and was always "fighting, bleeding, and dying" like the hero of a dime novel, and finally by disobeying orders caused a brigade to "charge" in a great battle; which charge stopped a panic just beginning among our men, and transferred the rout to the Yankees who fled in great confusion, and all the army was shouting for the victory when the youth was sentenced to be shot for daring to assume such high command, and direct the movements of the army without authority, etc., etc. Then succeeded long dazzling dreams of peace, and splendor, riches—and—you know what?

Then came a change, and the fever retired from my head to settle in the soles of my feet, which became swollen and blistered in a most distressing manner. So tender were they that the soft fur of a wool blanket caused a start of pain. Nothing could touch them without causing me to writhe with pain; for a couple of weeks my sufferings were as near those of the mythical Purgatory as can well be imagined. Indeed the surgeons seemed to think there was danger of my losing my feet "should the inflammation increase." This to a young soldier would have been *worse* than death! Night after night I crouched on the side of my cot, dipping a light feather in oil of turpentine to anoint the festering members, but nothing afforded relief sufficient to allow me to sleep.

Added to these physical sufferings now came the thoughts that I might be regarded as one of the many "make-believers," dead beats, and shirkers, who infested all the army hospitals, managing to "play sick" and thus escape duty and danger; because now my appetite was returning, together with other indications of convales-

cence, and but for my feet I might have returned to camp, altho' "not entirely free from the possibility of a fatal relapse."

* * * * *[1]

I had been in hospital nearly two months,—the longest attack of illness I had ever experienced—though a portion of this time should be allotted to the lack of proper surgical treatment by which the fever had settled in my feet; for though in all other respects convalescent, I could not so much as cover my feet with a stocking, much less any kind of a shoe, or attempt to walk thereon. This enforced bed-keeping was a real martyrdom; and as I remarked to one of my comrades—"I shed more blood in one night than Johnston's whole army has spilled during the past winter." It was literally true. I have spoken of the numerous pests with which the hospital was infested; but the chief among all has yet to be mentioned. Owing to lack of proper attention, infrequency of changing linen, and bed clothes, etc., and the constant occupation of the cots, the place became actually over run with vermin of all sorts—that "plague that walketh in darkness" and whose "deeds are evil!" Bedbugs, lice, earwings, spiders, fleas, and mosquitoes—and "last but not least" the well known, and experienced army "gray-back." In short the whole race of blood-suckers, whose "name is Legion" swarmed upon "(bed) post, battlement, and wall" from "highland and lowland," "far and near;" in troops, battalions, brigades; vigilant, vigorous, vindictive, indomitable, insatiable, irresistible; no respecters of persons, keen to descry the tender and juicy spots and no less quick in taking possession; climbing, clawing, capturing; never losing sight of their own object in life namely to load themselves to the muzzle with the blood of their victim.

Woe! Woe! Woe! to the unhappy son of Mars whose too sensitive skin recoiled from contact with these blood-letting Liliputian cannibals! I happened to belong to that

[1]Here is omitted a summary of military events in the West.

class, and unable to become accustomed to so many bedfellows I waged a war of extermination night and day against the invaders; but no sooner had exhausted Nature fallen under the spell of Morpheus than from every "tower, castle, cot and hovel" swarmed the insatiable phlebotomists and marching over the corpses of countless slain brethren advanced to victory!

Joking apart, it is difficult to describe the horrible annoyance of these pests, that daily seemed to increase and multiply, to the sick soldier during the long time he lay almost helpless and but little helped by those whose duty it was to aid. All my efforts to eradicate the vermin by personal cleanliness, and constant examination of my bed clothes, and linen, were of little avail, under the circumstances. Many of the sick, of course, were slovenly dirty fellows, and the wretched little parasites, when once lodged were positively irrepressible! Of course if one could have had half a dozen changes of linen, and a regular laundress to wash them, the task would have been less difficult, but even if the linen could be changed every hour, if would not have accomplished the purpose as long as the bedding, the floors, the walls, tables, chairs,—everything—was overrun with the plague, and perhaps some filthy fellows had occupied your chair, or run against you in ranks.

Conceive then, if you can, of the situation of men like myself, who rarely had even a single change of clothing, and often on the long marches *must* wear the same suit of both outer and under garments day and night without washing them for weeks and months! Several such campaigns will be recorded in this book; and I often felt like groaning over my own condition, and appearance; while at the same time swearing roundly at the inefficiency of the administration that had reduced me thereto.

Take this general hospital, for instance; what was to prevent the keeping of cleanliness and good order, the furnishing of abundant supplies of linen, and necessary articles for the patients; and the employment of competent nurses and cooks—even if old colored women had

been selected for the purpose, and not one able bodied man kept from the field.

Apropos "pests," I must speak of another real source of annoyance, the propensity of a large class of chronic patients to bewail their ailments all the time;—their sore heads, eyes, nose, ears, arms, chest, side, leg, knee, and the Lord knows what! Every disease known to the whole range of pathology apparently had its victims here, and they were never so happy as when talking about it.

Morning and night a circle of "sore-cerers" surrounded the stoves and rehearsed all their pains, aches and other "miseries" *ad libitum, ad infinitum,* and decidedly *ad nauseam!*

When one had exhausted the circuit of his own wretchedness he could manage to eke out an hour or two of melancholy mouthing by narrating the disorders of his father, grandfather, uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers-in-law, and friends. To this could be added all the cases that occurred in his neighborhood, or some special "dreadful bad case" from a neighboring town, with the fullest particulars thereof, what the doctors said, and what *he* (the narrator) thought, and how it ended. Finally, there was always some patent-medicine certificate to establish some "wonderful cure," and all the *pros* and *cons* thereof.

Joined with all these complaints, discussions, and disputes was one never failing topic,—viz:—abuse of the doctors, everything they did, or left undone, prescriptions, treatment, education, style, manner, habits, failings, families,—everything that concerned them was "overhauled." All this conducted in the weak drivelling drawl that seemed to become the habitual tone of chronic convalescents; and which was particularly irritating to my sensitive nerves; especially when I was awakened by it at midnight, or an hour or two before day. For these chronics always sit up at night and sleep by day. I often wished the lightning would descend the stovepipe, and give *Les Miserables* a real *bona fide* grievance, or choke them off.

I have given so much space to this "sore subject" because the same "complaint" is by no means confined to the Culpepper army hospital. In all classes of society one meets the same "chronic cases" who drawl out their sorrows, rehearse their treatment, abuse the physicians, general and special; and condescend to approve of nothing whatsoever that ever was, or is or is to be!

Here I shall insert some extracts from my diary, for in pursuance with a school boy habit I kept a regular journal of each day's happenings.

"Feb. 22d, 1862. Washington's birthday! And now another event is added to distinguish it above its humbler brethren of the year. Today at noon, in Richmond, Jefferson Davis was formally inaugurated First President of the Confederate States of America,—to serve a term of six years. So, the civil year of the new nation will commence on Feb. 22d instead of the fourth of March, as hitherto in the old Union.

"Brother Hamilton was born on the 22d and if he lives will be still prouder of his birthday; and who knows but what he may himself contribute to its honor? The day has been dark, rainy and gloomy in the extreme. If Mr. Davis is, as he is reported, inclined to be superstitious, this darkness must shake his nerves. It would certainly have made an old Roman consult his Gods, and the augurs to see wherein lay the cause of so ominous a beginning. Fortunately we do not need to study the divining cup, nor seek the priest of Mars, nor the smiles of Fortuna, so long as we have a just cause, plenty of powder and stout hearts to use it. Tho' the truth must be confessed, our fortunes *at present,* are not much brighter than this inauspicious Inauguration Day. For Roanoke Island, a mere mantrap as everybody but our rulers have long foreseen, fell into the enemy's hands, together with 2,000 of our soldiers, and a number of vessels, guns, etc.,—almost without any resistance, (it being useless to offer it) although General Huger had about 5,000 troops lying at Norfolk that might have been led in a way to thrash the boots off the invaders.

"By the loss of Roanoke we allow the enemy to gain a foothold on our Carolina coast, that will serve as a point of departure for other expeditions to Newbern, Washington, etc., cutting us off from the fine fisheries in that section, a region locally called the "Corn crib" from its productiveness, besides encouraging the "Buffaloes" to make inroads upon the railway lines in the interior. It is hard to properly apportion the blame for the loss of Roanoke. General Wise certainly was not the man for the command besides being sick, and Colonel Shaw, commanding on the field, failed to make as vigorous a resistance as he should, and included in his surrender some 500 men just arrived. Nor is this all! Our western forces seem to have become demoralized since the disaster at Mills Spring, or Fishing Creek. Grant's march up the Tennessee results in success after success."

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[1] Here is omitted an account of the capture of Fort Donelson.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

The "Young Napoleon" Takes Command of the Federals and Seeks to Enter Richmond via the Peninsula—The Author Advances Backward to Richmond—In the Southern Capital—"Afar from the Home Where His True Love is Sleeping"—Fall of New Bern—Forgotten by a School Mate—Starting Back to Camp—Return to Camp—Extraordinary Hardships of the March—Down the James.

The foregoing chapter has contained a glance at the military operations of the Confederacy for the fortnight prior to, and on the 22nd, of February. By design, or a singular coincidence, this day, which witnessed the inauguration of the civil year of the Confederated South, was the date prescribed by the Abolition President (Lincoln had assumed command of all the Yankee armies by "War Order, No. 1," issued Jan. 27th, 1862,) for "A general forward movement by all the land and naval forces against the Rebels."

Lincoln had long favored a direct attack upon Johnston at Manassas, having I suspect, a secret desire to wipe out the disgrace of Bull Run; and had actually issued an order on Feb. 1st, commanding McClellan "to occupy a point southwestward of Manassas Junction."

But the "Young Napoleon" had "a will of his own," strengthened perhaps by the idolatry of the people; and firmly insisted upon being allowed to transfer the army of the Potomac to the Peninsula westward of Fortress Monroe. On the 8th of March, Lincoln, and his Lieutenant again "hitched," and spent hours disputing over the advantage of their respective plans. McClellan, however, carried his point, and to make sure of it he at once laid his plans before a council of his generals; and induced Lincoln to issue an order regulating the movements of the several corps.

Curiously on that very March, 8th, whereon the advance upon Richmond via James River was decided upon,

there appeared in that quarter a nondescript craft,—resembling the back of a thin hog swimming in deep water—breathing fire and destruction, sinking one of the largest frigates in the U. S. Navy, and burning another and completely revolutionizing the naval architecture of the world.

It was the ever famous *Merrimac!*

This vessel, a frigate in Gosport Navy yard, had been burned to the water's edge when Norfolk was abandoned by the Federals. Lieutenant Brooke devised a plan of raising the hull of the *Merrimac,* and covering it with thick iron plates, shaped at an angle like the roof of a house, so that balls striking it would glance off. As the ends of the plates were under water, there was no way to damage the vessel save by happening to hit a porthole opened to fire a cannon. There were four of these on the sides and one at each end, making an armament of ten guns, a long iron prow protuded some four feet in front as a ram. The Yankees hooted at the Sesesh-what-do-you-call-it." Lying off Fortress Monroe was a large fleet of men-of-war, and gunboats, chief of which were the *Congress,* 50 guns; *St. Lawrence,* 50 guns; *Cumberland,* 24 guns, and the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke,* each 40 guns. The two first named lay off Newport News about 200 yards, where also was a number of heavy batteries and gunboats. The sailors on the fleet were quite amused when they saw a queer hog back shaped concern puffing through the water towards them. But when their heavy cannon balls were seen bouncing off the top of the *Merrimac* like marbles off a rock pavement, their laughter turned to terror.

The *Merrimac* struck the *Cumberland,* and down she went with a hundred of her men never to rise again. The *Congress* tried to fly, but was run aground in a helpless condition. Our guns crashed through her wooden walls until h[illegible]ecks were dripping with blood. She hoisted a white fl[illegible]d her officers gave up their swords to a small boat sent to take charge of her. But now the shore batteries and infantry opened fire on the small boat, where-

upon the *Merrimac* resumed her fire and riddled her. Meanwhile the other Yankee vessels had fled into shallow water where the *Merrimac* couldn't follow them, and though she did great damage to the *Minnesota* with her guns, Captain Buchanan of the *Merrimac* and some of his men were wounded, and 6 killed. Our whole loss was 6 killed, and 12 wounded, while the Federal loss was 256 killed and drowned, many wounded, two fine frigates, 40 guns at least, and much valuable material.

On the 2d day of the engagement, by a singular coincidence, the Ericson "Monitor," an ironclad built by the Yankees, appeared in the bay, just in time to come to the rescue of the wooden fleet. Hour after hour the two ironclads battered, pitted and shook each other but without definite result, though at last the Monitor turret ceased to revolve, and she crept off into shoal water where the heavy *Merrimac* could not follow her.

This affair somewhat altered the proposed advance via the James; and the York river route was adopted as the most feasible. Meanwhile General Joseph E. Johnston having divined the plans of the Federals began to retire towards Richmond. All night of the 9th of March as I lay in my cot smarting with pain, I heard the rumbling of train after train, heavily laden pushing right on through Culpepper, indicating that they were special trains, removing the stores and heavy baggage of the army. An occasional shout betokened the passing of troops, and I wondered how soon the sick would be sent back.

Next morning I wrote this note in my journal—"March 10th—'62." By blundering luck, or real military skill, the new leaders of the Yankees have hit upon the best possible plan to effect the much-talked of "on to Richmond." McClellan is moving his troops by water to some point on the James River, whence he can march upon high bluff roads to the very door of our Capital without encountering any resistance. Then if he could whip Johnston's army that is moving to confront him all would be well for him. *If he could,* I say! Unfortunately for *him* the *"IF"* is backed by 50,000 as gallant fellows as ever

handled a musket in defence of their homes, and "Little Mac" will go to the Peninsula only to find *that* "Jordan's a hard road to trabble," as well as this route.

"But suppose McClellan, who is reputed a very fine strategist, should only make a *feint* of going down the Potomac, and after causing Johnston to weaken his army at Manassas should fall upon him? I hope our chief is aware of what he is about."

It happened that my fears were not altogether groundless, as McClellan set his army in motion on the 9th of March towards Manassas; and from Fairfax Court House, on the 14th dated an address to his troops telling them how well drilled and equipped they were—"The fruits of patient labors of many months"—says this complacent commander—"is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline, and instruction, excellently equipped and armed—your commanders all that I could wish.—*The moment for action has arrived,* and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. . . . The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with Rebels—" etc., etc., ending with a plagiarism of the *elder* Napoleon's address to the "army of Italy"—that—"We will return home, and ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac." It might be supposed, after all these high sounding phrases, that hot work was ahead for anybody who dared stand in the way of this magnificent array of men and means. Whereas, on that very day the so-called advance on Manassas was stopped, another council of corps-commanders having been held, and Lincoln having finally consented to permit the Peninsular movement, provided a stronger force be left to secure his capital against a surprise from Johnston. Orders were issued that the troops should retrace their steps, and embark for Yorktown. On the 12th of March, a dispatch was received at Smith's General Hospital, saying:—"Remove the sick and stores to Richmond; return to their regiments all men able for duty."

This order fell like a bomb-shell among most of the patients; though I had been listening for it hourly. It was astonishing how sick a number of the convalescents became on the instant; no doubt, inwardly groaning,—not with pain—but at their own stupidity in not foreseeing the event, and being completely bedridden! However, the biggest rascal is generally the most successful in deceptions of this sort, and some of these fellows seemed to have the power of making themselves sick at a moment's notice. I now have in mind a man who could never be brought face to face with the foe because even at the last moment when the tide of battle had nearly reached his command, P— would drop down, begin to vomit, and be sent to the rear out of danger—apparently half dead.

All the patients able to walk were started to Richmond afoot, the rest including myself who was still bedridden on account of my swollen feet, being sent by rail. The day was cold, raw, and lowering, but I was glad of the change, for life at Smith's Hospital was far from being cheerful, and besides there would be greater chances of meeting my brother Hamilton, and perhaps other friends. On the route however, I could not but feel much depressed at seeing the dilapidated, desolate, deserted regions that too often met the eye on both sides of the railroad. It was impossible not to contrast the landscape and the appointment of the road, the dirty broken-backed cars, and filthy little box stations, with the crowded towns and villages lining the track of the Northern railways and the accompanying evidences of thrift, prosperity and advancement. Of course the contrast suggested farther contrasts with consequences upon the ultimate fortunes of the war. For *bravery* alone I knew could not win the fight. On the arrival of the train at the Central depot in Richmond, the sick were marched nearly half a mile to the "Banner Hospital," corner of 19th and Franklin Streets in the valley part of the city. I with "hobbling steps and slow" —staggered along far in rear of the procession, and could scarcely climb to the third story of the old tobacco warehouse, which had been converted into a hospital.

On the first floor was still stored a portion of the 5,000 hogsheads of tobacco, purchased by Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, for the use of his armies, and which was subsequently shipped on board vessels sent for the purpose by special permission of both belligerents; the Southerners glad to dispose of their products, and oblige France; the Yankees afraid to give offence by denying the request—however unusual in time of war.

On the second floor of the warehouse, were the kitchens, laundry, etc., etc. The third floor was one vast dormitory —being filled with rows of cots with only a foot or two of space between them, and every cot containing an inmate.

The walls were rough and unplastered, though dashed with whitewash; the floor showed all the ancient stains of the "weed," but were clean enough for ordinary use and the bedding, mainly contributed by the citizens was sufficiently abundant and clean for a soldier-hospital.

Upon the whole "Banner Hospital" was far more creditable to the government than the one just abandoned; the room being large and airy, the food tolerable in quality and quantity, and the nursing and attendance reasonably efficient.

Surgeon-in-charge Stone was a young man, quite good looking, jauntily dressed in a full Confederate uniform. He seemed to know his business, and had an excellent assistant in a young medical student from Statesville, N. C., named Beall, who though only assuming the title of steward of the hospital, was really very well versed in his profession, and invaluable in his present position.

Among so many sick men, Death, of course was no infrequent visitor. It had been so at Culpepper; but I being almost on speaking acquaintance with the grim King of Terrors, in my own case, took little heed of incidents transpiring around me. Now however, being convalescent in health, tho' still sorely crippled by my feet, I noticed more closely the condition of my fellow sufferers. In the adjoining cot lay a handsome young Marylander, scarcely nineteen, and clearly destined never to see his next birthday, as he was in the last stage of consumption.

He was of respectable parentage, in moderate circumstances, and having been drafted to serve in the Yankee Army, could not bear to impoverish his family by purchasing a "substitute," and determining to fight for freedom if fight he must, had run the blockade, as I did, and very near the same place, to enroll himself as a defender of "The Southern Cross." Exposure in the cold days during the past winter had stirred to a gallop that fell disease consumption which has cut off in their springtime of life so many noble souls. Young T—'s cheeks were rosy and flushed like a girl of sixteen after a visit from her first lover; and the brilliant glow of his fine eyes spoke of an early death. What spectacle more melancholy, what death more poignant than the slow crumbling away of the young consumptive's mortality. Beautiful with the bloom of a fatal ripening, like the rosy flushing of the peach at whose heart a worm is burrowing, intelligent with genius unfettered by the coarser elements and passions of healthful nature; daily growing more precious in our sight because we mark the pitiless advance of the disease. I at first took little heed of my neighbor; but being struck with his quiet, uncomplaining manner fell into the habit of assisting him in small ways, handing him water, straightening the disarray of his bedclothes, etc., for all of which he seemed very grateful. At length a spirit of friendliness sprung up between us and each leaning on an elbow whispered across to each other over the narrow space dividing the cots.

Often during the long gloaming, from the time the red reflections of the setting sun painted the white washed walls of the old warehouse with crimson-damask tapestries, ever shifting in shade and beauty till the deepening shadows of twilight settled upon the roaring city without, and over the long rows of white clad cots within, the two young soldiers lay with their heads nearly meeting, exchanging mutual confidences. Both of course, with the precocity of Southern youth had been "in love" from the age of twelve, if not earlier, and T— was already plighted, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, to a fair

young girl of Baltimore, whose photograph he carried literally next to his heart—in a small pocket he had made in his shirt. The face indicated a bright, quick intellect, culture, and that sweet womanly disposition that seems so much more natural in white muslin and flower ornaments for the hair than when rustling in heavy silks, and glittering with jewels.

"Do you see that little book she has in her hand?"—said the blushing boy as together we looked at the picture —"That is a book of poems I gave her as a present, and I marked a line in it that goes something like this, 'Where e'er I go until I die on my true love thou must rely,' or something like that—it seems so long ago I can't remember. But at any rate she didn't forget it, for you see last winter when I was first taken sick she had this picture taken and sent to me all the way round through Kentucky —that's the way we Baltimore boys got our mail for a while—and when I opened the letter and saw her holding the little copy of Burns with her dear little finger between the leaves right there—that's about where my scribbling was done in the book, you know—I just turned over, and covered up my face and took a real good cry; because you see, she wanted to show me by the book, and all that, that she hadn't changed or forgotten me and wasn't ever going to as long as we live."—Then after a long pause he added—"But of course I'll never see her again, and oh, I am so sorry for her!" The hacking hectic cough that interrupted further converse gave a melancholy emphasis to his sad prediction.

But what could be said in reply? Hope there was none, and the poor boon of sending a farewell message to the loved one was denied him—the exchange of flags-of-truce having been interrupted by McClellan's operations. But the brave boy did not murmur nor bewail his sad condition. He even remarked with a kind of desperate humor "You know we Marylanders will be entitled to a discharge as soon as our term is over." Poor fellow! his term was already expiring; and the Recording Angel was then registering his discharge. It came one Sunday

evening. Not one of the inmates of the hospital was stirring. The room was perfectly still, except for the heavy breathing of the many sleepers, or the rustling of the leaves of a book in the hands of some reader. I had been trying to sleep, but could not; although I lay like the rest with my eyes closed. Presently young T— murmured to himself,—"Come down, Josie, Mother is going, we wont wait for the bell"—"I am sick, awful sick! Well, let's go to Sunday School."

Evidently he was dreaming of home; and going to Sunday School in the afternoon with his family, as he had often done. But after this he began to breathe so heavily with long intervals between the respirations, that I began to feel disturbed, and half rose to see what could be the matter.

The delicate boy lay, with hands crossed upon his forehead and eyes fixed on vacancy, though apparently watching the glare of the afternoon sun upon the eastern wall of the old warehouse. After a while the hands were changed to his breast as if engaged in prayer. The bright glare mellowed to the reddish-golden tinge of the setting sun; two or three church bells rung out the first announcement of services at night—the chimes adding to the melancholy quietude of the twilight drawing nigh; and the nurses were preparing to light the lamps—when the dying boy uttered his last audible word—"Mother!" What his thoughts were at that moment none may know!

Perhaps he was dreaming of the Sabbath evenings of childhood, when with curly head upon his mother's knee he had listened as she sang some gentle hymn. I think while men are thanking the Creator for the gifts of creature good they might well hold before all other blessings that attribute of human nature which makes the parents give the tenderest affections of their hearts to the children of their love. Imagine what this world would be without a "Mother's love!"

The lamps were lighted; the patients began to stir about; conversations sprang up in all parts of the vast dormitory, and again the church bells rang, it being

half past seven. I had fallen into a restless doze; but rousing as the stir began, raised up on my elbow and called out: "Artie, (his name was Arthur) wake up, Sunday is over!" alluding to the noise and laughter. There was no answer! And never would be from those pale lips, whose Sunday truly was over, or just beginning—who shall say? He was lifeless when the nurse came to feel his pulse, and had died without a sound in the solemn twilight of the Sabbath day. Died afar from home, friends, and sweetheart! Died a sacrifice to the great cause of Southern Independence, and yet to fall like a leaf by the wayside, alone, unknown, unappreciated, unrecorded, unremembered! And he was but one of many thousands!

I lay for hours wondering at the strange realities of this cruelly useless war; wondering how the news of this day's events would be received in the far-off home where "Mother" and "Josie" were waiting the return of their handsome young soldier. Wondering, too, at the strange incongruities of scene and circumstances then surrounding me; for while three nurses were carrying away the mattress upon which, covered by a sheet lay all that was mortal of poor Artie T.—some man across the huge room, not knowing what had occurred, bawled out in hoarse tones; "Who's got any cold bull beef to trade for hard-tack?"

Death scenes, however, soon become so common in a large hospital as to cause no interruption to the ordinary occupations, or amusements of the habitual inmates. It was rarely that a man dropped off as quietly as poor T. In many instances, the agonies of the final struggle were terrible to witness.

Deep groans of mental distress, mingled with wild ravings of delirium and fever. Occasionally a dying man would spring to his feet, stagger from the bed, and fall dead! Many soldiers died fighting their battles over again, with excited fancy, and loud cries.

"By God, I got him! I got him! See him drop! Yonder by the fence!" yelled a powerfully built Texas, one

night, rising half length in bed, and sighting along his arm as if aiming a musket. The loud excited tones startled every one in the room, and all eyes were turned upon the gaunt figure that one instant seemed all life and fire, then sank back, turned over, and without another word, gave up sharp-shooting, even in imagination, forevermore! Most affecting of all, were the dying scenes of mere youths with parents, brothers and sisters still living, though absent, and therefore, still fresh in the memory and now pictured in colors of fondest affection before their glazing eyes. Last utterances from their lips were apt to unseal the fountains of tenderness in many a breast that seemed impervious to all "such silly sentiment!"

As I anticipated in speaking of the inexcusable disaster at Roanoke Island, this loss was but the first in a consecutive row of topplings over. On the 12th inst. an expedition from Hatteras under General Burnside fell upon the beautiful city of New Bern, which has been called the Athens of North Carolina from the number of its distinguished citizens and the extreme elegance and culture of its society. Burnside disembarked some distance below the fortifications which were across the Trent River, and some three miles therefrom.

General L. O'B. Branch, with some 5,000 troops, chiefly militia, attempted to hold the works, but was soon dislodged, as the men in the trenches could see the gunboats steaming past the forts and gaining their rear. A rapid retreat was begun to the long railroad bridge which was the sole means of crossing Trent River. A raft loaded with inflammable material was prepared to destroy the bridge in case of defeat, and this raft being too hastily ignited caused the capture of some 500 of our men. The enemy advanced rapidly and fired upon the town; several of the shells bursting over a long train loaded with women and children which had just started to leave the town. Fifty pieces of artillery were captured in the fortifications, together with a considerable quantity of stores, cotton, etc. The loss in killed and wounded

on our side was about 150; and 500 on the enemy's, he having to attack our works.

Little Washington was surrendered a few days later. Beaufort followed; and Fort Macon; defended by Captain S. D. Pool with five companies, after sustaining a ten hours' bombardment from three gunboats, and three seige mortars planted on the sand bar in rear of the fort (against which the fort was unprotected) was captured, thus giving the finest harbor on the Southern coast (26 feet of water) to the Federal fleet!

At Academia in the beautiful Tuscarora valley in Pennsylvania, in 1859, one of my most intimate friends, and schoolmates was a tall, thin, lively intelligent young fellow named George M. Emack, of Bettsville, near Bladensburg of gunpowder-memory. George occupied a room by himself in the old school building, a privilege granted because of his excellent character, close application to his studies, and Christian professions—he being regarded as one of the most exemplary students in the institution. I had often wondered what part George had taken in the Civil War, as his location in Maryland admitted of his avoiding any participation therein, if he chose. It was with much delight, therefore, that I now learned that he had thrown up his studies, and cast his fortunes with the South, winning great notoriety by his adventures in the perilous capacity of dispatch bearer between the Confederate government and sympathizers in Washington and Canada. One of his escapes can hardly be matched for desperate daring successfully carried out.

Having made one or two trips from Richmond to Washington, he became over bold, and spent some days at a house not far from his father's residence, and within an hour's ride of Washington. Intelligence of his whereabouts being received, General F. W. Walker, a Provost Marshal, or detective, with a squadron of Yankee cavalry surrounded Emack, and made him prisoner. It was a critical moment with the youth, for once lodged in prison his days would not have covered another week, plenty

of evidence being ready to convict him as a spy. George kept cool and watched his chances.

General Walker put a special guard of three men over the prisoner in the hotel, and turned aside to wash his hands. Quick as a flash Emack drew a long bladed bowie-knife, stabbed his three guards, and sprang for the door! Walker attempted to seize him, but only got three terrible gashes for his pains—one in the abdomen that nearly cost him his life! A volley was fired at the daring youth by the astonished cavalrymen, but he dodged the balls, and escaped in triumph through the lines. I have heard that several of the guards were stabbed to death, by the dashing young Confederate as he ran amuck, but cannot answer for it. For his coolness and valor, on this and other occasions, Emack received a commission as Lieutenant in the "Regular Army" that *was to be in the C. S. A.*

He was now acting as assistant, or second in command at Libby Prison. This celebrated prison was so called because it had been the tobacco warehouse of Mr. Libby. It stood on Cary street, facing the river, or canal-basin. It was precisely the same kind of building, and fully as comfortable as the one occupied as the Banner hospital.

The first day I was allowed to venture out, I donned my old greasy cap, rusty shoes, and an old overcoat—indescribably ugly in pattern and material—which served to hide the lack of a decent jacket and shirt; and thus attired hastened to call upon my old schoolmate. But my old schoolmate was now a Post-Captain—whereas I was only a private—and was glittering in a suit of fine Crenshaw, bluish-gray—the finest cloth then manufactured—with no end of gilt buttons, and some hundreds of feet of gold braid on the sleeves and collar; and a red sash with dangling tassels, and a glittering sword clanging at his heels. In short, George was now a gay young officer in high favor at Court, living well, associating with other young officers, and enjoying the society of the capital—His visitor, just from the hospital—tall, lean, cadaverous, ragged, half shod, unshaved, awkward, back-

ward, diffident—"a sight to behold!" a military scarecrow, or, at best, a straggler from Falstaff's battalion! What wonder if there was not exactly the warmth of greeting I expected?

Then the scarecrow's dignity took the alarm, and quicker than lightning got on its hindlegs and climbed up on stilts and "wrapped the drapery of its overcoat about it, and—so exit. *Sic transit gloria* schoolboy friendships!

Emack, however, was a young man of more than average character. He grew dissatisfied at the Libby, and afterwards was in active service as Major of the first Maryland cavalry, commanding one battalion, while the other was commanded by another of my old schoolmates at Academia—George M. E. Shearer, with whom George Emack had had many a "set to" with boxing gloves in the old Academy grounds.

On the first of April came orders from General Johnston to return to their regiments every man in the hospital capable of bearing arms. I was not capable of bearing arms, at least of carrying them on a march; yet as there were rumors of a battle being imminent, and as I was in tolerably good health except my blistered and swollen feet, I set out with the rest, a dozen or more. Arriving at the Central depot, we were kept waiting several hours only to be gruffly ordered to return at the same hour next day. Meanwhile instead of being allowed to return to the hospital we were marched to an old negro jail, and locked in, under guard, to stay all day, and night!

A more filthy, vermin-filled, ill-smelling place would be hard to find! Not a spark of fire could be had; none of us had breakfasted, and had no chance to cook the raw provisions that we had; few of us had even a single blanket; the day was cold, rainy and gloomy, the kennel with its high walls surmounted with spikes and broken glass was suggestive of all sorts of degrading associations; and here amid filth, stench, and desolation we were doomed to drag out the wearisome day.

Never had I felt more indignant at the shameful disregard shown by the authorities for the feelings and sensibilities of the private soldiers.

For myself, I considered myself no mere hireling soldier or slave, to be *locked* in a filthy negro-pen in this manner! I was a citizen-soldier; a *volunteer* doing military duty, and submitting to its discipline merely for the time necessary to win the freedom of the South, the independence of my native land. I was receiving neither food nor clothing except to a mere, farcical or nominal extent, and although obeying my officers, I felt the equal of them all. And now to be treated in this way—taken right out of a sick bed, at the *actual risk* of the *loss of both feet,* locked in miserable negro-quarters, prohibited from going out to buy a loaf of bread, left without food, fire, or blankets! It was simply shameful, villainous, an outrage! I think one great cause of failure of the Confederacy was that her chief rulers, civil and military —after Bull Run—seemed to regard the final triumph of our arms as a *certainty;* and therefore, conducted themselves in all things as if their administration was fixed and immutable; nay as if it were an old firmly established and autocratic government, which had no need to court the good will of the populace, and did not require any undignified resort to personal effort and energetic measures.

Our generals early in the war, seemed to forget that their men were *citizens* banded together to obtain the advantages of drill and united action.

It was a common thing to issue frothy proclamations, addresses, and "General Orders," praising the valor of the troops, and inciting them to further exertions, while at the same time those same troops were suffering from half-rations, lack of medicines, lack of shoes, blankets, tents—lack of a score of similar indispensable articles, all of which might have been supplied by a little personal exertions, and more often actually on hand, but not distributed to the troops because some Quartermaster was drunk, and his superiors negligent. It grieves me to

mention these things, but they were so common, and the end so calamitous, that patience is exhausted in thinking of them.

At length released from the negro-pen, we take the train for Orange Court House, and arrive at that point, on the evening of the 4th of April; whereupon a tramp of four miles, through mud and rain is necessary before our destination is reached. Woefully do I now bewail my folly in leaving the hospital half cured, as I was; since this short walk out to camp, so chafes and blisters my fevered feet that each step makes me thrill with torture! I find that General Johnston, apparently mystified by McClellan's *sham* advance upon Manassus, has halted upon the South bank of the Rapidan, instead of pushing on to Richmond to be in position to rush his army down to check the young Napoleon's real *programme*. True, General Magruder is at Yorktown, but his force is small, and the enemy will bring up a thousand or more men to his every hundred.

I note in my journal as follows: "I found the brigade bivouacking along the old plankroad that runs from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg—four miles east of Orange. I'm afraid I've acted the goose in returning in my present condition, as it is quite evident that we shall start on a march in a few days, and my poor feet are as tender as a baby's.

"Today—April 5th,—we had regimental inspection by Brigadier General George E. Pickett, our new commander. He is an old West-Pointer, and conducted himself accordingly. Taking up my gun, he rubbed his white glove over the barrel, and lo! a rusty streak on the glove! For some unaccountable reason, Colonel Hunton coming in front of me said: "General, this young man left college at the North to come South and fight with us." Pickett whipped out his handkerchief and blew a nasal blast—like that "on Fontarabian echoes borne"—"only this and nothing more!"—and now who knows what will happen! It was a little mortifying to be pointed out as "this young man," and stared at without even a nod of

recognition; but alas! all the patriotism in the world wouldn't count in the scale of a West-Pointer with one or two degrees of higher rank; however great the equality in all other respects!"

Hardly had I been in camp 48 hours when I was horrified at hearing the order to "*Cook three days' rations; hold in readiness to move at an instant's warning.*"

The significance of this order, meaning a protracted march and perhaps battle, to one just out of a sick bed, and with feet so blistered that the simple standing on them was *torture,* as may be supposed, rang in my ears like a death-knell. Even without any sort of burthen, I must have suffered dreadfully; but think of carrying a heavy musket, bayonet, cartridge box, with 60 cartridges in it, cap box, canteen, blankets, knapsack, change of clothes, small toilet articles, and food for three days! More than 100 pounds to be carried all day long while marching over rough roads, and harassed by men rubbing against you on both sides! I felt that *I couldn't do it,* and *would not undertake it.* Nevertheless, when the marching-order came, my old fear of being considered "a shirker," and "afraid of having to fight," as I had often heard remarked of others caused me to stagger into ranks with the company. This was at sunrise. Had the command proceeded directly forward, I might have managed to hobble on, not far behind the rest; and made at least a tolerable day's march.

But when did ever a Confederate commander make his marches in daylight when the night-time could be had? After being formed in line on the roadside, we were kept standing hour after hour—aye four, six, *ten* hours!—and did not get under way until 6:00 p. m., *almost twilight!* Of course, we were doomed to an all-night march; and without the slightest strategic necessity therefor! Our route lay in the direction of Fredericksburg—traversing the wilderness, as a vast area of swampy black-jack lowlands overgrown with timber is called. The old plankroad, no longer used as a public road, had been so cut up by heavy artillery and army

wagons that it could scarcely be travelled even by day; while in the uncertainty of a dark night it was exceedingly perilous. It was worse than trying to walk a long distance on the cross ties of a railroad track at night, requiring close attention at every step. The planks were broken and irregular causing the men to reel and stagger as if drunk. I kept "moving on" like "Little Joe" until nearly 10:00 p. m. when after slipping from a broken plank into a dry ditch, on the side of the road, deep enough to swallow one up, I determined to run no more such risks, but come to a halt for the night. Selecting a clump of broad spreading dwarf-spruces, I crawled under the nearest, and soon heard the last irregular tramp, tramp, tramp, of my comrades as they toiled on down the road.

In a few moments all sounds died away in the distance, and the utter silence of this uninhabited "wilderness" was as silent as the grave. It was a lonely place in which to spend a night, but I was too weary to think much about the surroundings, though once, while lying flat on my back, looking up at the masses of black clouds that whirled across the heavens, I shuddered at the thought of the strange sorrowful life I was leading—"alone in a crowd" while in camp, alone on the march—so utterly isolated from friends, kinsmen, and comrades, that should I perish during these midnight hours in the depths of Chantilly forest, I would hardly be missed, and certainly not *mourned*. Still I was doing my duty as best I could; and if I had no friends it was because I could not bring myself to associate familiarly with the class of men by whom I was surrounded.

About midnight a storm came roaring through the timber, and in a very short time I was drenched to the skin; which increased my burthen by adding about ten or twenty pounds of water to the weight of my blankets and clothing. However, I knew it would not do to lose too much ground, as a fight might come off in my absence, so I resumed my weary tramp at daybreak, of course without breakfast! The brigade marched all

night, and at 4:00 a. m. forded a stream that took the men above their waists in the coldest of ice water—a fine preliminary to halting to sleep, for, of course, after marching all night, the command would rest all day instead of *vice versa*. It had halted about two miles beyond the village of Verdiersville,[1] and some two hundred yards beyond the stream just mentioned. I shuddered as I approached this stream, which must be forded along the breastwork or "forebay" of a mill dam, wading in a white frothy flood that poured over the face of the dam, like a small Niagara. Indeed the water swelled by the recent rain was nearly four feet deep and ran with a suction that required all my strength to stem in crossing it.

The temperature of the water on this chilly 6th of April fairly numbed my limbs; and a more weary, sick, footsore and disgusted creature could not be found! Imagine, therefore, my rage and that of my comrades when at 10:00 a. m. orders came to retrace our steps to Verdiersville, as we had taken the wrong road! ! ! The fording of the mill dam was now attended with some risk from the freshet, while the ice cold water made every man shiver as he stepped into it.

"Why were we not allowed to halt on this side last night and take our rest in dry clothes? And why couldn't the General send his couriers to find the right road, and not drag us four miles out of our way over such a road?" the men growled in tones of deepest disgust.

I felt especially indignant. Only four days out of a sick bed, here I was making long marches over infernal roads, sleeping in the storm with no sort of shelter, fording ice-cold deep water twice before breakfast, etc, etc.

Such experience is pretty severe when undergone with a consciousness of urgent necessity; but when it is the result of whim or negligence on the part of some drunken officer patience under it is almost unattainable to say the least!

[1] Now Verdierville.

Returning to Verdiersville the command filed off the road to Louisa C. H., and now it became evident that Longstreet's division was going to Yorktown.

What a wretched day followed! The roads were literally knee-deep in mud! The tramp of many feet joined with drenching rain, churned this mud into a soft slush, or sandy bath that filled the men's shoes, and scoured the toughest feet into blisters. My fevered feet soon became swollen to such a degree that I could no longer wear my shoes, and my stockings lasted only a few miles. The road generally lay through immense forests of timber, low and swampy, with only here and there at long intervals a cleared field or habitation. A more uncomfortable march, through the driving rain, cannot be imagined.

I soon found myself far in rear, having to stop every now and then to pick out a sharp gravel or bit of wood from my wretched feet; and by sunset—though there were few signs that a sun even existed—I stopped for the night in an old tobacco shed near the roadside, wherein some half-a-dozen other stragglers had built a fire. Here supperless, wet, weary, and half-sick I spent the night; though for a long time I could not sleep owing to my acute sufferings and the dread of their renewal on the morrow. The morning justified all my gloomy forebodings. The rain had turned to sleet, and the slush was now thickened with hail and freezing rain. The fire was out, and could not be rekindled. So without breakfast, and with only a pair of ragged stockings full of sand and grime to protect my blistered feet from the ice and frozen mud I resumed the march. Every step was torture. And how many, many, weary staggering steps I took that day! Solitary, silently, gloomily following the regimental trail over hill after hill, through woods and through fields; tramping, tramping, tramping!—until *at dark* I reached the bivouac three miles from Louisa.

And how had my comrades fared? Only the colonel and mounted officers, the color-bearers, and a few of the company officers were on hand when the camping-place

was reached, about *two o'clock in the morning*. During the long night-march, Major Berkeley gave out to the men that he had sent for a barrel of whiskey to be issued to all who kept up until the end, but even this tempting bait could not keep the men in ranks, and one by one they sank by the wayside, wet, hungry, and exhausted.

There *were less than twenty* men present when the command halted! And this demonstrates the absurdity of the senseless dragging of the men on such a tramp at night. What service could thirteen broken-down, half-starved men, with rusty weapons and damaged powder, have performed after such a march? And why race all night long only to halt all next day awaiting the stragglers, whereas had a reasonable distance been traversed on one day, and the remainder on the next, the same distance would have been covered at one-half the expense to the poor soldiers.

On the 13th of April, we again moved out of camp, taking the road to Hanover C. H., and Richmond. I was still barefooted, and suffering greatly. Many times an hour did I bewail my folly in leaving the hospital before I was ready for service; since had I remained, I could have joined my regiment at the hospital door, and escaped all the sufferings of the past week, and more than 130 miles of marching. But in this, as in all other things, my fear of being "talked about," and "suspected" of "shirking," caused me to undergo the greatest privations and sufferings without the least benefit to the cause, and to my own positive detriment, for not only was my health injured, but I gained the ill-will of every officer for not keeping up in ranks, etc.

Judging from the crowds upon the sidewalks, Richmond must now have had a population of a 100,000 and upwards. General Pickett formed his division in columns of half-companies; so that as it marched down Main street the line seemed more than a mile in length, with music, banners, mounted officers, artillery, etc. A very different spectacle from that which might have been

seen only three days before, slowly toiling amid the mud and rain, over the hills of Orange and Louisa.

The populace showed considerable enthusiasm; cheering repeatedly, and calling forth frequent responsive yells from the troops—especially when a group of ladies were seen waving their handkerchiefs. I took no part in these demonstrations, but sadly gazed at the shop-windows where loaf-bread, and clean clothing, and books, and other needed articles so tantalized my eyes, and empty pockets.

Richmond, although already feeling the strain of blockade, was perhaps the best supplied of all the Southern cities in marketable luxuries; and it indicated the almost child-like confidence of the people in the army, that although McClellan was supposed to be coming down from Manassas with a powerful army, while another powerful army was pushing its way up the Peninsula with hardly a handful of men to oppose it, there was not the least doubt of the result, not the least symptom of doubt of victory; and even the hurried march of the division through the city was regarded with perfect unconcern, as if it was a mere pageant gotten up to amuse them; or a simple change of camp by the troops.

Even the newspaper men failed to realize that, if this small corps should be delayed in any way, and fail to reach Magruder in time, the next breeze might bring the sound of Federal cannon near at hand.

So urgent, in fact, was the situation that extraordinary means were adopted to convey Pickett's brigade to the scene of action near Yorktown. On reaching the wharf at Rocketts—half a mile below Richmond proper—we found a small tug boat, with an empty canal boat fastened to each side of her; and upon this nondescript the men were crowded until there was barely room to sit down; the greater portion of the troops being packed on the canal boats, while the officers occupied the decks and gangways of the tugboat. It was evident the concern was overloaded, for the Captain repeatedly cautioned the men to sit perfectly still, and not move from one boat

to the other "or that boat'll flop over, and we'll all go to the bottom quicker'n a rock." This was easy to believe later in the day when the noble *Jeems,* as the natives call it, had widened from two to three hundred yards, to *two or three miles* in breadth; and was lashed into waves that made the wheezy old tug shiver and creak as she strained the clumsy canal boats through the foam with their cargoes of living freight. At Drewry's Bluff there was considerable delay in working through the obstructions—thick rows of wooden piles driven in such a way as to prevent passage except by slow and tortuous windings known only to a few—and I had opportunity to see the powerful earthworks on the Bluff with their big-mounted guns which, within a fortnight, were to "play the mischief" with the finest ironclads in the Federal service.

Having found a coil of rope at the prow of the boat I arranged myself, reclining with my hand in a ring bolt so that I would not be shaken off the plunging old scow, and lay for hours, gazing up into the blue heavens—brilliant with star jewels reflected in the blue wavelets—"mirrors of their own loveliness." The undulations of the boat, the ripple of the spray and the puffing of the engines lulled me into a dreamy state; and while I was wondering if I ever should get *another good nap* I fell asleep—and spent the night—"rocked in the cradle of the deep." When day dawned and I crawled up from my uneasy couch, I found I was wet to the skin with spray and fog, and so made haste to get on dry land—the boat being now at a temporary wharf called King's Mill Landing 80 miles below Richmond and nine from Lebanon Church, the headquarters of General J. B. Magruder, commanding the Yorktown defenses.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH

The Modern Siege of Yorktown—Awaking to the Peril—Reorganizing in Face of the Foe—News of the Battle of Shiloh—Now You See It, and Now You Don't—Retreat from Yorktown.

"Listen! wasn't that a gun?" cried one of the men, as a dull reverberation came upon the breeze from the east. Soon it was repeated, and there could no longer be any doubt. Each mile traversed as we briskly advanced, increased both the distinctness and the frequency of the reports until it became evident that there was cannonading all along the lines. Indeed we supposed an engagement must be in progress; but it proved to be only an attempt of the Yankees to dislodge our "vast multitudes of infantry" from the woods at various points. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was no one to be injured in these woods, for Magruder to increase the apparent size of his force had camped his regiments in every "clearing" to be found, leading the Federals to suppose the whole country was one vast encampment; whereas there was but a handful compared with themselves.

McClellan came to Yorktown with three army corps, numbering 90,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry and 340 pieces of artillery including 100 siege guns. Magruder had less than 11,000; and with this small force had to hold five miles of works, besides manning the fortifications at Yorktown. The Confederate lines ran across the Peninsula from Yorktown on the York, following the line of Warwick river, a sluggish stream, or succession of swamps with three or four open ponds called "dams," and numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 to the bank of James river at Mulberry Island.

This line was defended by a low earthern parapet, or breast work with an occasional redoubt, except immediately around Yorktown, where were works of a more formidable character, with heavy guns mounted to command York river.

The historic old town, which had the good fortune to witness the last important scene in the military operations of the first Revolution, is a mere village; it never having recovered from the disastrous conflagration in 1812.

Prior to the appearance of the Confederate garrison, the Yankee gunboats frequently raided upon it, causing the better class of inhabitants to seek homes elsewhere; consequently the place had a forlorn and deserted look that even the presence of the troops failed to relieve. To me, however, the old town and its vicinity had a profound interest because of the many historic and time-honored associations pertaining thereto.

There was the famous "Swann Tavern" 130 years old, the "Green" or Common on which the British surrendered, and O'Hara handed the sword to Lafayette,[1] the "Cave" in which Cornwallis, according to local tradition was wont to take refuge from "the heat and burthen of the day;" also his Lordship's "Headquarters;" the old Governor Nelson "Mansion" with walls still marked by cannon balls; and lastly, the room in which the articles of capitulation were drawn! Indeed the whole Peninsula is replete with historical interest. And now it was to gather a fresh harvest of fame from more modern events.

Only a dozen miles below our camp was Big, and Little Bethel where in June '61, Beast Ben Butler learned his first lesson in the art of getting whipped.

Twenty or more miles below, off the little hamlet of Newport News, only a month ago the ironclad, nautical turtle Virginia, (*née* Merrimac) destroyed the Yankee frigates and revolutionized the naval architecture of the world. We found the Yankee lines only 900 yards dis-

[1] General O'Hara surrendered his sword by direction of General Washington to General Benjamin Lincoln.

tant from our own, in many places, and their heavy siege guns showered shells of enormous magnitude within all parts of our lines. Some of these missiles looked as large as flour barrels as they came hurtling down amongst us; and the explosion tore up great holes in the soft earth sufficiently large to bury a horse and cart.

But in making these elaborate preparations to carry our lines, McClellan was throwing away the finest chance he would ever have for capturing Richmond. Had he boldly fallen upon Magruder when first he arrived, or within ten days thereafter, he could have broken our attenuated lines in a dozen places, and then throwing a brigade or two, by means of transports up York river in our rear, could have captured the last man of us, leaving not so much as a courier to carry the news of the calamity.

His want of promptness saved Richmond. By undertaking regular siege approaches, he allowed Pickett with 6,000 reinforcements to reach Magruder. Even then it was not too late to sweep all before him by a *coup de main,* but McClellan was never one of the sweeping sort. Of course, he could not know all that we knew of our weaknesses; or his opportunities. And in his defense it is urged that the humanity of his feelings forbade the sacrifice of so many men as must have fallen in any attempt to break Magruder's lines. However, it is likely a few thousand lives then, would have saved ten times the number thirty days later.

At any rate, the opportunity was lost, as now Johnston's army was arriving by every route, and arrangements to delay his advance were being made elsewhere.

About this time I was seeing rather more of the historic soil of the Peninsula. Not only were the huge mortar bombs of the enemy constantly "kicking up a dust" in the camp, day and night, but I also was detailed to assist in throwing up redoubts at a certain point. These were constructed of small canvas bags holding a couple of bushels, filled with sand and earth, and piled artistically into forts for the artillery. This work was very laborious, and being done in the dark was doubly haras-

sing. Besides it was a work of great danger, as the enemy, knowing we were at work, showered grape and canister, shot and shell until it seemed surprising that all of us were not slain. Indeed I think there is nothing so hard to bear as such a fire in the darkness; because the stillness of the night adds to the fierceness of the screeching missiles, while each shot seems to be coming straight at the listener, and he *doesn't know where to dodge!*

At length the fire became so hot that a man was posted to announce the flash of the hostile guns. "Lie down!" he would yell from the parapet, and down came every "man jack" of us until the shower of grape cluttered past; or buried themselves in the works. Then the filling of the sand bags would be resumed for a moment.

"It requires almost as much sand in one's gizzard, as in the bags," quoth I, after a peculiarly active eruption from the battery!

* * * * *[1]

Meanwhile Longstreet's, and D. H. Hill's divisions of General Johnston's army arrived at Yorktown, while the remainder of the Army took position on the line of a small stream called Chickahominy river, which the road to Yorktown crosses at "Long Bridge," 20 miles below Richmond.

The first quarter of the New Year (1862) certainly showed a bad state of affairs for the Confederates. The telegraph wires flashed but one kind of news—capture of Southern towns and military posts. Fishing Creek, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson; Capture of Nashville, Roanoke Island, New Bern, Washington, Beaufort, Fort Macon, Port Royal, Island No. 10, Battle of Shiloh, etc., etc., etc. soon to be followed by the fall of New Orleans and battle of Corinth. A succession of disasters, and exhaustive drawn battles that promised to use up the defensive resources of the South in short order.

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[1] The omitted portion deals with correspondence between Lincoln and McClellan and the delays of the latter.

The secret of this shower of accidents after the extraordinary successes of the previous half year betokened two important facts: First, that both sides had been very greatly mistaken as to the probable duration and magnitude of the war. Secondly, that the Northern government was the first to recognize this fact, and take measures accordingly. The Confederate government, after the victories of Big Bethel, Manassas, Leesburg, Carthage, etc., etc., etc., seemed to think the war would not exceed its present proportions, and might safely be left to the armies in the field.

I say this impression seemed to prevail during the winter of '62, when the *"Provisional Congress and Government"* were in existence.

Fortunately for the Confederacy a new Congress came in with the regular organization of the government, and President Davis having been inaugurated for a term of six years, at once turned his attention to evolving the full war-capacity of the South.

In fact a terrible crisis was upon the government. Not only were disasters "Following thick and following faster," but the hour was at hand when the entire military force of the South must crumble away, and "dissolve by degrees" if vigorous measures were not adopted to prevent it. The general belief that the war would last but 60 or 90 days—or six months at farthest, had led to the enlistment of all the volunteers for only a twelve month; and the terms of nearly *one hundred and fifty regiments expired in April and May!*

It was idle to expect these men to re-enlist without first going home to visit their families; and within a fortnight the Capital itself would be in the hands of the enemy from sheer lack of men to man the fortifications.

Plainly then, two things were imperatively necessary: To retain the troops already in the field, armed, organized and in front of the foe; and to bring out by arbitrary measures those able-bodied citizens, who had preferred to "snuff the battle from afar," while their

neighbors and brethren exposed their lives in their defense.

This was evidently the only course left for the government, and fortunately the new Congress was a more able and effective body than its Provisional predecessor.

* * * * *[1]

Among these members were several that had served in the United States Congress; several had been governors of their States or had held other positions of honor and trust that enabled them to comprehend public affairs, and diligently apply such remedies for the national needs as were possible at this stage of the war.

On the *16th of April* the firm hand was out-stretched to grasp the situation, by the passage of a general Conscription Act, placing the whole country on a war-footing, and requiring every able-bodied citizen—save certain specified exempts—between the ages of 18 and 35 to at once take arms in defense of his section; and of course, compelling those already in the field to remain there. Every male between the ages specified and not exempted for disability or any of the numerous civil offices—was placed at the disposal of the Government—"for three years, or the war"—if the war should outlast three years.

All men in service, *over* or *under,* the given ages were to be held 90 days after the term of their original enlistment expired. A piece of injustice, I think, as it was a poor recompense for their patriotism in volunteering at the beginning of the war, that now after a year of hard service they should be held for three months longer, while those of their age who had been enjoying the comforts of home all this time should be allowed to continue it. But iron-handed necessity demanded that any soldier who could possibly be kept in the field should be kept.

"Camps of Instruction" for conscripts were established in every State, and officers were commissioned as

[1] Here follows a long list of members of the two houses of the Confederate Congress.

enrollers, examiners, and instructors of conscripts. Other measures for military protection were adopted by Congress. One of which was a law requiring the destruction of cotton, tobacco, and naval stores in all cases where there was danger of their falling into the hands of the enemy.

The passage of the "Conscript Act" as it was called, though not unexpected, and understood to be necessary by the more intelligent soldiers, naturally created a profound sensation, throughout the army, especially the "Virginia Army," which was mainly composed of twelve month volunteers, whose terms of enlistment would nearly all expire in April and May.

The term of the eighth Virginia expired April 25th and the men had all the winter looked forward to that day as one on which they should be free to start home and see their people, who were now within the enemy's lines, though not occupied by his troops.

To find all their fond anticipations blasted and years of service before them, with very little prospect of one in a dozen of them ever seeing home again unless as a cripple, or diseased wreck of his former self, stirred, as may be imagined, a strong feeling and not a little indignation.

The following will serve as a sample of camp-fire grumbling in the Eighth Regiment, on the night of the 20th of April, when the news reached Yorktown:

"I think it is pretty d——d hard that we, who have fought, suffered and marched for a whole year; leaving our wives and children to shift for themselves away off yonder inside the Yankee lines, while we are here fighting to defend another part of the State, that we must be held for the Lord knows how many years to come, and be placed on the same footing as these cowardly conscripts who have been at home having a good time all this while, and we not even git to see the old woman for a day or two! D——d if I like it."

"Yes," quoth another, "Of course we mean to keep a fightin' till she wins, and we gain our independence; but

we was solemnly promised a discharge when our time was up, and I mind that Colonel Hunton swore he'd lead us home himself soon as our term expired. But that's all forgot *now*, and we is without even a thirty-days' furlough to go home and fix up things a little for the folks there in case we never do get to go back no more hereafter. I'll be derned if I ain't a mind to cut out after night."

Very naturally the veterans of a twelve-month were indignant that equal rights were granted to the "eleventh hour" men, or conscripts. Indeed the latter were more favored in one particular than the veterans; for they were allowed to select their commands, and branch of the service, whereas we who had "borne the burthen and heat of the day"—were obliged to remain in the same companies, regiments, etc., in which we were and could not have even the poor boon of choosing our associates for the rest of the war. For instance, I would have much preferred to change from the infantry service to cavalry or artillery where my sufferings from my tender feet would not have been so great; and where perhaps I might have found therein more agreeable comrades.

The wretched "sop" of allowing the conscribed "volunteers" to elect their own company officers was another mistake by Congress in framing the law. Few of the men considered it any special privilege and it was a source of discontent in more instances than it was a pleasure—"It was like saying to prisoners in jail, now if you are real good you will be allowed to elect one of your number to lock you up at night, etc." Besides, it created rivalries among the more ambitious young men; and the discomfiture of the defeated ones rendered their conscription all the more galling; making them ready to assist in keeping up bitter feeling.

But the worst effect of all was that of changing the experienced officers of each company for new men—simply popular favorites—often the very worst men in the company for the place, as a good diciplinarian is

never popular. In some instances, moreover, the companies actually sought to take revenge for their detention by electing the most ignorant and idiotic of their comrades to fill the offices; and perhaps in a few weeks the casualties of the great battles around Richmond might raise those incompetent fellows to the rank of captains, majors, and colonels.

Meanwhile, as the displaced officers were permitted to resign, the service was depleted to that extent, besides losing the benefit of their experience.

I am not sure, but it would have been better to allow the re-election of the "field-and-staff" officers; as in too many cases the original colonels and majors of regiments owed their commissions not so much to fitness as to political *status,* or the influence of "friends at Court." Even where they were elected, many had secured their position by causes quite disconnected with soldierly qualities or care for their men.

I, fully as much as my comrades, felt the indignity of being changed, after twelve months of faithful service from the venerable position of "Volunteers" cheerfully lending their lives and labors to their country, to the condition of worse than mere hirelings—almost—slaves,—conscripts! And had the war been an ordinary one between the Confederacy and Mexico, or some foreign power, I would not have submitted even if I had been compelled to fly for life!

But I could well understand that the conscript law was an imperative necessity; it must be enforced, or the whole country delivered up to the enemy, and not even the most unappeasable growler was ready to consent to the alternative.

And after all McClellan's army of a hundred thousand men at the doors of the Capitol, and Grant's army at Nashville, and Beast Butler threatening New Orleans, what possible plan for allowing even a week's furlough could have been hit upon?

Furthermore, I, for my own part, had enlisted "for the *war,*" from the moment when I laid down my books

and turned my steps southward, at Media Academy. Boy though I was, I had read the daily papers from the very incipiency of the last great political campaign—Lincoln's—and had a better idea perhaps than most Southern men of the difficulties to be overcome ere the war could be brought to a peaceful conclusion on any other basis than surrender to our enemies,—an event never to be so much as dreamed of!

The long expected morning of April 25th found the men of the Eighth Regiment nervous, excited, and worried. Some even cherished Micawbian hopes that "something would turn up" at the last minute to allow the realization of the long thought of "home trip."

But all hope was dissipated when at 10 A. M. General Pickett rode into camp; and the companies having formed, Colonel Hunton invited each in order to superintend the farce of electing company officers. There was but little interest in the proceeding and fully one-third of "Company H,"—my command,—declined to sanction the election by voting, as it would imply an acceptance of the conditions of the Conscript Act. I led this party, altho' I was myself solicited to become a candidate for one of the subordinate officers.

Those who voted, and therefore virtually decided the election did not discard our officers but merely changed their rank. First Lieutenant Festus Griffith of Baltimore, a lazy, careless, popular officer was made *Captain,* whereas Captain Albert E. Matthews of Georgetown, a tall, black-haired soldierly man and fine disciplinarian, though reserved, unsocial and ungenerous—consequently very unpopular—was *promoted* backward to be First Lieutenant, and was only retained at all through the colonel's influence.

Taken all in all, there never was a more remarkable spectacle in the military annals of the world, that this re-organization of a powerful army—changing it from a condition of volunteers to in-voluntary tenure of service, replacing the definite expectations of a speedy return home for the indefinite vicissitudes of a protracted

civil war—all under the very eyes of the enemy, whose lines were less than musket shot distant, whose missiles were filling the air, cutting down some of the very actors in the singular drama; and with the certain prospect of a battle within a fortnight, perhaps within a few hours! What other troops of any army would have quietly submitted under such circumstances, when the least wavering of their attitude would have enabled them to dictate terms, or secure their own terms from the enemy? In thinking it over I wonder if it was *patriotism* or mere docility of habitual obedience, that caused hundreds of thousands of private soldiers all over the Confederacy to quietly acquiesce in the sweeping, harsh, and practically oppressive (if not intentionally so) conscribing laws!

Doubtless it was a combination of both influences. Some men, like myself, recognizing the indispensability of the measure, and being determined to fight it out at any rate, accepted the conditions as a lesser evil than Yankee rule. But there was also a class of poor ignorant people, taught by hereditary habit to regard the wealthier and more cultivated land owners as their natural and political leaders; hence when these "feudal proprietors" became generals, colonels, and officers of all ranks their influence was sufficient to secure acquiescence—though accompanied by considerable grumbling—in almost any measure.

While awaiting McClellan's onslaught, we were successively rejoiced and saddened by fact following reports from the great battle near Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River.[1]

* * * * *[1]

The battle of Shiloh was another of those half-won victories of the South, where after fighting magnificently for one day, our armies became too broken down to follow up the success. Almost uniformly, if the foe was

[1] The account of the battle of Shiloh is omitted.

not routed the first day, he escaped. What would have been the result if our men could have gone into these battles well fed, well equipped, and with anything like equal numbers to those opposing them? Bah! the experiment never could be made! It is never safe to say you have smashed a flea until you lift up your hand and see his remains thereunder! McClellan having gotten his siege trains ready, and dug his parallels close to our works, would have wagered his military chapeau that he had Magruder just where he wanted him.

And by way of foretaste of the joys to come, he just pitched a few dozen of cast iron flour-barrels, or mortar-shells into our lines; generously scattering them so that everybody should have a taste. I had a very large *dis*-taste for such proceedings but had to "grin and bear it." Our big guns at Yorktown now "got wind," and dropped hot shot and things into McClellan's lines by way of retaliation; and to make believe "Who's afraid anyhow?"

And now the time was come "to get up and get" away from in front of the enemy. All day on May 3rd, Magruder was making preparations to withdraw at night; and by 9 P. M., the troops were on the march—"silently folding their tents, and stealing away."

Next morning the Yankee pickets in front of Yorktown were astounded to see vast columns—not of men, but of smoke—rolling up inside of the Southern works; accompanied by the sound of heavy explosions and the bursting of siege guns, torpedoes, and shells!

Or course there was no mistaking these indications; at nine o'clock on the morning of the 4th, McClellan sent the following dispatch—*false in sense and inference,* if not in actual words:—"*We have the ramparts!* Have guns ammunition, camp equipage, etc;" (He forgot to state "we *have* these things *after* the Southerners got ready to abandon them, and did so.") "We hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong; I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit; supported by infantry. I

move Franklin's division, and as much more as I can *transport by water up to West Point today.* No time shall be lost. The gunboats have gone up York River. I omitted to say that Gloucester is also in our possession" (abandoned would have been a better word) "I shall push the enemy to the wall!

Indeed! Sir Napoleon?—Push him to the wall, Eh? We shall see! It is *easy to follow* a retreating lion, but if you should step on his tail there is apt to be trouble; and an appeal *lex talionis.*

It will be noticed that McClellan's dispatch—which of course was meant for widespread circulation at the North—*implies* the idea that he had captured Yorktown, and was in hot pursuit of a flying and beaten foe! Whereas, in truth the evacuation was a source of no little chagrin to him for after wasting 30 days in digging parallels and erecting siege mortars—suddenly the enemy disappear; and all his preparations go for naught. While the Southerners have gained time to fortify Richmond.

However he sent Stoneman with more than 5,000 cavalry, supported by Hooker's, Sumner's, Heintzelman's and Smith's infantry corps to *"push Magruder to the wall!"*

To General Longstreet had been assigned the covering of the rear of our retreating army. Slowly plodding all day on the 4th, the rearguard bivouacked on the roadside about a mile west of the old capital—Williamsburg—another scene of historical events.

A severe rainstorm had set in, and the soft earthen roads were speedily cut up into a most uncomfortable condition for travelling. This obstacle, however, was even more annoying to our pursuers who got the benefit of the ruts, holes and muck created by the numerous wagons, gun carriages, etc., of the retreating army.

The Federals were not well acquainted with the country, hence were obliged to follow directly in the track of the Confederates; their cavalry, infantry and artillery jolting along together in great confusion.

On the morning of the 5th I awoke at dawn; being uncomfortable in the steady rain, with a rivulet running down the hillside upon my blanket; and wondered if it were not about time the enemy was making an appearance, as it was only fourteen miles to the trenches. Indeed I cannot understand why the pursuers should not have come up before sunset on the fourth as the Confederates moved very leisurely.

It is still a question with me whether McClellan or Johnston *most* desired the collision to be had at Williamsburg. Certainly either could have prevented it.

I suppose Johnston found that the bad weather would interfere with his passing his long wagon trains over the single bridge on the Chickahominy without a fight; and he saw that the best position for it was within the fortifications of Williamsburg; and moreover every hour gained by delaying the foe strengthened the lines around Richmond, and brought reinforcements to his army. In this respect the conscript law was undoubtedly having good effect, and was indeed a military necessity, tho' hard as such necessities always are.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH

Battle of Williamsburg—Again Under Fire—Fresh Troops to the Front—Battlefield Storm—Waiting for Marching Orders—Leaving the Field—A Narrow Escape—Another View of the Old College—A Shocking Accident—Making Tracks on to Richmond—A Singular Scare and "Skedaddler" Rains Make McClellan Draw Rein in a Novel Manner—Apprehension in Richmond.

The works spoken of as fortifying Williamsburg were merely a line of low breastworks following the line of the ridges fronting upon Green's and College creeks—mere rivulets half a mile from town; though on a commanding eminence directly upon the Yorktown road, and covering all approaches from that direction was a more pretentious earthen redoubt called "Fort Magruder"—with a deep ditch and extensive *abatis*. At various points also, in the entrenchments were epaulements for field batteries.

Advanced rifle pits were dug, and all the forest timber for a mile around town was felled in such a manner as not only to afford clear range for our guns but give great annoyance to the advance of Federal infantry in case of an assault. McClellan's advance corps could approach the town in comparative safety until forced to *debouch* from the dense wilderness into the cleared area under the guns of Fort Magruder.

The roar of these guns gave the first intimation to us that the enemy had at length arrived. Since early dawn the brigade had been standing in line of battle in the drenching rain, but even General Pickett himself seemed unconscious of the cause of this unusual delay. Now, however, none could doubt we were awaiting the approach of McClellan's advance; which in fact was only two miles distant.

General Stoneman had ventured into the open ground in front of town, but was soon sent scampering by a round

of compliments from Fort Magruder. By 7 A. M., Sumner, commanding the Yankee advance,[1] had placed Hooker's, Heintzelman's, Smith's, and Keyes' divisions in position to attack the works; though occupied at the time by only our cavalry and a battery of artillery. Hooker was thrown forward to open the ball; but he was too slow, and his success (!) is thus described in McClellan's "Life":—"The enemy, being reinforced, attacked in his turn. Hooker lost *seriously* in men, *five of his guns were* taken, and between 3 and 4 P. M., when his ammunition was giving out,—*and his men with it*—Kearney came up, after pushing through the deep mud, and dense forest, and *thus saved Hooker"!*

General Pickett having marched into Williamsburg, halted in the campus of William and Mary College to await the call to engage in the deadly strife now progressing. To escape the heavy rain I joined a number of the officers on the second floor of the college; the oldest, and formerly the most eminent seat of learning in the South.

In front of the main edifice stands a life-size statue of old Governor Norborne Berkeley, the last of the Royalist governors of Virginia, if I mistake not.

It was somewhat of a coincidence that as I stood examining the weatherbeaten marble, I was joined by the Lieutenant-Colonel, the Major, a Captain, and a Lieutenant, all four of whom were brothers, and Berkeleys; and the eldest named *Norborne*: though they were from a different portion of the State, and only remotely descended from the old stock.

The college was not in session, and the empty halls, corridors, and lecture rooms had a deserted, depressing look notwithstanding the crowds of soldiers roaming through them. It was saddening to see how the war, ruthless war, had interrupted every gentler business and pursuit. "*Inter arma silent literae*" was here plainly demonstrated.

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[1] Sumner's command consisted of Hooker's, Smith's, Kearney's, Heintzelman's, Keyes's and a part of Couch's divisions.

No time for books and ancient classics amid such terrible exemplifications of modern realities. The youths who but a few months before had been poring over the historical achievements of classical warriors were now "making history" themselves, and far excelling both the deeds and the endurance of the heroes of their class books.

These reflections, however, were instantly banished by the rapid rolling of the drums, indicating a hasty movement either forward or back. It proved to be forward; and it now became evident that a serious engagement was about to occur.

Looking down the cross streets of the straggling old town, I saw regiment after regiment hastening forward to the entrenchments. Battery after battery rattled down the middle of the streets, while the long lines of grey-clad infantry occupied the sidewalks. Groups of citizens give way to the musket-bearers, and view them with anxious face. Couriers and orderlies dash in and out among the long trains of ambulances and ammunition wagons, guiding them to various points.

Staff officers gallop by regardless of the mud they splash on everybody else. In front is the constant *pounding* of big guns; and here and there a puff of smoke among the tree-tops denotes the bursting of a Federal shell. We may be sure the old Virginia capital has seen nothing like this before during all the hundred years since Washington and Lafayette, and Rochambeau came clattering down after Lord Cornwallis and his red-coated Hessians.

And now come squads of Blue coats—prisoners—at sight of whom our men cheer as enthusiastically as if they had never heard of a conscript law. But here are some wounded men, with bloody garments and bandaged heads and arms. So the work has evidently grown warm.

Slowly the column creeps forward: so slowly that I grow impatient preferring to be engaged to standing on

the roadside witnessing the battle; and horrified by the sight of the wounded coming out of the fray.

Hooker's regiments can be seen deploying to right and left of the openings in the distant woods, extending their lines. Longstreet now realizes that if he waits for an attack he will have to contend with overwhelming numbers, and therefore resolves to attack on his own account.

About this time the Eighth Regiment arrives on the outskirts of the town near Fort Magruder. General J. E. B. Stuart with a large staff gallops around in near of the fort, and draws rein at the head of one column. He draws something else also—a shower of shells! Aiming at the cavalade, the Yankee artillerists ply shot and shell with uncomfortable rapidity. Several of the infantry are struck.

I was horrified at seeing a man running, struck by a shell and his head *blown square off at the neck, and tumbling before the corpse as it staggers and falls!* For an instant I imagined it was the man's hat blown off, and its owner running and stooping to catch it! But the need for a hat or anything else save a little covering of earth, has passed forever with the poor fellow. Stuart now moves off—but not so soon as he might have done with propriety considering that he was drawing the enemy's fire upon the dense masses of infantry.

Fresh troops coming up against us made it necessary that we should extend our lines. Pickett moves forward, directing his course across the cleared land towards the woods on our right; in accomplishing which we pass in rear of another brigade which is suddenly assaulted, and as the enemy fire too high the majority of the volley rattles through our own ranks causing some scattering from the surprise of the thing.

But the damage is slight and on we go; meeting a steady stream of wounded men coming out of the woods. Grim, bloody, powder-stained fellows, they appear to have undergone some strange transformation that has changed the *bon homme,* good natured joviality of the

campfire and bivouac, into a tigerish ferocity visible at a glance.

Some run rapidly towards the rear, with countenances distorted with pain, while from a ghastly wound spurts the crimson current; others holding a hand upon the wounded spot walk coolly as if disdaining the bullets hissing after them. Others lean upon the shoulder of a comrade dragging step after step with weakening powers. Here a man slightly wounded, curses his luck; and there another man curses the Yankees, holding up a dangling arm, and crying:—*"Give 'em hell for that, boys, an' charge it to me!"* As the line passed on I heard his shrill excited voice enjoining upon each successive regiment of the brigade. *"Give 'em hell for that!"*

Many of the wounded cried out as they passed us:—*"Hurry in, boys, you're needed! But we'll thrash the breeches off'n them yet!"* "What a thing is man!" quoth I reflectively!

Pickett placed his brigade on the extreme right of our lines, and at once advanced thro' the undergrowth of dwarfed pines, which were so thick that the Eighth Regiment on ascending a rather steep bluff found itself within a few feet of a Yankee regiment. The Yankees were just filling their knapsacks, and being surprised took to their heels at our first volley.

In twenty minutes the fight was renewed, and just at this juncture I and some dozen or more of my company were caught in a critical situation. Roger A. Pryor's brigade had been sent to still further extend our lines, towards the right, and in the dense timber, the 14th Louisiana coming up from the ravine in rear of the 8th Regiment considerably overlapped our regiment; so that I and my companions who were somewhat in advance of the majority of our comrades, found ourselves *between two fires!* Both friends and foes were pouring terrific volleys into and around the spot we occupied! For a second I thought I was lost; but promptly tumbled into a ditch midway between the con-

testants. Presently the gallant Louisianians came forword and occupied the ditch as an entrenchment, and from it gave the Yankees a volcano-like fire that checked all "foolishness over there."

Apropos this incident, it was quite a coincidence that this ditch or trench, proves to have been one of the Revolutionary entrenchments, being thrown up around a camp of the Patriot Army when the Americans and French were closing in upon Cornwallis.

Shortly after this occurrence a North Carolina Regiment came up the ravine in our rear, marching by the "right flank" or four men abreast, and passing thro' the lines of the 8th Regiment, despite the warning that the foe was just in front, advanced into the undergrowth. "Better not go out there." cried numbers of our men: to whom the North Carolinians replied.—"Oh you-uns kin stay behind ef you want to; we're able to tote this scrimmage." etc., etc., with other half taunts.

It would have been better for them if they had shown less foolhardiness, as almost as soon as the last of the regiment disappeared in the dense brush, a fearful volley burst forth, and all the then leading companies were captured outright while the remainder of the command came running back sorely confused and cut up. They had marched squarely into a nest of hornets—doubtless a full brigade of Federals lying in wait, and of course in the existing formation of the regiment it could offer but little resistance to the assault. The number of this regiment has escaped my memory, but not the careless gallantry of the men.

About 4 P. M., the inevitable battlefield storm began to descend; and as we were ordered to lie down in order to discover the enemy more quickly under the scrubby spruce trees, and also to escape stray bullets, we caught the full force of the shower and were soon wet to the skin.

It was thought best not to advance our right wing any further as the line of battle now extended over four miles of territory, rendering it all the more difficult and ar-

duous to assembly the troops for continuing the retreat when night came. So Pickett rested on his arms; doing little fighting after the final repulse of the enemy about 3 P. M. Not so in others parts of the field. As night approached, the roar of artillery and crash of musketry, extending along the whole front of our left and centre, was appalling. Yet high above the uproar of weapons arose the wild cries of the contestants ringing through the woods for miles.

How joyously did I recognize repeatedly the prolonged ringing yell of the Confederates, easily distinguished from the short "Huzza! huzza!" of the Yankees, betokening successes! Indeed it continued to advance and grow plainer while the shouts of the enemy became weaker and more distant.

By sunset the musketry slackened, and at length ceased altogether. Clearly it was to be a drawn battle. We had whipped in all the fighting of the day, but could not hope to hold back the immense hordes that would come up by the morning. And Johnston had no desire to make a stand at a point where both his flanks would be assailed by fleets of gunboats—the *bete noir* of Southern armies.

Besides, Franklin's division had already secured a lodgement at West Point, ten miles in rear of Williamsburg; and should McClellan have the skill to hold us well in hand, while throwing a powerful army in our rear, the result might be another termination of a war by a capture of a whole army in the Peninsula.

So tho' we had captured eight pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, and inflicted serious loss,—fully 5,000 men—upon the enemy, we must retire at night. It was not much credit to McClellan's ingenuity as a commander that he didn't see this inevitable conclusion and push us so closely that we could not escape without another day's fighting, which would have been pretty apt to terminate disastrously for us under existing conditions. The waiting for the "marching order," was one of the strangest, saddest episodes of the war to

me. As twilight settled down upon the battlefield, the men gathered in little groups and discussed the incidents of the day. Having fought within a dense woods, they had no means of knowing generally how the battle had gone; though there could be no doubt we were holding our own; else Pickett would be withdrawn.

Yet despite the satisfaction of this consciousness the occasion was inexpressibly sombre and depressing. The twilight deepened into a solemn darkness, with nothing audible save the ceaseless patter of the rain, the moaning of the wounded in the thickets, the voices of the litter bearers hunting for comrades that had been left amid the heat of battle, the crackling of the underbrush as an officer came in from the out pickets—or the far-off cry of some poor wretch beseeching "water, water, water!"—

How long the hours seemed after the excitement of the day! How strangely still and solemn seemed the vast forest after all the uproar and clamor of an hour before. And so we waited,—waited,—waited;—a long grey-clad line of men leaning on our muskets, waiting to begin a dismal, fatiguing night march!

It came at length;—the whispered order to slowly, silently, withdraw from the field. No one must speak—, no canteen be allowed to rattle, no sound be made: but stealthily file to the rear like Indian warriors approaching an enemy's camp.

Every one was glad to get in motion, glad to stir his blood, and shake the dripping rain from his clothes; and yet it wasn't a pleasant thought—this turning of backs to the foe for the first time in the history of the army of Virginia. Then, too, the idea of commencing at 10 P. M., an all night march over roads literally knee-deep in soft mud and slush—and with artillery, wagons, ambulances and footmen all jumbled together in the narrow roads—was almost appalling!

The clay and sand of the roads was now worked into a liquid mortar, which overspread their entire surface, hiding the deep holes cut by heavy gun wheels, until man

or beast discovered them by stumbling therein. The darkness was intense, rendering it guess work as to where one's foot would land when outstretched. Especially was this the case in the shadow of the woods. Sometimes I caught myself stumbling over a dead horse, and sometimes upon a half living man.

"Oh don't step on me!" came imploringly from a bundle of rags, as unwittingly my foot struck against it. "Who are you?" I asked stooping to peer in the darkness. *"I'm from the 9th New Jersey; and I'm bleeding to death. For God sake take off my canteen and give me a drink."* I hunted about among the man's clothes, getting my hands all daubed with blood, and finally borrowed some water from a passing soldier to give the poor wretch, and then hastened on after my command. This simple act of humanity came near costing me dearly. The regiment had gotten some distance ahead, and as the column of troops plodded on in the very middle of the road, I ran as fast as I could alongside of the road to catch up with my comrades.

The night at this time was *"pitch black,"* and seeing the light of a large camp-fire ahead, I shaped my course towards it as I ran. Suddenly a voice shouted loudly. *"Halt! Stop! Halt! Hell fire! Man you'll be drowned in that ditch!"* Sure enough I was within a single step of plunging headlong into the broad ditch or moat, surrounding the large fort on the side of the road; it being 15 feet deep, 25 feet broad and nearly full of water!

Undoubtedly had I not been halted on the very instant, I should have gone down heels over head; and heavily encumbered with accountrements and blankets as I was I might have found difficulty in saving my life. Certainly I was most thoroughly frightened by the risk, for I have a constitutional horror of water, and carefully feeling my way back into the highroad, I resolved to keep with the main column if I never should regain my company. In fact this delay and loss of ground led to other occurrences. Arriving in Williamsburg, I found the streets full of soldiers as in the morning, but now

there were no signs of inhabitants, no lights in the houses and everything as quiet and desolate as a country village at midnight. "Strange people," thought I, "for altho' a terrible battle has been raging round town all day, and the horrors of war brought fiercely to their doorsills, they quietly go to bed, with the chickens ere sunset, and sleep the sleep of the just." Perhaps tho', the citizens were not asleep but had extinguished their lights as the best way to escape annoyance from stragglers, and men seeking places to leave wounded friends. At the College, however, there were lights flashing at nearly every window, and as the rain was still falling, I determined to seek shelter in the building until day break, when the dangers of the march would be lessened, and I would be refreshed by a couple of hours of sleep.

Alas! the venerable edifice already had its full complement of occupants. Little had I expected to witness such a sight within those walls as now greeted my eyes on every floor.

Wounded, dying and dead—here, there, everywhere—halls, recitation rooms, dormitories—all were crowded with bloody bodies! Here a ghastly face lay dead, and by its side a wounded comrade writhing, and moaning. In one of the larger rooms two or three surgeons were busy at low tables, sawing off, or binding up limbs of poor fellows who lay upon the tables in such a way that the ghastly hue of their distorted faces showed all the more horribly from the flickering glare of the tallow candle at each corner.

I shuddered as I thought of these devoted surgeons spending the whole night, hacking, sawing, probing, tying up arteries, bandaging, setting fractures, etc., while all the time the smell of human blood arose in their nostrils, and the heart-rending cries of the wounded and dying ever in their ears.

And what a strange metamorphosis was this of the peaceful abode of science and learning into a veritable chamber of horrors, where every turn of the eye revealed some shocking spectacle of human misery, or human de-

struction! As I ascended the stairway my foot struck some object, and a man passing at that moment with a light from one of the rooms showed me a pile of legs and arms that had been amputated and thrown on the landing of the stairway, that being the only place unoccupied by the wounded.

Near the doorway were several corpses. I could stand the spectacle but a very few minutes; and again hurried out into the storm, preferring any exposure to the sound and sight of human suffering.

At the campus gate I met Colonel Berkeley, who like myself had halted for some purpose, and now, could not find the regiment. The whole army was retiring by one road, and as the wagons, ambulances and artillery were mingled with the troops, all plodding on together, it was extremely difficult to find one's command in the darkness. But the colonel, being well mounted could easily reach the front; while I would have to *run* for hours and run all kinds of risks into the bargain before I could come up with it. I had had enough of running along the roadside, so I at once resolved to spend the night at one of the camp fires near town.

Fortunately I found in a small apple orchard near the road several large fires, and what was better, a large pile of blankets that had been thrown off by some regiment going into the fight, or perhaps out of some wagon to make room for wounded officers.

At all events, there they were; and I calmly spread a couple of dozen of them down on a dry spot where a fire had been smothered by the rain: and was soon stretched thereon, enjoying intensely the much needed rest and warmth.

On the road, about forty feet distant from me, still trudged the long column of weary troops, wading in the reddish *lather* into which the road had been converted by the churning of ten thousand feet, and, as they tramped! tramped! tramped! gave one the idea of a large drove of cattle passing. No pen can describe their discomforts.

Wagons were overturned, or broken down, blocking the way; men lost their shoes in the mud; heavy field artillery lurched into holes and had to be pried out; and countless other annoyances occurred. I will give a single instance:

The fences on both sides of the road had been removed to increase the facility for bringing the troops and trains out of town; and in many places the posts of plank fences were pulled up to make fires, leaving deep post-holes unfilled. While I lay back on my comfortable couch with a heavy blanket sheltering my head from the rain, I saw a courier coming from the college-campus, galloping alongside of the troops regardless of the darkness. But when nearly opposite to me an officer grasped his bridle rein, and with an oath, shouted out angrily—"*You shall not ride over my men!*" The courier turned out of the road, and putting spurs started to gallop round the troublesome brigade. Suddenly the poor horse put his foot into one of the fire-lined post holes, and as of course the whole weight of his body descended upon the entrapped leg it snapped like a pipe stem, and with a terrible groan the poor animal lurched against the earth, while the luckless rider was thrown headlong forward into the field. Happily he fell into a puddle of water whose yielding soil, prevented a broken neck, or fractured limb. Tho' himself uninjured, the poor fellow was much cut up at the loss of his horse, and could hardly be persuaded to take the musket which I offered him, and put the groaning beast out of its misery. At length he shouldered his saddle and trudged off manfully through the darkness. "I'm glad I've no despatches to carry in that fashion," thought I, as I again cuddled under my blankets.

The noise of the passing army was still sounding in my ears when sleep at length visited my weary frame; for I was weary enough to have slept in line of battle.

Who can depict the discomfort of that night as the gallant victors of the day staggered, plunged, fell, and waded along the horrible country-roads? Scarcely a man

of them all, but would gladly have "fought another day" than spend the night in "running away."—This was often the case with me, who suffered so much from marching and any kind of night work, that I would almost rather go into a battle than on a march.

Of course all our more seriously wounded men were left on the field, or in the hospitals established at Williamsburg.

McClellan admits a loss of 456 killed, 1,400 wounded and 373 missing. But one of his corps' commanders puts his own loss at nearly these figures; and another Federal general in accounting for the depletion of McClellan's army estimates a loss at Williamsburg of 5,000. Doubtless he was nearer the true figures than the young Napoleon, who knowing that his head was in danger from the Abolition axe in Washington, took care not to put his losses at large numbers for obvious reasons.

The sun was beginning to peep above the vast forest that formed the eastern horizon, when I awoke, and glanced round the college campus expecting to see it filled with Yankee troopers. Near me lay the courier's dead steed, and a few fires were still burning, but every other sign of the army was gone. I knew there was not a moment to be lost therefore, and the first mile was scampered over almost as fast as would have been done by Stuart's cavalry; a couple of squadrons of which, under the direct command of the gallant cavalier himself, I caught up with about three quarters of a mile from Williamsburg, convoying a piece of artillery that had stuck in a mud hole the previous night. It is understood that we brought off eight or nine guns captured from Hooker's corps. I soon recovered the ground I had lost while sleeping as the brigade had made only half a dozen or so miles, notwithstanding the all night march. It is this slow movement on crowded roads that so wearies the troops as they are always on their feet, always waiting, starting, stopping, as some wagon is "stalled," or hangs in a ditch or cannon breaks down, waiting, start-

ing, stopping, for all sorts of reasons until they are tired out before the march is really half made.

And now began a new trial, hunger! Pickett's men ate their last meal on the morning of the fight, and I, who could not carry a haversack full of provisions in addition to extra rounds of cartridges, had nothing to eat the whole day of the battle, and now was *painfully hungry!* A dry cracker would have seemed a luxury. I witnessed an offer of *five dollars in cash* for part of a biscuit—not more than three good sized mouthfuls of bread, very dirty into the bargain—yet the offer was squarely refused, and the possessor made his breakfast at $1.50 per bite!

I saw dozens of faint looking soldiers picking up ears of corn from the soft mud where they had jolted out of some wagon, and eagerly eating the coarser grains! On the roadside weak, cadaverous fellows could be seen licking the dirty crumbs and grease at the bottom of their well-worn "warbags."

In short, the sufferings of a considerable portion of the army were beyond telling; for naturally the hardships of the march and excitement of the battlefield required a plenty of nourishing food, whereas many of us were literally "half famished."

To add to the grievousness of the thing, we knew there wasn't the least necessity for the starvation. Some of the corps and brigades were well supplied with rations and I recalled with indignation the waste of commissary stores at Lebanon Church, (Headquarters of Magruder's army at Yorktown) where the troops had actually marched within a short distance of great piles of bacon, flour, etc., that would have been worth its weight in gold a couple of days later! Why were not these stores distributed to the men the day of the evacuation so that they might have started that night with stuffed haversacks and well filled stomachs? Or why were they not sent forward a day's journey towards Richmond and held in readiness for the troops to be issued as they retreated, the evacuation having been long foreseen by the author-

ities? But no, there must be half-rations in camp and no-rations on the march, while abundant supplies are burned before the eyes of the army as it files out on its long trip!

But this was only the old story of administrative reckless management. When Manassas was evacuated there were hundreds upon hundreds of private boxes sent from their homes to the perchance sick and suffering soldiers; but never delivered, after coming thousands of miles—all to be burned at last, while thousands of poor fellows would have almost given a foot or a hand to have the comfort of their contents! Then followed the wanton destruction of *millions* of pounds of fresh and salted meats at the government packeries near Warrenton.

Surely the purpose of Johnston to evacuate Manassas was known in time to ship these vast stores elsewhere! But such inefficiency and waste of precious materials is astounding! Just the same old story comes from Nashville where millions of dollars' worth of Government quarter master and commissary stores were destroyed, carried off by the rabble, or *left* to *feed, clothe* and *arm* the victorious Yankees. All correspondents agree that had the least care and forethought been manifested by the proper authorities *all* of this might have been saved! "Quarter Masters deserted their posts and Colonel Forest's cavalry had to sabre some of the mob before they could be driven off from their pillaging—" says the telegram. But why was this? Why were not these invaluable stores removed during the long sieges of Fort McHenry and Fort Donelson, before Nashville was threatened directly?

Why?—Because this would have necessitated some small degree of forethought and precaution and these are qualities not held of much importance by Confederate officers. McClellan in one of his dispatches mentions his having sent Franklin's corps and other regiments—as many as could be loaded on the transports then in York river—to ascend the river as far as to West Point, and

land in rear of Magruder's retreating army. At the same time he sent a fleet of gunboats up the James. The Peninsula for some distance above Williamsburg is less than a dozen miles broad, and the shells from the gunboats, especially, fell very near the road upon which the army was retiring.

On the day the battle of Williamsburg was in progress, Franklin appeared off West Point; and next day landed his division at the Barhamsville landing. He did not evince much anxiety to leave the vicinity of his gunboats; but on the morning of the 7th made a farther advance which was met by Whiting's division (two brigades) and speedily driven back to the shelter of his flotilla.

The noise of this engagement and the dropping of a few shells in the vicinity of the wagon trains, created a temporary panic among the stragglers accompanying the trains. I had just come up with them when I noticed a general whipping up of horses, and shouting of drivers —betokening hasty flight. Inquiry developed the fact that *somebody* said he heard the Yankees were *somewhere,* and there was no telling but *something* might happen in very short order! and on the strength of this possibility the trains were hurried on in fine style.

On the 9th of May, the last detachment of the rear-guard crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, 20 miles below Richmond—leaving nothing worth picking up! McClellan's advance followed some distance from Williamsburg; but was suddenly checked in a novel manner. General Gabriel Rains of South Carolina, formerly well known throughout the country for gallantry in the regular Army, and during the Mexican war, (he being a graduate of West Point) had been devoting much time to experiments in field and water torpedoes. By the earnestness of his representations he procured the establishment of a torpedo-bureau in connection with the War Department, and of course was appointed to conduct its operations. He planted most of the torpedoes in Charleston and Mobile harbors, in James and other rivers, and experimented largely.

Indeed, he may be considered the founder of the torpedo system of this age, and many of his suggestions have been adopted, (without credit of course) by the Federals.

General Rains constructed two or three primitive torpedoes out of old oyster cans etc.,—and planted them in the mud at a point in the road where there was but one single passage, and it narrowed somewhat by a broken down baggage wagon. Many of our soldiers jeered at the idea of anything important coming from such a source. But the sudden blowing up of a whole platoon of cavalry, with the wounding and unhorsing of a score of others created a decided sensation; and General Rains has often assured me that this simple torpedo caused General McClellan to turn aside from following Magruder to Long Bridge, and make a wide detour to Bottom Bridge, where he must emerge in the swamps of the Chickahominy—the very place of all places most desired for his occupancy by those who wished his army to dwindle away with chills and fever, miasma and death from a hundred fruitful causes. So General Rains shows a diagram of his torpedoes, one of which is labelled—"*Saved Richmond!*"[1]

* * * * *[1]

The troops speedily recovered from the hardships of the retreat, and after a few hours rest were even more cheerful than previous to the late battle, as every man regarded it as a complete victory for us; and these stirring events lessened the talk about conscription, and kindred subjects. Indeed the army seemed in excellent spirts.

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[1]General Longstreet in *From Manassas to Appomattox*, P, 79, says that these so-called torpedoes were federal shells with sensitive fuse primers which General Rains found in Williamsburg. There is no indication of such results as here suggested. In fact General Longstreet says, "He afterwards heard that some of them were trampled upon by the federal cavalry and exploded." General Rains in an article in *The Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. III, on the use of torpedoes in the Confederate army and navy does not allude to the incident.

Not so the civilians, and civil officials at Richmond. The intelligence that Johnston had evacuated Yorktown, fought a battle, and fallen behind the Chickahominy, only 20 miles below, and with McClellan's half a million "veterans" rattling after him, produced an extraordinary degree of excitement, which can only be accounted for on the ground of the absolute confidence in our cause, the leaving everything to the army, and that feeling of security amounting to apathy, that I commented upon in passing thro' the city on our way to Yorktown.

The people seemed to think the army would beat back the enemy "by hook or by crook," and when the news came that the contestants were almost in sight of the town, their consternation outran reason! Many of the government officials sent off their families and every train carried scores of fugitives, and no end of personal property. There was even some talk of removing the Confederate archives, iron works, etc.

Fortunately, the defence of the city was entrusted to cooler heads. And the people rallied quickly from their panic. Virginia's legislature, being in session, adopted a joint resolution, calling upon President Davis to defend the city until the last extremity, and assuring him that any sacrifice of private property for public defence would be cheerfully submitted to.

The President replied that every effort should be made to defend the Capital, tho' should it be taken the war could still be successfully maintained in Virginia for 20 years. Governor Letcher and Mayor Mayo also exhorted the public to prepare to defend their homes and firesides. The press, and in some cases the pulpit, rang with appeals to the country to come to the rescue, and resist to the death!

Nobly and promptly came the responses; and while the whole North was ringing with plaudits of "Little Mac" and the "Grandest Army on the planet," there were developments in progress that were to speedily lift both of them "out of their big boots."

McClellan seems to have understood his own case, and how little he was entitled to these ovations, for as late as

five days after the battle of Williamsburg, he writes—"Three miles beyond Williamsburg—Camp on Ewell's Farm, May 10th" . . . "I regard it as certain that the enemy will meet us with all his force on or near the Chickahominy. They can concentrate many more men than I have, and are collecting troops from all quarters, especially well disciplined troops from the South. Casualties, sickness, garrisons, and guards have much reduced our numbers, and will continue to do so. I shall fight the rebel army with whatever force I may have; but duty compels me to urge that every effort be made to reinforce me without delay, with all the disposable troops in Eastern Virginia, and that we concentrate all our forces so far as possible to fight the great battle now impending and to make it decisive."

The above is a fair sample of the Young Napoleon's letters for the next six weeks. Some of them contained almost piteous appeals for reinforcements when already he had far larger armies than had ever before started "On to Richmond," and fully one-third larger than our own army.

On the 16th, McClellan's headquarters were moved to the White House, on the Pamunkey river, which thenceforward became his base of supplies as there was a railway communication between that point and Chickahominy swamps. The White House was merely a hamlet of two or three dwellings, chief of which was the White House, formerly occupied by Mrs. George Washington, then the "blushing widow Custis." There too the wife of General R. E. Lee, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee, were living prior to the advent of the vandals. Mrs. Lee is said to have written on the lintel a short address to whoever might come, invoking them to spare the dwelling out of respect for the patriotic memories connected therewith; but the brutal foe not caring half so much for the memory of Washington as for the chance of spiting a rebel woman,—and especially a Lee—soon laid the venerable building in ashes!

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH

"Pushing the Rebels to the Wall"—Battle Resumed—The Fighting on Sunday—End of the Battle of Seven Pines—Distressing Scenes—Arrival of President Davis on the Field—Results of the Battle—Historical Summary of Recent Events—Campaign in the Valley of Virginia—Battles of Cross-Keys, and Port Republic—Beauregard Evacuates Corinth.

On the 17th, Federal cavalry reconnoitred the line of the West Point and Richmond R. R., from the White House to Bottom's Bridge, 20 miles from Richmond. On the 18th, Stanton telegraphed McClellan that 40,000 men under McDowell would move upon Richmond, taking care to keep in position to prevent any sudden dash of the Rebels to capture Washington. The despatch adds the following, of which the importance will be seen hereafter when Lee and Jackson fall upon and destroy the "right wing" so politely stretched to the north:—

"You are instructed to co-operate so as to establish communications as soon as possible by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond. In any event you will be able to prevent *the main body of the enemy's forces from leaving Richmond, and falling in overwhelming force upon General McDowell.*"

This was precisely what Lee was about to do!

On the 21st, the Federals crossed Bottom's Bridge and McClellan's headquarters were established on the heights near Cool Harbor.[1] Johnston had transferred our own army to the center line of earthworks of the city's fortifications, and skirmishing began between the advanced posts some nine and a half miles east of Richmond. On the 18th I was detailed to go with a working party and cut a new road thro' a swamp. The duty was very arduous, and the day cold and rainy.

[1] At the beginning of the war Coal Harbor, Cool-Arbor, Cool Harbor, and Cold Harbor were used indiscriminately. Coal Harbor appears on most of the maps of the time. Shotwell uniformly uses Cool Harbor.

On May 23rd, I enter in my journal the following note:—"Bivouacking near Laurel Hill Church:—Spring has come, and the ground is dry for the first time in weeks. The bands are out giving us some sweet melodies, and the men are in excellent spirts. Now is a good time for a battle. If McClellan wastes twenty-four hours of such weather he is no general!"

Instead of "pushing us to the wall" McClellan applied his vast army to digging trenches for his own defense. His lines began on the left, near Bottom's Bridge, ran in a half circle through the swamps to one of the upper bridges on the same river, and crossing, extended along the north-west bank as far as Mechanicsville.

On the 23rd—the day I note in my journal as a fit one for military operations—two corps of the Federals were advanced about a mile beyond Bottom's Bridge.

On the 25th Keyes' corps advanced as far as Savage Station on the York River Railroad, camping upon the "Williamsburg Road" which runs parallel with the railway to a point called Fair Oaks, near the junction of the Nine-Mile-Road with the Williamsburg road—the road taking its name from the distance between the junction and the city.

Here a line of entrenchments was cut across the road, and a redoubt constructed for artillery on the left of the road, and a strong *abatis* of felled timber was formed.

On the 28th, Casey moved a half mile farther up to Allen's house on the roadside, where he drove in a Confederate cavalry picket. Couch closed up to Casey's support, camping in line of battle upon the Nine-Mile-Road between the railway and the Williamsburg road. Both corps spent the next two days and nights in fortifying their position, which has become historical as "*Seven Pines.*"

Thus Keyes and Heintzelman's corps were south of the Chickahominy on the line of the Williamsburg road, while the remainder of the Federal army was on the high ground *north* of the river, with very inadequate means of coming to the rescue of the troops south of it.

This wing was in charge of Heintzelman, whose corps began to move to the support of Keyes on the morning of the 30th, at the very hour that the Confederates were assembling to assail that corps.

General Joseph E. Johnston, watching narrowly for a chance to make a telling blow, thought he saw a fine chance in the isolation of the 4th corps at Seven Pines; being unaware that Heintzelman's corps was also on the south bank of the river, and knowing that Keyes could be totally crushed before reinforcements could come from the north bank of the river; especially as a storm of rain had set in, and must soon render the river and swamp causeways utterly impassable.

All would have resulted as he anticipated had not Heintzelman's corps started to reinforce Keyes at the same hour we started to attack him,—rendering the assailed quite as numerous as the assailants, with the extra advantage of an almost unassailable position.

Johnston's troops began to move on the 30th, about mid-day. Longstreet's division (to which we belonged) which was to form the "Reserves" bivouacked on the Williamsburg road, seven miles from Richmond. A drenching rain beat upon our unsheltered bodies—preventing sleep, and casting a great many wet blankets on the enterprise; though the men were in excellent spirits and the *morale* of the whole army at a high standard.

To General Johnston this rainstorm doubtless seemed a lucky omen—assuring success. Yet as events turned out, he would have done better without it, as the swampy roads were equally hard on both sides, and the effect was not as hoped for. To General D. H. Hill was assigned the duty of leading the assaulting column on the Williamsburg road. General Huger was ordered to march down the Charles City road, then strike towards the Federal left and rear, to divert his attention from Hill's attack in front. Generals G. W. Smith and Magruder were to move down the Nine-Mile-Road, and assail the enemy's right flank and rear for the same

purpose as Huger's movement. When these flanking assaults were fairly in progress, D. H. Hill was to advance, followed by Longstreet and either destroy the enemy or accept of his capitulation. The plan was excellent, the only defect being the selection of leaders for the flanking parties.

The morning of the 31st dawned wet and foggy. The rains of the previous night instead of bogging the Yankees now disarranged our own movements. The roads, always bad in this lowland region, were terribly heavy for artillery and General Huger, a man of little or no enterprise, allowed himself to be delayed and misled among the swamps, so that instead of bursting like a meteor upon the Federal flank he never appeared at all! Had he pushed on with even a couple of brigades of infantry, and without a single gun, the result must have been the capture of the entire left wing of McClellan's army.[1]

But he delayed, and Johnston waited—waited in vain for the signal that he was in position. And here Johnston is himself to blame. For when he ascertained that Huger was hanging fire, he should have either gone in person, or sent a competent officer to order Smith to fall on with all his might, and thus at least gain the advantage of a blow on *one* flank before the direct attack in front, which Hill was nervously waiting permission to make.

Five hours of valuable time had been lost, when about 2 P. M.[2] Hill set his four brigades in motion down the Williamsburg road to fall upon Keyes. In less than half an hour these brave troops, most of whom were North

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[1] The cause of Huger's failure to carry out the plan of this battle has been always a matter of dispute. He says that his instructions were not positive and that he was not informed of the place of attack. His request for a court of inquiry was endorsed favorably by President Davis unless Longstreet's reply would enable Johnston to relieve Huger of his grievance. He seems to have presented a satisfactory defence.

[2] The actual time of moving was 10 o'clock according to Swinton (*Army of the Potomac*, p. 133) and 12 o'clock according to Longstreet (*From Manassas to Appomattox*, p. 93).

Carolinians, burst upon the Yankee camps carrying death and dismay as they went![1]

Casey's Division—equal in strength to the assailants—was swept away like chaff in the wind; leaving tents, wagons, baggage, etc., all left in our hands! The fugitives sped past their entrenchments at the junction; and only a few well disciplined regiments could be halted to assist Couch's division in holding the works. Here was a six-gun redoubt, on the left of the road, and for nearly a thousand yards in front of the entrenchment the dense forest had been felled, the trees being thrown with their thick branches all interlaced, the whole forming a natural *abatis,* through which even one man at his ease could scarcely penetrate, much less a line of battle under deadly fire! But our brave boys seemed to have wings; they worked through the brush, climbed over the huge trunks, crept under the interlocked boughs—firing all the while—and creating a panic amid the Federals, notwithstanding their breastworks and cannon which were throwing grape shot at the grey-clad lines in perfect hurricanes. Hill had sent a brigade to turn the right[2] flank (as Huger should have done) and this came in the nick of time, and the whole line swept forward over the works—capturing guns, camps and quartermaster's stores from Couch, just as had been done from Casey.

For more than two miles, we had now driven the routed foe, and night closed on victory!

The New York *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the rout:—"To them the sight of falling comrades, and the shrieking of the wounded and groaning of the dying, instead of being the food of a fierce fury, served only to open the veins of manhood and let all courage out. Down the road they came—over the fields on either side of the road they straggled fast and faster, through the safer woods they skulked away and sought the rear.

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[1] This statement would indicate that the attack was a surprise to the federal troops. Such was not the case. They were not encamped but were hastily digging rifle pits and erecting a redoubt and abatis.

[2] It was, of course, the left flank.

Great healthy vigorous men, who had volunteered to fight the battles of Freedom—walked back rapidly at the first touch of the foe—with boxes full of cartridges and muskets in their hands—sound in mind and limb—but thank God! looking mean as sheep thieves! Most of them were muddy, showing that they had lain down amid the shot and shell—very many without arms or accoutrements. The crowd grew thicker. The Provost formed across the road to stop its dastardly flow. Before 3 P. M., Keyes found that Casey's entire division was gone! . . . and now the crowd rolled off the field taking some that meant to stay. . . . not running, not terrified; only unwilling to stay! . . . The loss of property and material is *awful!*, embracing eight guns and the entire contents of four camps—The loss in killed, wounded and missing is *still more awful!*"

During the whole afternoon, my brigade (Pickett's) of Longstreet's corps, had been slowly following in rear of the victorious troops—camping at dusk in line of battle on the line of the York River R. R. Rain was still falling, and as fires were not allowed, the bivouac in a dense swamp was anything but comfortable!

Sunday morning, June 1st, dawned as cheerless and chilly as one can imagine, but after a while the sun came out from a bank of clouds, and the occasional bursts of sunshine alternating with dripping showers, added to the ghostliness of the numerous corpses lying about as we moved towards the forest. I was filled with wondering admiration at the gallantry of the Southerners charging thro' the wilderness of intricately interlocked cut timber, which must have destroyed all discipline and regularity among the troops, leaving them liable to scatter, dodge, hide behind the stumps and be seized by panic. Well might a Yankee officer remark—"Such infantry is incomparable!" He might have added—"and such men are unconquerable!"

The advance of Hill's division had swept away the enemy like a tornado. Both sides of the road were lined with tents with unmistakable evidences of the haste

with which they had been abandoned by their owners. Baggage, blankets, guns, and army rations were scattered far and near. In some of the officers' tents the table was spread and coffee simmering under the patent heater, while he who was to have eaten the meal lay dead a few paces from the door.

Several men were found inside the tents, where they had evidently been skulking when the fatal bullets came thro' the thin canvas walls to strike them down. Quite a lot of silverware was found, some of it bearing marks of former owners from whom it had been stolen on the Peninsula.

Hundreds of poorly clad boys found a rich storehouse in the large quantities of clothing, blankets, oilclothes and shelter tents scattered thro' the camps. Many of us also exchanged our old fashioned Springfield muskets for the lighter and longer range minie rifles. Canteens, cartridge boxes, bayonets, etc., were also exchanged.

Among the tents and along the roadsides the dead were strewn by hundreds. Nearly every glance of the eye fell upon a blue coated corpse. Nor was there any scarcity of the dull butternut suits of the Southerners. As the fight had been confined to a mere strip of less than a thousand yards on either side of the road, one could see the slain of both armies at one view.

Quite a number of slain Confederates lay in front of the redoubt, where the Yankee gunners hurled a storm of grape and canister (as if a barrel full of bullets were suddenly dashed against the windows of a dwelling) at our advancing lines.*

The smallness of our loss under the circumstances is actually surprising, as it seems incredible the enemy's position should have been forced from the front without dreadful slaughter of the assailants.

We have seen that up to twilight on the 31st, we were in full tide of success; having demolished Keyes' corps

*In charging this work Lieutenant J. Y. McIntyre, my sister-in-law, Jennie's brother and several of my friends in the 16th N. C. were wounded. Lieutenant McIntyre was captured—being unable to retreat. [Author's Note.]

—captured the camps of Casey and Couch, with all their contents, including nine pieces of artillery, 5,000 stands of small arms, many wagons, tents, blankets, stores, etc.

The *sortie* had been a *surprising* success thus far, in view of the miscarriage of Huger and Smith. But General Joseph E. Johnston, rather recklessly exposing himself, had been wounded in the loins—incapacitating him for further service in the field. He was carried to Richmond, and for a long time lay in a critical condition.

His original plans had nearly all failed;—Hill's direct attack, alone, having been faithfully executed. Huger had not fired a gun. Smith and Magruder (near whom Johnston himself was stationed) waited for the sound of D. H. Hill's guns—"which some peculiar condition of the atmosphere" prevented their hearing—and did not attack until it was too late to effect anything, even if Heintzleman's corps had not by that time come up to the rescue of Keyes.

In short the battle was fought by *one-fourth* of the troops within musket shot of the conflict. Suppose Huger had been hurried in at sunset, even; or Smith ordered to push the enemy in spite of all obstacles; or Longstreet hurried forward to relieve Hill's wearied troops at sunset, so that the pursuit might have been again turned into wild flight of the 3rd corps, as with Keyes! Doubtless something of this sort would have been attempted had Johnston not been disabled in the heat of the conflict. Alas! how often the mighty results that are apparent become nugatory and futile because of a mere little *IF!*

The fall of General Johnston was not generally known to the troops, and all anticipated a renewal of the assault; provided the enemy had not fled, as seemed probable. But a council of the division commanders had been in session while we slept, at which it was decided to withdraw the army as soon as the wounded, captured, arms etc., could be removed from the field. General Gustavus W. Smith by virtue of seniority of rank assumed command on the fall of General Johnston, and gave the nec-

essary orders for retiring the army. Longstreet was directed to send forward the bulk of his division, who had not yet been engaged, to cover the rear in case the enemy's reinforcements should embolden him to assume the offensive. Had we known that McClellan was despatching large bodies of troops to do this very thing, we should have felt more solicitous as to the condition of our affairs than we were.

Pickett's and Pryor's brigades were sent down the Williamsburg road to see how far the enemy had retreated. My regiment, being the eighth regiment of Pickett's brigade, led the advance. We all were in fine spirits, and trudged along carelessly, having an idea we were the only troops under arms in that part of the field. From this false security we were suddenly roused.

Generals Pickett and Pryor, riding at the heads of their brigades, halted at the Allen house on the side of the road, where had been the Quartermaster's tents of Keyes' corps. Immense quantities (to our half-famished eyes) of provisions, meats, crackers, canned fruits, desiccated vegetables, "Sanitary Commission" stores, lemons, raisins, wines, etc., and more valuable medicines, magnificent sets of surgical instruments (hard to obtain in the Confederacy) and other "plunder,"—were piled here, there and everywhere—a prize too tempting to be resisted, especially as the column halted while the generals rode forward apparently looking for a good location for the line. Presently General Pryor returned and dismounted behind the small frame house before mentioned.

The men had stacked arms and scattered far and near in their search for "plunder." Not an enemy was in sight, and no one seemed to remember that any were in existence. It was at this moment we were suddenly roused to the exercise of common sense.

As if an earthquake had burst loose, without a hint of warning came a wild rattling volley of musketry into us, from the undergrowth of a wooded ridge some 200 yards distant! The storm of bullets raked the field like a hurricane; and the effect of the surprise joined to the

real danger, threatened serious results; serious to our reputation if not to the safety of the command. Men were seen running in all directions (rearwards) and I was about to follow their example, when fortunately a comrade asked me to help him disconnect the stack of arms in which our muskets were; and in doing this I concluded to take one shot at the foe; and by this time the panic was at an end, and the men hastening to regain their companies.

Indeed after acknowledging that there was some "skedaddling" done, I feel like boasting of the coolness with which the scattered brigade—especially the Eighth Regiment which was nearest the line of fire—rallied to their colors, formed in line of battle and advanced upon the foe. Not every command would have done it. "There was mounting in hot haste" on the part of the Generals who had dismounted at the house; and as I reached my musket stack I was passed by General Roger A. Pryor, making "double quick time" for the head of his brigade, which was in rear of ours.

Pickett wheeled his brigade around at right angles with the road, and aligning it upon a narrow wood-cart path in the woods—moved forward to the edge of the forest, where was a broad swamp, arising, at about 200 yards distance to a slight eminence, which was held by the enemy. All the intermediate space was covered with felled timber as an *abatis* thrown to interlock the branches closely.

To wade through this swamp, climb over the fallen timber, and then encounter an entrenched enemy would be a most desperate undertaking. But the musketry fire across the swamp was terrific. The enemy having been reinforced by the divisions of Sumner and Howard,[1] had posted himself at this point in expectation of renewed assault on this morning; and had more than 20 pieces of artillery in position to riddle us. Finding we were not advancing they brought up every man to concentrate

[1] Sumner and Howard were both corps commanders.

upon us, and the volleys poured into the swamp were deafening. I never heard bullets fly so thickly either before or afterwards unless at Gettysburg.

The Federal troops opposed to us were under the command of General Phil Kearney, the Indian Fighter, whose Adjutant General, Major Mendil, in a pamphlet on the battle says:

"*The firing commenced within half musket shot range and was maintained at close quarters for nearly an hour and a half before* the enemy's column wavered and broke." *(How* they "*broke*" is explained in the next sentence.) "French's men having exhausted their ammunition—60 rounds per man—were retiring to enable them to refill their cartridge boxes, Howard's fresh regiments taking their place. Hardly had this been done when the enemy's column, *strongly reinforced, gave a general yell, and again dashed forward to the attack.* This fight was of the most desperate and sanguinary character lasting more than an hour," etc., etc.

Now as we did not have a single recruit to our ranks after opening the ball, and as two small brigades did all of the fighting that was done, it surely is creditable that we whipped French's division, and roughly handled Howard's. Pollard, of the Richmond *Examiner,* says: "*Two divisions under Sumner* attacked the brigade of General Pickett, supported by Pryor. The attack was vigorously repelled, the brunt of the fight falling on Pickett."

By 11 A. M. the Federal fire slackened, and eventually ceased altogether—though we maintained our position sometime longer. About twenty minutes after 12:00, General Pickett withdrew his men perhaps fifty feet—without attracting any attention, or at least any fire, from the enemy. Thus ended the great Battle of Seven Pines. Not another shot was fired.

It is customary for the Yankee historians to claim this engagement as a wonderful victory for their arms; uniformly dismissing the fighting on the 31st, (when Couch and Casey were routed and scattered) as a mere bagatelle, and laying great stress upon the mere skirmish of

Sunday morning, which was mainly accidental, and had no possible result, nor could have.

In fact, Pickett and Pryor were sent merely to hold the enemy in check while the guns, tents and wounded were being removed from the field.

I had several narrow escapes on this occasion. For instance, while stooping to pick my gun-tube, a bullet whizzed close above my bent head and buried itself in the jaw of Lieutenant Charles Chamblin of Leesburg, who chanced to be standing directly behind me. Charlie fell like a log, and lay in the muddy water of the swamp until the firing lulled, when he was borne to the rear. Fortunately, he survived and in 1873, eleven years after the battle, the bullet worked up through his eye and dropped out, of course, destroying his eye-sight. He now has the ball; and I am very willing he should have it, for had I been standing erect as usual, the ball would have lodged in me.

At half past one, the brigade retired some 600 yards and waited. Three different lines of battle at that time were formed across the road, and had the enemy appeared, we would have given him a warm reception, though I think the lines were too near together, as a ball having missed the first line would be likely to strike the one behind. However, there was no trouble, and by 2:00 P. M. the army was in leisurely motion towards the old camps. McClellan has been censured for not pushing a strong column of fresh troops after our retreating army on the 1st, but those who suggest such an absurdity have no idea of the true state of things.

Had the Federals left the protection of their works, and advanced over the fallen timber and swamps, as did our men—scarcely a man of them would have returned to tell the tale. Whole divisions of our troops had not fired a shot; and never were the men in better spirits. The assailants would have had to attack within *our works* the very men *who had driven them out of their works*, with siege artillery added to the scale.

The most distressing scenes of the day were now to come, to me at least, in retracing my steps over the battlefield of the previous day. Tokens of the bloody struggle were everywhere visible. The sun beaming warmly, gave a ghostly hue to the distorted faces of the dead, around whose gaping mouths, and festering wounds great swarms of swampflies revelled in their horrid feast. One could tell when there was a corpse in the bushes by the incessant buzzing of these winged cannibals that gathered in clouds over it. The Federal dead, I am ashamed to say, were in most cases stripped naked; and *were as black as the negroes* (who, for decency's sake, let us hope, were the only plunderers of the helpless slain) the effect of the large quantities of "extract of coffee," and swamp water drunk by them. This discoloration heightened the sickening spectacle presented by their mangled remains, lying as they were, sometimes half covered with the soft mud at the roadside, or just visible above the surface of the putrid water of the marshes, or in the muddy trenches, or behind stumps of trees, or half hidden under some tent into which they had crawled. Scattered everywhere like leaves in a gale, and in nearly every case shot in the back—showing that more had fallen in flight. Our own men, on the contrary, almost invariably lay flat on their faces with arms outstretched, and often holding in the grasp of death their trusty musket, indicating that they had fallen while bravely breasting the deadly hurricane of lead and iron. The fact that the Federals fired along the tops of the timber accounted for the wounds in the head of so many of our men.

Strange as it would seem from the formidable obstacles to be surmounted by our men, the number of the Federal slain largely exceeded our own loss. It is likely that the Federals in their panic-stricken condition fired wildly; and perhaps, the very logs and timber seemingly so hard to surmount, were an advantage in catching many a bullet that would have pursued its murderous course to the cost of some officer, file-closer or rear-rank man.

Furthermore, I presume that a great many of our dead were carried off the field by friends or relatives, while we were fighting on Sunday morning.

I witnessed one such removal, and it was a most affecting spectacle. An old gentleman had ridden down from the city to inquire for his son; he found his corpse; and seeing the army already retiring he lifted the poor boy upon the horse before him, the breast lying across the saddle bow, the arms dangling on one side, the legs on the other, and both hands and feet dragging in the slush and water (which was over the horses knees in some places, being fully two feet deep) as the faithful beast floundered along under his double burthen. The old man's face was a study for a tragedy-painter. His eyes were fixed on the corpse of his young son, or the road beneath the horse's feet—never lifted to anything. He had no consciousness of other objects, and seemed unaware of the notice he attracted.

A short distance from the Federal camps, I noticed a party of horsemen in civilians' dress, and quickly recognized on nearer approach the erect form of President Davis. He was clad in a plain, but neatly fitting suit of bluish-grey jeans, the product of some country-woman's loom and wore an old felt "slouch" hat which no doubt "came in with the Confederacy." But no plainness of attire could disguise the dignity of manner, graceful attitude, and vigilant eye of the great Southern leader. "I suppose this recalls your Mexican experience," said Judah P. Benjamin, who sat near him, but Mr. Davis merely nodded and turned to make some remark to a venerable-looking old man, who looked like a veritable "Father in Israel," tho' I fancy he was not especially partial to the sleek, fat-faced Jewish Secretary. This noted personage was "Edmund Ruffin of Virginia"—who fired the first and the last shot of the war. Like Gerrit Smith, (tho' the antipodes in all other respects of the notorious Abolitionist) his large round head was covered with long grey locks that fell on his shoulders "like the lion's tawny mane." He sat his horse like the born Cav-

alier that he was, and flashed a look of no great love on the numerous Yankee corpses that lay near by, and which he seemed to be counting.

Poor old man! His naturally strong passions and prejudices rendered him at last almost a maniac on the subject of the war. When South Carolina seceded he hastened to Charleston, enrolled himself as a private in one of the batteries surrounding Fort Sumter, and was accorded the honor, to him precious above all price, of firing "the first gun of the war." And in 1865, he fired "the last gun of the war"—into his own head.

When the news came of the successive surrenders of Lee, Johnston, Kirby Smith—the last of the Confederates in arms—leaving not a shred of hope for the realization of his long, cherished dreams of Southern Independence, the venerable old Virginian made his will, made arrangements for the care of his slaves, and leaning upon an old army musket, pulled the trigger, and with the "last shot" blew out a set of brains equal in intellectual force to any in the land, but whose brilliancy had long been clouded by unbridled prejudice.

The presence of Mr. Davis and suite on the battlefield was due probably to his anxiety consequent upon the disabling of the commander of our forces, General Joseph E. Johnston. He perhaps knew that the troops had but little confidence in General Gustavus W. Smith, who, tho' a brave man and skillful officer, was a native of the North, and not well known to our troops at that time. It is likely, moreover, that President Davis came to the front to refresh his memory with a view of the battlefield, as Secretary Benjamin suggested in my hearing.

Mr. Davis, as was well known, had a *penchant* for military affairs—very natural after his military education and reputation in Mexico, and his subsequent service as Secretary of War under Pierce. But this disposition to manage campaigns from the executive desk—the *bete noir* of the Northern generals also—caused great annoyance and dissatisfaction to our army-commanders—Robert E. Lee, alone excepted. Joseph E. Johnston, D.

H. Hill[1] and others complain bitterly of Davis' irritating interference, which, they assert, invariably resulted in disaster and loss; and materially hastened the downfall of the Confederacy.

The opinions of men, jealous of any suggestion which might lessen their glory, if successfully carried out, and men too, who were never in hearty accord with the President—must be taken *cum* (a very big) *grano salis!* For my part I can well see how one whose heart, soul, life, hopes, reputation, future were all staked on the success of the Cause, could hardly refrain from offering suggestions in cases where his superior knowledge of the condition of the country seemed to warrant it. Yankee writers have sneered at the abandonment of our dead and wounded at Seven Pines. The taunt is not without a modicum of truth and consequent disgrace. It is quite true that a number of our most dangerously wounded and nearly all the dead were left on the field.

But it must be remembered that the wounding of General Johnston left everything out of joint; for, as had been already shown, only one item—the direct attack—of three different combinations of General Johnston's plans was carried out. Hence the army was in three divisions—several miles apart—and the attention of our corps commanders was engaged in consolidating and withdrawing the troops.

On Saturday night the brigade commanders supposing we should hold the field and resume the attack, preferred to rest their men, and made no attempt to collect and bury the slain. Next day the heavy rains had rendered the marshy soil impassable for wheeled vehicles; and as the one single road was full of artillery, ammunition wagons, etc.,—there was no room for ambulances to pass.

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[1] General Hill may have been critical of Mr. Davis in private conversation, but he never publicly gave expression to bitter feeling, believing that the cause for which he had fought was too sacred to be quarreled over by its survivors. As editor of *The Land We Love* he uniformly refused to publish any unfriendly criticism of Mr. Davis.

However, there might have been a flag of truce to bury the dead, even after we retired. And here is illustrated that disregard for the feelings and proprieties of the common soldiery that so often marked the Confederate authorities. High sounding compliments in general orders were paid to the gallantry, bravery and patriotism of the "noble heroes," who charged thro' superhuman obstacles, and wrenched victory from frowning Fortune; yet while these orders were being penned, scores of naked corpses of the aforesaid gallant heroes were rotting in the swamps—rooted about by hogs, blown by flies, devoured by worms—without the hasty respect of a few spadesful of earth to hide the horror they had become, from view!

The Confederates, however, were not peculiar in this matter; the Federals as frequently abandoned their dead.

The true precise loss on either side will never be known. Our own loss has been estimated anywhere between 3,500 and 5,000. Probably 4,300 would cover it. Four days after the battle McClellan telegraphed Lincoln that his loss would be about 7,000. "The losses in the battle of the 31st and 1st will amount to (7,000) seven thousand. *Regard this as confidential for the present.*" Even McClellan, the fairest of the Yankee commanders must use a little deceit! In his official report he reduces it to near 6,000 (5,739). The truth would exceed the first figures, and a corps commander makes it 10,000. Among the Federal killed were a large number of colonels and staff officers; and among the wounded Generals Wessels, Devens, Keyes, etc. We brought off nine pieces of artillery, 5,000 stands of arms, tents, blankets, etc., innumerable. These gains, however, were no recompense for the blood expended; and to justify this vain *sortie* we must look to its effect upon the morale of the army, which certainly was raised by it, and the corresponding dampening of the high hopes of the besiegers. Our men were taught by it that they could cope successfully even with the entrenched Yankees, while the latter were given to under-

stand that they must have many a long bloody fight for Richmond.

The assault also disarranged McClellan's plans, and gave time for the arrival of reinforcements for our armies. Above everything else, it gave us *Robert E. Lee, as the chief commander and organizer of the victorious army of Northern Virginia!*

Amid the daily excitement and occurrence of extraordinary events in which I had been engaged since the canal-boat ride down the "noble Jeemes" to reinforce General Magruder's gallant fellows, on Warwick river, I had little opportunity to note the progress of the war in other parts of the South.

Resting now in a comfortable camp on a shady hillside, not far in rear of the York River Railroad, whence I got two or three Richmond papers every morning, I employed my leisure in acquainting myself with recent events.

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[1] The portion omitted contains a survey of military affairs in other parts of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH

Fall of New Orleans—The Armada—The Fortifications—A Fierce Bombardment — Miserable Management — Farragut Fools the Forts—Farragut Finishes the Fleet—The Blow Falls on the City—Counsels—Butler Appears—*Beast* Butler's *Brutalities*—The *Murder* of Mumford—The Flag Torn Down —The Trick of a Bully—Mumford the Victim—The *Murder*.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

Raising the Siege of Richmond—Stuart Rideth A Raid Round the Enemy—A Council of War—Gen. D. H. Hill Dissents—First Day—The Crossing at Meadow Bridge Road—Second Day's Battle at Gaines' Mill—Longstreet's Decision—Pickett's Brigade—An Unsettled Dispute—Regimental Losses.

I have said that one great gain to the Confederates by the battle of Seven Pines was the installation of Robert E. Lee, as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. This may be granted without in the least derogating the eminent abilities of General Joseph E. Johnston upon whose disablement Lee was appointed to the leadership. The history of the change of commanders involves much political intrigue on the part of both the admirers of President Davis and the growing clique of his enemies. Suffice it to say that a bill passed Congress providing for a military chieftainship, or "Commanding General" who should superintend the whole military operations of the Confederacy—leaving the President and his cabinet to deal with the civil administration, and the usual duties of their office, in times of peace. But Mr. Davis promptly vetoed the bill, as being an insid-

[1] The contents of the omitted portion is indicated in the chapter summary.

ious attempt to rob him of his Presidential prerogatives, etc., etc.[1] General Lee had been suggested for the new post if it should be established. As a concession to public opinion and because he personally liked him, the President followed his veto of the Congressional Act, by appointing the deservedly popular officer to the nominal position of "Commanding General," and the special command of the armies for the defence of Richmond.

Thus the accident (?) of a stray shot from some skulking Dutch, or Irish Yankee near Fair Oaks, by sending to his bed the commander-in-chief of the Southerners in the Richmond defences, caused the scroll of fame to be suddenly unrolled to receive the name of Robert Edward Lee, the relative of Washington, [*sic*] and the greatest of men ever born on the American continent!

His appointment, like that of Washington, was a surprise to very many persons; and certainly an unusual experiment; as up to that time he had given none of those sureties for ultimate greatness and success, which in a month were to write his name high above all living compeers. Indeed, judged by the popular criticism of "success," his Western Virginia campaign showed but few marks of the eminent commander; and his services on the coast of the Carolinas was mainly that of an engineer officer. It is true he stood among the first of the officers of the old army, tho' ranking no higher than a colonel of cavalry; but it was nevertheless, much of an *experiment* to place him at once in the highest military position in the Confederacy; and this confidence speaks well for the intuition of President Davis; as well as for the forbearance of other Confederate generals of high rank, who cheerfully lent their co-operation to their new commander. However, if any doubts were felt in any quarter, they were speedily dispelled by General Lee's quiet preparations for raising the siege of the Capital.

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[1]This is, of course, an error. The action of Congress alluded to to, took place nearly two years later.

Lee's first effort was in the direction of making the city impregnable by successive circuits of earth works; while at the same time perfecting the organization of the army. Reinforcements came in rapidly; and in the early balmy invigorating days of spring, the beauty of Nature, —joined with the recuperation of several weeks of rest, and the assembling of thousands in contiguous camps— combined to raise the *morale* of the troops to the highest pitch. They were made to feel that a master hand was planning and arranging for their deliverance, and that when he chose to say the word, the invaders, who were contemptuously termed "Marsh-rats," "Badgers," "Swamp-drainers," etc., would be driven helter-skelter, Lord knows where. Victory seemed visible in the atmosphere. Stonewall Jackson's successes had been magnified by the Richmond papers into tremendous victories— and being almost the first "good news" after a great deal of bad news, naturally caused a rebound from previous despondency and assisted in raising the spirits of the troops.

To ascertain how the Federal right wing and rear, was defended, and to disarrange his plans as much as possible, so that a direct assault upon the city might be deferred, General Lee gave permission to General J. E. B. Stuart to "ride a raid."

On the night of the 12th of June, General Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry, and a battery of horse artillery, left the vicinity of Yellow Tavern, on his perilous journey. Sweeping boldly around the Yankee right wing he pushed on to the York River Railroad, which was the sole means of connection between the Federal camps and their base of supplies at the *"White House Landing"* on the Pamunky river.

When the news reached the "Swamp-Camp" that a powerful force was in their rear—burning, destroying, defeating and capturing—there was almost a panic, as no one imagined that a single division of cavalry, unsupported, and less than 2,000 in number, would venture into the very jaws, as it were, of a mighty encampment.

This alarm enabled Stuart to proceed in safety past points where otherwise he might have encountered resistance.

Destroying Tunstall's Station on the railroad, with a large lot of stores, he pushed on down the railroad, to the White House[1], burning several vessels laden with forage; also a large amount of sutlers' stores, two dozen army-wagons—and thousands of dollars' worth of property.

The Yankees now discovering how small a force Stuart had, made strong efforts to capture him; putting a whole corps of infantry to cover his line of retreat. But the dashing Confederate had foreseen these efforts, and by hard riding through woods and by paths reached the Chickahominy below the Federal lines. The stream was high,—therefore impassable by fording,—and a superior force of cavalry was fast following him. Stuart was equal to the occasion; and quickly constructed a bridge of saplings and fence-rails over which he crossed his command in safety, bringing a considerable number of prisoners and booty, while leaving in the arc of a circle around the Federal position, nothing but flames and smoke.

By Stuart's raid, General Lee ascertained what he had before suspected, that the Yankee right wing was necessarily open, and undefended. McClellan daily anticipating the arrival of McDowell's 40,000 men, who would complete the leaguer, and obviate the necessity for wing-defences. Here was a situation of things favorable for attack; the enemy were *divided into two armies,* neither of which would co-operate with the other so readily as to prevent the crushing of the one attacked—provided the attack was made with boldness, celerity, and irresistible force. McClellan's right wing, or the army north of the river, offered the best opening for such an assault. General Lee, therefore, called a secret council of his division commanders. He had been about Richmond long enough to know that the enemy were pretty apt to hear all that

[1] This is an error. Stuart did not go to the White House.

was going on; and indeed, the most important secrets of the Confederate government often reached Washington in a couple of days after they had transpired in the cabinet. A roster had lately been printed in the *New York Herald* which was as nearly accurate as the Secretary of War himself could have furnished, says a clerk in the War Department.

So Lee took extraordinary precautions. Hitherto the local guards had been posted to keep the soldiers out of the city; now they were made to also keep strangers out of the camps.

To still further conceal the event of a council being held, General Lee arranged for the meeting to take place, not in Richmond as usual, but at the residence of a lady, six miles out, on the "Nine Mile road." Jackson came by relays of fast horses; and as he dismounted at the door, remarked that he was pretty tired, as he had *ridden seventy miles since morning!* Clearly if the great flanker did not spare his troops, neither did he spare himself when occasion demanded.

This memorable Council has been much misrepresented, because most of the descriptions are mere guess-work. I have my information from one of the participants[1]. There were present, Generals Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill.

"Gentlemen," said the Commander-in-Chief—"the strength and condition of our people is, perhaps, as fine as we shall get it; and there is imminent danger of McDowell's descent upon Hanover Junction, or possibly nearer, with the effect of cutting our railway communications with the North, and increasing the burthen of defence. For these, and other reasons I am impressed with the necessity for an earnest effort to dislodge McClellan before the coming of McDowell. The enemy's lines, you observe begin on the bluff banks of the Chickahominy, near Mechanicsville; follow the north bank to the upper bridge, where they cross the stream, and follow our front

[1]This was, of course, General D. H. Hill.

as far southeast as the Battleground of Seven Pines—a distance of at least five miles. His lines south of the river seem to be strongly intrenched; and from the wooded, and marshy nature of the region, will be impregnable against our assaults by the time we shall get ready to attack.

"The enemy's right wing also has its earthworks but we may assume that they are constructed to face assault from the southward, and do not contemplate the possibility of a flank and rear surprise. This is what *I do* contemplate.

"My plans are briefly as follows: To leave Magruder's and Huger's strong divisions to hold our trenches round the city; while we with the remainder of the army, massing at night opposite the upper bridge, shall await a preconcerted signal announcing the arrival of General Jackson, with the bulk of his army upon the enemy's right and rear; then we cross rapidly and driving off the enemy's outposts, and advanced troops, form connection with General Jackson, and push strongly against the Federal works, while he, still marching around on their flank forces the abandonment of their only defences—those on Dr. Gaines' hill—after which by God's grace we may make short, but decisive work with him. Be pleased to give me your views as to the general feasibility of the plan, and any suggestions you may have."

General D. H. Hill, alone, dissented; but merely on the point of beginning the attack. "To my mind"—said he—"the Yankee should be assailed on his left wing—striking in somewhere between Bottom's Bridge, and Savage Station—where I am confident he has no fortifications that our men will not leap over, as they did the other day at Seven Pines. If we attack on this side we can cut him off from his gunboats, and from the Peninsula, then where will he run? We shall take the whole of his camps and artillery, and destroy him entirely; whereas if we succeed in driving him from his heavy earth works across yonder on the heights, he will swing around on his gunboats, or to the Pamunky," etc., etc.

Several points in Hill's remarks were well taken, and events justified his fears; but it was felt that there would be no chance for keeping from the enemy (with his balloons, and numerous spies) that the troops were being massed on his left,—especially if Jackson's reinforcements were brought via Richmond, (the only way they could be transferred to the Southside) therefore it was deemed best to proceed upon the plans of the Commanding General.

Details were then arranged; and Stonewall Jackson, upon whom almost the whole fortunes of the undertaking must devolve, at once set out at the same headlong gallop to return to his little army.

It was now his first duty to make a show of advancing down the Valley with designs on Washington, (thereby holding McDowell away from McClellan) though at the same time taking care not to entangle himself with any of the numerous bodies of the enemy operating in that region.

To assist Jackson in these preliminary arrangements, and deceive the Federals, lulling any suspicions McClellan might have, General Whiting's division, with the Texas brigade[1] were sent to reinforce Jackson; the departure of the different brigades being conducted with much parade, and the fact announced in the Richmond papers which were *allowed accidentally* to fall into the enemy's hands. General D. H. Hill told me he never saw General Lee laugh more heartily than when giving an account of the *ruses* by which he threw the Federal Commander off his guard, and arranged the Jacksonian surprise. Indeed it was Jackson's menace in the Valley that prevented McDowell from coming down to McClellan's right wing, which would have interrupted all our plans.

"Lincoln's foolish fear for Washington saved Richmond."—remarked President Davis to General Hill some months after the defeat of McClellan: and it was a fact as stated. This alarm for his Capital is the more remark-

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[1] Lawton's.

able in consideration that Lincoln as a general thing was quite shrewd in guessing at the whereabouts, and intentions of our commanders. I have given one instance at the time of the Yorktown siege. Another will be here stated. At 1:00 P. M. on the 24th of June—when Stonewall Jackson was within little more than a day's march from McClellan's flank,—what says Lincoln, telegraphing to the Little Napoleon? We quote from McClellan's question; then his answer.

"A very peculiar case of desertion has occurred; the party reports Jackson, Whiting, and Ewell with 15 brigades *as moving towards my right flank, and are to be in my rear by the 15th.*" McClellan doubts the story and asks if there be any signs of corroboration.

Lincoln telegraphs that there are rumors of the advance of Jackson from a dozen different points—"But within the last two days evidence is strong that for some purpose the enemy is circulating rumors of Jackson's advance in various directions with a view to conceal the real point of attack. A letter transmitted to the department yesterday purporting to be dated at Gordonsville on the 14th inst.—stated that the actual attack was designed for Washington and Baltimore as soon as you attacked Richmond; but that *the report was to be circulated that Jackson had gone to Richmond in order to mislead. This letter looked very much like a blind, and induces me to suspect that Jackson's real movement now is towards Richmond.* I think therefore that while the warning of the deserter may be also a blind that it could not *safely be disregarded.*

He was entirely correct. Though, unfortunately at the very moment McClellan was reading the sagacious counsel, his outposts were being driven in, or captured by the ubiquitous Ranger of the Valley. It is amusing to read the young Napoleon's telegrams to his master. He estimates the Rebel force at 180,000; (just double its real strength all told) and talks about being "overwhelmed" by "vastly superior odds," etc., etc.

On the 26th, at noon, he telegraphs—"Our cavalry pickets are being driven in by Jackson. If this be true you may not hear from me for some days as my communications will be cut probably. The case is perhaps a difficult one, but I shall resort to desperate measures, and will do my best to outmaneuvre, outwit, and outfight the enemy. *Do not believe reports of disaster.*" (He is apparently not hopeful) "And do not be discouraged if you learn that my communications have been cut, and *even Yorktown in possession of the enemy.* Hope for the best," etc., etc.

Lee's programme provided for the arrival of Stonewall Jackson's troops at Ashland, one day's march from Richmond, on the 25th of June: to be followed by the turning and capture, of the Yankee advance posts at Beaver Dam by 3 A. M. on the 26th; the sound of his guns to be the signal for A. P. Hill's division to cross the narrow valley of the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and drive the foe from Mechanicsville bluffs, uncovering the bridge on the Richmond road so that D. H. Hill and Longstreet might cross from their respective fronts, and while sweeping down the river, continuously lengthen the lines, allowing Jackson to continue his flanking and rear movement.

Imagine the anxiety of General Lee during the night of the 25th; he knew that Jackson's small army was approaching; and how easy if the Young Napoleon were the Old Napoleon, could the bulk of the Federal Army be suddenly thrown upon him, before anything could be done for his salvation! Or, suppose that while he (Lee) was throwing his army across at Mechanicsville, McClellan should mass his men against Smith and Magruder—overwhelming them by sheer force, and seize Richmond, while he marched idly down the north bank of the river!

These, and still other possibilities were within the range of human prowess, but "nothing risked, nothing won," and as McClellan said:—"twas a case for desperate measures."

From an early hour on the 26th, General Ambrose P. Hill, one of the most gallant division commanders in the South, sat upon his horse on the high bluffs, south of the Chickahominy, on the Meadow Bridge road, gazing across the Valley and far over the tree-tops towards the northwest "seeking a sign," and listening for a dull reverberation that should announce the arrival in position of Stonewall Jackson, and his famous "foot cavalry." But for once the great Flank Turner was late. The roads were bad, and for some reason he failed to reach Ashland on the 25th, consequently failed to strike the enemy on the morning of the 26th, and did not come into action until the morning of the 27th. This delay cost many a life. It enabled the enemy to arrange his plans to meet the assault. McClellan says:—"*On the 26th,* orders were sent to all the corps commanders on the right bank to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare on the following day to the left bank of the river. General Franklin received orders to hold Slocum's division in readiness by daybreak on the 27th, and if heavy firing should be heard in the direction of Fitz John Porter, to move at once to his assistance without further orders."

Had our forces fallen upon him at 3 A. M. on the 26th, as agreed upon, none of these preparations would have greeted them, and a panic might have ensued. Still it never has, and never will be easy to dove-tail the movement of two armies to fit accurately at a given point, when that point is the enemy's camp.

A. P. Hill waited until noon, and half an hour past; then allowed his skirmish-pioneers to dash across the bridge into the middle of the valley; and soon after set his column in motion to follow them. And many a gallant spirit marched gaily down the sloping hill, and over the narrow bridge, and across the little valley never more to return; unless, as in a few instances, borne feet foremost for distant burial!

General L. O'B. Branch's North Carolina brigade gallantly led the van, capturing the bridge, driving in the Yankee sharpshooters, charging up the road towards

Mechanicsville, and, when the other troops had crossed the river, charging upon the fortified bluffs, driving back a Yankee brigade, though it was posted in earthworks, and "backed" by artillery.

The Federals now aware of what was coming seem to have foreseen that Mechanicsville would be untenable as soon as Jackson appeared in its rear: therefore prepared to make their chief resistance at two other positions, at right angles with the river, viz., Beaver Dam, and if driven thence, at Gaines' Mill, and Cool Harbor. Accordingly General Hill in pursuing the flying regiments from Mechanicsville found himself brought up shortly before the fortifications on Beaver Dam Creek.

This stream could be crossed by artillery and wagons at only two points, one at Ellyson's Mills, and the other a mile or more higher up. Roads led to these points from the village of Mechanicsville, one mile distant. The left bank of the river was much higher and more rugged than the right; so that the Yankee entrenchments, on these heights overlooked the lowlands over which our men must advance to the attack, while their artillery could shell us for miles. The redoubts on the bluffs were of the strongest kind—thrown up by Fitz John Porter, one of the best engineers on the Federal side—and mounted siege guns threw enormous metal against which there was small chance for our field artillery to contend.

In front of the works were riflepits, and in front of them a broad area of tangled timber, or *abatis,* that must delay the advance of infantry until completely cut in pieces if the men behind the earthworks should show ordinary diligence in loading and firing. In view of these facts, it was deemed impracticable to assail the works in front; and Hill therefore only covered the position with a swarm of sharp-shooters, and set his artillery to work shelling the hills while the troops waited for the flank movement of Jackson.

General R. S. Ripley's brigade, with one or two regiments of Pender's brigade, having crossed the Chicka-

hominy about sunset, and coming into position opposite the Federal extreme left, attempted to charge the heights and advancing through the twilight came within 70 yards of the works, where they were stopped by a deep swamp filled with timber, which disorganized the men, whereupon the enemy opened with tremendous volleys of grape and musketry which would have checked a brigade of iron automatons.

A desultory fire was returned, but nothing could be accomplished in the darkness, and Ripley withdrew his men. The cannonading continued until 10 P. M.

During all the long day of the 26th, the question repeatedly asked in ten thousand hearts was:—"Where is Jackson?" "Why don't he hit 'em in the rear?" Truly the question was a momentous one, for now that our own army like that of McClellan was divided into two parts, with an ugly river between them, there was no telling what complication might any hour arise on one wing or the other. Besides Lee had now gone as far as he could without sacrificing tens of thousands of his men in vain struggles to drive the enemy from his formidable entrenched camp. Jackson for once was slow. General J. R. Trimble, one of his brigadiers states that "the division arrived within two miles of the battlefield by sunset and in my opinion we should have marched to the support of General A. P. Hill that evening." And he was right. Had he so marched, and appeared on the Yankee flank, even if not a gun were fired, the position behind Beaver Dam Creek, would most likely have been abandoned during the night. It is proper to state, however; that Jackson had been pushing his march from Weir's Cave in the Valley with such rapidity that many of his men were broken down, and he was almost obliged to halt and await stragglers.

The artillery on both sides got at work early on the morning of the 27th, and for nearly three hours the boom of cannon and crash of shell fell upon the hundreds of thousands of listening ears in Richmond and the camps, causing surprise that it should not end in advance or

retreat. But A. P. Hill knew what he was about. Time must be allowed for Stonewall's men to come up, and swing around the rear of Beaver Dam.

At length the whole line was put in motion—square against the works, which were hastily abandoned, as our troops approached; the enemy having foreseen Jackson's movement towards their rear.

I take much pleasure and pride in recording that on our right, where the works were strongest, and the last to be relinquished by the enemy, brother Hamilton's regiment (the 34th North Carolina,) was the first—and he among its leaders—to dash across the creek, swarm up the timbered bluffs, and tumble over the breastworks upon the enemy who "skedaddled" in short order.

The real battle of the whole campaign was now to be fought. General Fitz John Porter, commanding the Federal right wing, had selected a strong position on a range of hills, beginning near the bank of the Chickahominy, not far from the residence of Dr. Gaines, and swinging round in the arc of a circle nearly to the McGehee[1] house, covering the intersection of two or three roads called Cool Harbor.

Thus the whole line was upon high ground, shielded by woods, and defended by earthworks and *abatis*. The bluffs at Gaines' Mills arise abruptly from a deep ravine which served as a natural entrenchment for swarms of sharpshooters, ready to pick off our officers and flag-bearers, as we advanced.

Behind this was a second line of works, and still farther behind, or on the crest of the hill, were more formidable fortifications, crowned with artillery. Each of these lines was well manned with infantry.

General Lee's official report says:—"The approach to this position was over an open plain, about a mile wide, commanded by this triple line of fire, *and swept by the heavy batteries south of the Chickahominy.* In front of the center and left, the ground was generally open, bound-

[1]Magee is the usual spelling.

ed on the side of our approach by a wood with dense and tangled undergrowth and traversed by a sluggish stream which converted the soil into a deep morass. The woods on the farther side of the swamp were occupied by sharpshooters, and trees had been felled to increase the difficulty of the passage, and detain our advancing columns under the fire of infantry massed on the slope of the opposite hills, and the batteries on their crests.''

Truly a formidable position to assault! Yet, though many whole brigades of our men had never been under fire before, the gallant followers of A. P. Hill dashed straight across the yielding marshes, crossed the little creek, and charged up the heights! For a long time they had to sustain the brunt of the battle, for Jackson was still flanking, and D. H. Hill following him, while Longstreet, being between A. P. Hill and the Chickahominy, was so retarded by the swamps and the galling fire of the Yankee siege guns across the river that he could do comparatively little towards diverting the enemy's attention from Hill.

To attack Porter's position was like charging upon a flight of stairs each step of which contained a row of armed men, and on the top landing a cannon!

Porter, moreover, commanded the flower of the Federal army, and was under orders to hold his post as long as a man could be induced to stand and shoot. Thus the magnitude of the task imposed upon Hill and Longstreet can be imagined.

And as Hill, was, by the configuration of the ground, compelled to sustain the weight of the attack, it will be seen that the work was too heavy for him. Again and again he attacked; and again and again had to resist countercharges. Jackson was marching to cut off McClellan from his White House base, and force him to cross the Chickahominy into the swamps where he could be cooped and captured. Therefore, though he was doing important work, his men had not yet made themselves heard on the Federal flank.

At length, however, becoming uneasy at the heavy and continuous firing on his right, (where A. P. Hill was engaged) Jackson wheeled his men off their route, formed them in line of battle, and advanced to the rescue. His leading division, (D. H. Hill's) was the first to come in on the right flank of the enemy; Ewell's division came next to D. H. Hill on his right; two brigades of Jackson's old division filled the interval between Ewell's right and A. P. Hill's left; then came A. P. Hill's division, and then Longstreet's completing the line from the north bank of the Chickahominy in a semicircle, far around beyond Cool Harbor, in the direction of the Pamunkey river.[1]

General Lee says:—"D. H. Hill on our extreme left, after a short but bloody conflict, forced his way through the morass, and obstructions and drove the enemy from the woods on the other side. . . . He charged across the open ground in his front; (one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery whose fire enfiladed his advance) gallantly supported by the troops on his right," (Ewell's *et al.*) "who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, he reached the crest of the ridge, and after a sanguinary struggle, broke the enemy's line, capturing several of his batteries, and drove him in confusion towards the Chickahominy until darkness rendered farther pursuit impossible," etc.

We now have seen how A. P. Hill fought during the morning and mid-day, how Jackson's command (Ewell, D. H. Hill, *et al*) fought from 3 P. M. till dusk, turning the Federal flank, and deciding the fate of the field.

So we have only to describe the fortunes of Longstreet's division, which being ("Wheel horses") squarely in front of the worst part of the defences could only wait throughout the greater part of the day until the operations on the left should demoralize the enemy sufficiently to warrant an assault. At length, the delay of the

[1] The account of this battle is full of minor errors which could scarcely be corrected without rewriting the story.

relieving operations, and the peril of A. P. Hill led Longstreet to order an advance. General Lee, himself says:—

"The troops moved forward with steadiness, unchecked by the terrible fire from the triple lines of infantry on the hill, and the cannon on both sides of the river, which burst upon them as they emerged from the plain. The dead and wounded marked the way of their intrepid advance; the brave Texans leading—followed by their no less daring comrades. The enemy were driven from the ravines to the first line of breastworks, over which our impetuous columns dashed up to the entrenchments on the crest! These were quickly stormed, fourteen (14) pieces of artillery captured, and the enemy driven into the field beyond. Fresh troops came to his support and he endeavored repeatedly to rally, but in vain. He was forced back with great slaughter until he reached the woods on the banks of the Chickahominy and night put an end to the pursuit."

This succinct account of the taking of Gaines' Mill entrenchments, from the Official Report of the commander in-chief, needs no re-touching to show the valor of the Southern troops who performed the job.

The advance across the open field—the rush down into the rocky gully,—the climbing over the twisted, tangled, and bewildering felled timber,—the mounting of the soft earthworks, and bayonetting the defenders, all under the fire of twenty-six pieces of artillery in front, and a score of siege-guns across the river, at short range,—certainly was no ordinary achievement!

General McClellan says fourteen rifled siege-pieces, six 32-lb. guns, and smaller pieces enfiladed our advance.

Thus the close of the second day of the battle to raise the siege of Richmond witnessed a complete rout of the enemy along the whole line: the capture of all his camps; McClellan admits twenty-two—(we claim 26)—pieces of artillery; 5,000 prisoners; and stores, overcoats, blankets, etc., beyond computation. Parks of wagons, vast piles of forage, stacks of muskets, (10,000 stand of arms) and

magazines of provisions, sutlers' goods, and "Sanitary Commission" stores covered the plateau of the camps, and in some instances were partially burned by the foe. The field lay thickly dotted with dead and wounded—strangely enough the blue predominated. Among the prisoners were Generals Reynolds, Sanders, and Rankin, and many colonels.

My regiment being a part of Pickett's brigade, Longstreet's division, did not cross the Chickahominy until A. P. Hill's men, after crossing at Meadow Bridge had swept down the river, and uncovered Mechanicsville Bridge—therefore did not come under fire until after dark on Thursday, the 26th.

But its position on the 27th was perhaps the most trying in the whole line; as we formed the right of Longstreet's division, which was the division next to the river; hence we were not only exposed to the plunging fire of the heavy batteries on Gaines' Hill, (siege guns served by the 1st Connecticut Artillery) but also to a large number of siege pieces across the river, whose mighty missiles looked like flour-barrels as they came hurtling through the air.

When the enemy began pushing A. P. Hill so closely that a diversion by Longstreet was ordered, the General formed the assaulting column with Pickett's men on the right, and Hood's Texans on the left. Pickett took the lead, crossed the lowlands, scrambled through the marshes, and drove in the swarms of sharpshooters that were posted in the gulley, or ravine, in front of the works. But the roar of the siege-guns, the incessant screeching of shells, the volleys of grape, and the dreadful fire of musketry from the three successive lines on the hillside, were more than mortal daring could surmount. There was some confusion—owing to the crossing of the fallen timber and other obstructions—and I suspect the brigade would have given way had not the Texans now charged with loud cries, inspiriting our men, and creating a generous rivalry to first carry the works. On swept both

brigades dashing across the gulley and the creek, up the slope driving the Yankees so rapidly from the first and second line of works that they could not reform in the third; and then with a shout of triumph taking possession of the crest with its twenty-six pieces of artillery and miles of camps!

It is an unsettled dispute which of the two brigades first broke the enemy's lines; and certain writers have gone so far as to assert that the Virginians did not carry their part of the heights until the Texans had thrown the enemy into confusion by breaking through his lines on the left. This will not do. In the heat, and haste and smoke of a great battle, there are often singular mistakes which no amount of after evidence ever settles satisfactorily.

The truth is, our brigade not only had the longest distance to traverse, and was nearest and most exposed to the terrible fire of the Federal siege-guns across the river, but we also were the first to strike the enemy's works and, therefore, drew his first fire; which is always so deadly and terrifying. When we had attracted his attention fully, the Texans came with a rush, which had the effect upon the enemy of the arrival of fresh troops, so that it may have been possible the Yankees fled a second or two sooner in front of them than of Pickett. However, there was glory enough for two in the exploit. A candid writer says:—"It appears probable that Hood, Law, Pickett, and the column under Wilcox, simultaneously, or nearly so, carried their respective fronts." General Pickett himself was severely wounded, and Colonel Robert Strange took command.

The 8th Virginia suffered severely, considering the number of its men. Colonel Eppa Hunton led into the fight just 219 muskets; our loss was nine killed, and fifty-two wounded, or one man out of every *four!*

Reverend George W. Harris, a gallant young gentleman, acting as volunteer chaplain to the regiment, bravely accompanied us to the field, and was badly shot in the

side while assisting to carry back a wounded man. And Colonel Withers of the 19th Virginia of our brigade was also badly wounded.

The regimental losses were:—

Captain W. R. Bissell's Company, (A) *Killed,* W. F. Janny, R. S. Young; *wounded,* Lieutenant Ed. C. Gibson, Albert Heaton, Volney P. Hill.

Captain H. C. Bowie's Company, (B). *Killed,* Lieutenant G. T. Allen; *wounded,* Hubert Moss, G. W. Newlin, Bushrod Carter, Zack Royster.

Captain R. O. Tyler's Company, (C). *Wounded,* M. B. Conrad, A. H. Compton, C. Kerno, W. Allison, Evans O. Lunsford, F. Thacston, Robert Linn, W. O. Haggerty, S. B. Martin.

Captain W. N. Berkeley's Company, (D). *Wounded,* George W. Moran, H. Morris, French Gallick, Levin Luckett, L. F. Hutchinson, F. Chinn, Dave Gullick.

Captain John R. Carter's Company, (E). *Wounded,* J. A. Taverner, William Moon, Richard Marshall, Joseph Steele, William Ham.

Captain Alexander Grayson's Company, (F). *Killed,* Lieutenant Ro. O. Grayson, W. F. Dickey; *wounded,* Lieutenant H. W. Chamblin.

Captain John O. Berry's Company, (G). *Killed,* Asa Peck; *wounded,* George L. Williams, A. Thompson, Thomas Holden, George Ghee, J. W. Kidwell, Robert Wells, J. W. Butler.

Captain Festus Griffith's Company, (H, my company). *Wounded,* Corporal Charles A. Fox, very badly, John Merritt.

Captain W. F. Garrett's Company, (I). *Killed,* James A Garrett, B. W. Skillman; *wounded,* Sam Cole.

Captain J. J. Smith's Company, (K). *Killed,* Lieutenant E. L. Fant; *wounded,* E. M. Merrington, John M. Garrison, L. M. Laurence, Charles W. Farr, and William Legg.

Among the captures at Gaines' Mill were several cannon, with telescopic sights, similar to the French *mitrail-*

leuse, capable of discharging sixty balls per minute! I should like wonderfully well to have seen a dozen or more of these fearful engines of death, in active operation during that afternoon *provided,* (and a great deal would depend upon the *proviso*) the muzzles of the *creeturs* were aimed Yankeewards—not toward us! Nearly all the canteens of the slain and captured Yankees contained *whiskey* showing that even "Dutch courage" failed to sustain them against the real article. We also captured two or three balloons with the portable retorts for making gas to inflate them. Strange they were not destroyed by the Yankees! One was immediately sent to Richmond, inflated at the city gas works, and then attached to a flat car on the York River railroad, by which it was towed through the air for seven miles, to within half a mile of the Federal outposts near Fair Oaks battleground, where it was elevated with a couple of officers of the signal corps. From this elevated perch the watchers were enabled to observe the movements of McClellan's wagon-trains towards Savage Station, etc.

The spoils of the field were a source of joy to many a poor fellow, who for the first time in twelve months or longer, enjoyed a feast of genuine coffee, sugar, pickles, canned fruits, oranges, etc., etc.

Clothing in plenty was scattered about; including piles of new Yankee uniforms never yet issued to the troops. Immense piles of boxes of cartridges, etc., were found, and fully ten thousand finely finished small arms for which our men gladly exchanged their old fashioned muskets. Considerable sums of money, and a large number of valuable watches were obtained from the bodies of the dead. One man got $5,000 in greenbacks and five or six fine gold watches. It was a disgrace to him to confess it! No man who stayed in ranks and did his duty had much chance to pick up plunder. An army blanket, oil cloth, and razor were all the spoils of war I picked up in all the battles I was ever in.

Among the brave men who fell this day was Major Robedeau Wheat[1], (a North Carolinian—brother to Leo Wheat, the noted musician and renegade) of "Wheat's Battalion," or the "Louisiana Tigers"—the best known battalion in the South, and not unknown in the North.

Major Wheat was the son of an Episcopal Clergyman, and had been desperately wounded at the battle of Manassas—where the surgeon drew a silk handkerchief thro' the wound in his lungs to clean out the foreign substances—and declared that he did not die merely by the *sheer* force of will, he *would not!* One of the gallantest of the gallant, he fell in the very thick of the fight. "Bury me on the field, boys," he said as he expired. He was buried on the field, but afterwards his remains were removed to Hollywood Cemetery where he sleeps with hundreds of his gallant brethern of the Southern Army.

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[1]The name appears in the records as Robert.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

Third Day—The Federal Retreat—A Charge that "Recoiled Forward"—McClellan's Defiant Despatch—Federal Council of War—Lee Uncertain—The Federals Falling Back—Magruder Shows Fight—Jackson Fails to Come Up—McClellan Retreats to the Shelter of His Gunboats—Military Map—Holmes at Malvern Heights—Holmes Waits in Vain for Huger to Pass "The Obstructions"—Stonewall Stops to Take a Costly Nap—Longstreets Draws Fire—President Davis in Peril—Battle of Frazier's Farm—Fifth Day—Battle of Malvern Hill—Strength and Losses—McClellan Excuses Himself.[1]

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CHAPTER TWENTIETH

Personal Experience in the Battle—Terrible Tidings—A Sad Retrospect—Hospital Scenes—Noble Friends—Grown Out of Recognition—Hamilton's Story of His Share in the Fight—Complimented on the Field—The Wound—The Last Night of a Hero's Life—The Lost Officers—Sketch of Hamilton's Army Life—Extracts from His Letters—The Hero's Last Letter—Finis!

My regiment left camp on Thursday morning, and spent the entire day on the roadside moving a few feet every few minutes—the most annoying march imaginable. I was excused by Surgeon Edwards from taking part in the expected engagement as I was quite unwell and my feet in such a state that I could not wear either shoe. However, in my anxiety to keep up with my command, hoping to get near brother Hamilton, I fashioned a kind of sandal—taking strips of leather as a sole and binding them on with pieces of handkerchief; and thus trudged on though not always in ranks.

[1] The contents of this chapter are indicated in the summary.

Pen cannot describe my sufferings at Gaines' Mill and afterwards on the march to Frazier's Farm. During Monday morning (June 30th) I purposely lagged behind my command, knowing that A. P. Hill's division was following our own, (Longstreet's) and hoping to meet brother Hamilton, whose regiment—the 34th North Carolina—was in that corps. I was not successful, however; and being admonished by the return of the cavalry that the enemy had come to a stand not far in front, I hastened forward to my place. Limping languidly on swollen feet, I came up with my comrades on this sultry afternoon—June 30th, lying in battle array on the left of the Long Bridge road—awaiting the sound of Jackson's or Huger's guns—the signal of attack.

The men were lounging carelessly on the soft carpet of dry pine tags and leaves which strewed the woods, and as they laughed and chatted one would not have imagined that they had been fighting for days, and were about to renew the strife. "Pretty rough on bare feet, isn't it, Shotwell?" said Lieutenant Gray, laughing at my attempt to wipe the grit and gravel from between my toes with a wisp of leaves. "Yes,"—quoth I—"But if you'll all 'toe the mark' like your humble servant there will be no further need for footing it after tonight. One thing is certain; I've had too much trouble to get here over the rocks ever to run away."

About this time a four-gun battery was brought into a small clearing on the side of the road, a couple of hundred yards in our front, near a two story log house. This battery had been planted to fire a signal to Huger and Jackson: but no sooner had it fired a couple of shots, than a perfect storm of shot and shell rained on us! Almost in an instant the deadly missiles were hurtling through the woods, cutting off the treetops, crashing here, there, and everywhere. Sometimes a feathery top of a tall pine sapling would be cut off, and descending like an arrow or javelin impale and transfix to the earth any poor wretch so unlucky as to be beneath. Fortunately, the Yankee

gunners were firing at random and did not know how near they were to us.

It was near 5 o'clock when the grand charge took place. As usual the men were started at a full run, cheering, pushing, shoving in crowds, and every one imagining the enemy within a few hundred yards whereas he was nearly a mile distant, and the effect of the race was to exhaust the men before the foe was reached. I kept up with the regiment as long as possible, but on entering the swamp I broke down, and declined to go farther. It was easy to see the attempt must fail, and I knew that in my lame and barefooted condition, if once I got among the broken brush in the marsh I would have to give all my attention to my feet, and when the retreat began, if it came to that —I must soon fall. Therefore I paused and finally retired to the brow of the hill where stood the battery, now somewhat disabled by the fire of 30 pieces on the opposite hills. Seeing there was need of men, I volunteered my services to help work the gun, and served at it half an hour. Then the Federals advanced a little, and the battery limbered up in haste and retired. I stood in the skirt of woods for sometime awaiting the arrival of my comrades en route for the rear; as I felt that though my feet prevented my going to the enemy there would be no excuse for not standing when the enemy were taking the trouble to come to me.

Fortunately General A. P. Hill succeeded in making a demonstration with an hundred or so of men of all arms (described in the preceding chapter) and by their shouts deceived the enemy and stopped the battle.

I then crossed over to the roadside to bivouac for the night as I could not find a man of my own regiment, and there was no telling what might be the result of the night —perhaps a retrogade movement: for I was not aware that only two divisions of the whole army had been engaged in this day's fighting.

Besides I wished to get near the road to make inquiries concerning the 34th North Carolina, and my brother, who I knew must have been in the battle, though I had no

idea upon what part of the field, or under what circumstances. Almost on my first asking I met a dreadful response. "'*The 34th is cut all to pieces. Lieutenant Shotwell had his leg torn square off with a shell!*"

I dropped my musket, and stared at the man with but little comprehension of what he was saying. Every thought—every sense—stood still with one emotion—awful horror! It had come, then! Oh, it could not—*must not be!*

The soldier of the 34th only knew that the wounded Lieutenant (whom every member of his regiment idolized) had been carried from the field, and probably to Richmond.

Dusk was fast settling over living, dying, and dead; but I could not wait. And lest there should be some mistake as to the place to which Hamilton had been borne, I first visited the field hospitals scattered along the roadside. Good Heavens! what sights and sounds here met my gaze! The dead and dying were mingled with the helpless living—all of them bloody, ghastly, and horrible!

Two large fires were generally built, and a rude table, formed of rough slabs resting on barrel heads, or between two wagons, was placed between the fires for the surgeons use in amputating the scores and hundreds of shattered limbs of the thousands of poor wretches gathered there! Severed arms, legs, hands, feet, eyes, and other fragments of the human frame lay in piles like cordwood.

A sickening odor already arose from the clotted blood and putrifying flesh which quickly yielded to the sultry weather. Corpses, of course, were numerous. Ah! how often did the searcher start with pain as his glance seemed to recognize the beloved features of his brother under the gore and grime of some ghastly face!

My search was in vain, and I set out for Richmond, making several miles after 11 o'clock at night. When at length I fell from utter exhaustion I was too weary to notice where I was resting; a negligence that came near costing me dearly, as while fast asleep, I was suddenly aroused by a violent clatter at my side and to my

dismay found a full regiment of cavalry (the 4th or 5th North Carolina) galloping past scarcely two feet from my head! It seems that I had lain down on the side of the main road, but very near a "turnoff" dirt road which was often used in preference to the rocky turnpike. The regiment galloping along this side road to get around some obstruction (a wagon, or mudhole perhaps) in the main road passed within arm's length of my head—all unconscious that the dark bundle in the grass was a living man! But suppose any one of the horses had swerved a foot or two to the left and an ironshod hoof gone crashing through the sleeper's brain? Or, that the whole column had ridden squarely over him?

My alarm for one instant held me fast to the ground, and then I sprang up in haste. By dawn I resumed my long journey, though so fatigued and exhausted by the over-excitement of the past week that I could make but little progress.

Night found me making a long *detour* to escape the pickets posted on the road near Chaffin's Farm to turn back stragglers and runaways. Of course, it would do me no good to explain my motive in returning to the city. Many thousands of other men lost brothers and even fathers without quitting the field. Major Peyton of the artillery was called to during the fight by his wounded son. "Take care of yourself, my son," said he, "until we rout the enemy; duty before even affection." And in less than an hour both father and son were dead on the field of battle. I was not of such Roman stuff. I always thought that the man who could neglect the call of affection, no matter how urgently his services were demanded elsewhere, had very little genuine feeling about him. It is very well to speak of Roman and Spartan endurance and patriotism, but men were not trammelled with much tenderness, or humanity of any sort in those days. At all events, I felt justified in returning to look after my wounded brother: as had been agreed upon between us both, one to go to the assistance of the other in case only one was injured.

Finally I reached camp on Thursday afternoon and after getting a few mouthfuls of food, started on to Richmond—finding it impossible to obtain a permit.

Slowly journeying over hill and through wood—avoiding the picketted highways, I recalled with inexpressible sorrow my recent parting from my brother. A few days after the battle of Seven Pines I had received a note from Hamilton stating that his regiment (he was 1st Lieutenant, Co. C, 34th North Carolina, Pender's brigade,) had recently arrived from North Carolina, and was now stationed on the Mechanicsville road within sight of the Federal outposts. Having not seen each other since we parted in front of the old college building at Academia in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, three or four years previous, both of us were extremely anxious for a meeting. I could not rest until I had slipped off through the camp guards and hastened to Richmond to expend the first (and last) $120 of my pay that I ever received in a new outfit wherewith to appear decently in visiting the North Carolinians. With a new cap, change of underclothing, suit of light goods, etc., I hastened to the nearest stream, stripped *in puris naturalibus, a la* Adam and Eve, waded into the water, and came forth a new creature both in feeling and appearance. Who can imagine the bliss of *feeling* perfectly clean and *looking so,* after some twelve months of rags, dirt and vermin!

And it was in the joyous buoyancy of this escape from camp-slovenliness that I set out to visit my beloved brother—the sole being in the whole State of Virginia at that time for whom I cared in the least.

Hamilton chanced to be absent at the moment I arrived, but soon came on the run, and surprised the onlookers by the affectionate warmth of his greeting.

He was pleasantly situated in a gentlemanly mess; and appeared to be the general favorite of the regiment, as several officers voluntarily remarked. He called up quite a number of the officers of the Thirty-fourth Regiment to introduce them to his "Big Brother," and as I

had already fought in three pitched battles, whereas they had never been under fire, I was regarded as quite a veteran. Hamilton, always lithe, graceful, neat and handsome, was looking unusually well in his dark blue suit, trimmed with gold braid, and with cap and band to match. With graceful form, small hands and feet, and soldierly bearing, he looked younger than I did, although in reality I was four years his junior.

Happy indeed was the meeting, and the long conference that followed. We had been mutual confidants in earlier years, and separation had enhanced the strength of our friendship. Each had many questions to ask and to answer. I especially had to narrate the "latest news from the North" whence I had escaped less than a year before; while I had much to enquire concerning home and the loved ones there.

So we strolled up the hillside, and sat upon a mighty iron siege-gun, whose muzzle overlooked the green, grassy valley of the Chickahominy, and commanded even the straggling houses of Mechanicsville on the opposite bluffs. Below us lay the narrow bridge ("Meadow Bridge") over which Lee's legions were so soon to march to the battle of Gaines' Mill.

On the south side of the little stream were the grey-clad pickets, and not a stone's throw distant the blue. "I suspect we shall lead an attack on those white camps over yonder before many days," said Hamilton with a rare foresight of the movement, which three weeks later surprised many in both armies. "Let us have it as an understanding that so long as we are in the vicinity of one another, either one who gets sick, or is wounded shall promptly notify the other, who will drop everything, and hasten to his assistance." "Agreed, I will come, or would come were there any need, but I have no idea I shall be summoned, and certainly God grant I may not be!" "Well! *I confess, brother, I am not so hopeful; I sometimes dread to write to sweet Jennie because I fear she will catch the sense of foreboding* which

occasionally settles upon me. You know, of course, I will do my duty and therefore I feel less hesitancy in telling you of my moments of gloom, though I rarely am unhappy, and the men tell me they never saw me blue."

I thought little of these remarks, which were made in a bright, pleasant tone; until they were subsequently recalled to my recollection by their realization. We spent the evening in the strawberry gardens nearby enjoying the delicious berries, and lolling in the grass as we chatted lovingly of many topics. Mentally I recalled every incident of this happy meeting, so recently passed, and now to be followed by—who could tell what? I did not even know whither my poor brother had been carried, I could only hasten to town to search till I found him.

It was no easy matter "to run the blockade" of the numerous pickets that held the roads entering the city; and also the roving patrols on the streets. I felt ashamed to be skulking behind fences and dodging down gulleys like a thief, or some battlefield shirker; but as I was absent without leave, and could in no other way pass the picket lines, I pursued my attempt, and at length found a ravine which enabled me to reach the northern part of Rocketts; and at once I began my search through the hospitals. What tongue or pen could describe the scenes I therein witnessed!

The wounded and sick from both armies from the recent battlefields, including Seven Pines, and Oak Grove, besides a number of Jackson's Valley victories, were all collected in the various hospitals in Richmond, making an aggregate of from between 30,000 and 35,000 patients! Think of more than 30,000 maimed, mutilated, shattered, scarred, bloody, bleeding, mourning, groaning, suffering mortals gathered in one city!

Every large building public and private, that could possibly be obtained was filled with them. Almost every private residence had its one, two, three, or half a dozen soldiers. Every few steps along the street showed the eye the well-known marks of a public hospital, but, also,

there was no need for signboards to point to the spot! The smell of putrid flesh enabled the passerby on the sidewalk to recognize the vicinity of the hospital by the sense of smell as well as by sight.

The very atmosphere became tainted with the offensive odor, fed by thousands of decaying limbs. It was a time to recall the siege of ancient Jerusalem by Cyrus, as depicted by Josephus, when the plague and the pestilence joined to make the horrors within the walls almost equal to the terrors without.

But what sights within the hospitals! Room after room presented the same shocking spectacle of row after row of cots, whereon lay pale, bloody, ghastly, mangled remains of what a few days previous were stalwart men! Men with bandaged heads, men with sightless eyes, men without arms, without legs, with broken shoulders, with bullet-riddled bodies—all suffering, groaning—and in many instances dying! I could well understand how nearly every one of a detail of nurses fled and resumed their muskets; prefering *to fight* rather than witness the torture and agony of their mangled comrades.

"This way, brother!" said a feeble but self-possessed voice *(alas so well known!)* as after two days searching, I at last entered the small, hot, crowded room in the third story of the St. Charles Hotel, on Main Street, where Hamilton lay. I was unable to ask how seriously hurt he was, but stood mutely by the bedside until he said: "Pretty badly damaged, brother, and I've suffered a good deal more than I ever imagined one could suffer; but I am doing rather better *since my leg was taken off!"*

This was rather worse than I had expected; but my sympathy speedily changed to indignation when I learned and *saw* how the poor boy had been treated. After being mangled by an explosive bullet, which struck his knee cap and shattered the bone both above and below the knee, he was half dragged a mile or more to an ambulance, and sent jolting over rough, rocky roads thirty miles to Richmond. An all-night ride, like this must

have been, left him in a miserably weak and shattered condition to undergo the pains of amputation. The surgeons were overworked, exhausted, and hurried by agonizing calls from every room in the house. Perhaps some half-learned medical assistant undertook the job. At all events the surgeon-butchers whoever they were—(and 'twas well Hamilton could not tell, or I find out who they were) made short work of their slashing off of the brave soldier's leg. Instead of shortening the bone, and lapping the flesh over the end, so that it might be sewed, and allowed to heal without constant irritation, they cut the limb squarely off; so that when the inevitable contraction of the muscles and flesh ensued the main bone of the thigh protruded nearly two inches! Shameful outrage! Shame on the butchers! Their blundering carelessness was little less than *murder!* Because so closely had they cut the limb that another amputation could not have been made even if another could have been borne by the weakened and emaciated boy. But even a tyro could see that with this bone extending beyond the flesh there could no real healing of the wound, and there would need to be a second use of the scalpel and the saw! Yet, there were even worse horrors in view! All the end of the gory limb was infected with white maggots half an inch in length, and shocking to the eye! It was a common but excruciating spectacle! I say it was common, because these hospitals swarmed with enormous flies which beset every bed, and could be kept off of the wounded limb only by constant and incessant fanning; and the sultry heat of the weather hatched their eggs in a few hours—producing these white maggots which must be carefully dug out of the wound with some iron instrument. There was but one nurse in the room, and he worn out with incessant watching and attention upon the *twelve men in his care.* Calls for water, and other assistance constantly assailed his ears. It was a time when humanity's most watchful ear must have become dulled by the frequency of the calls. In

passing through the halls and wards of the hospitals I was called to on every side by the poor wretches on the cots. At first I complied with their requests, but soon found I would spend the day there if I did not proceed regardless of the calls—hard as it was to turn away! Happy is he who possesses the faculty of attaching to himself warm and faithful friends; not mere acquaintances prompt to desert whenever really needed. Hamilton was one of these fortunate ones; and the fact itself bears witness to the gentle, generous nobility of his own character.

Thus I found him a few hours later no longer dependent on the hospital attendants as before; a noble friend, *Captain Joe C. Mills,* (of the Second South Carolina) having heard of his misfortune, left all and hastened to look after his needs. Meanwhile, also, a member of Hamilton's company, faithful Tom Carson, had established himself as his nurse, and sat by him night and day. He was a big rough man, but strong, willing, and useful, giving his services not by reason of duty due his officer —but for the love he bore the sufferer. He had assisted in carrying Hamilton from the field, and remained with him; and brother now felt that he would rather have him than even myself, as a nurse. He, indeed, strongly insisted on my returning to camp lest I be sent for as a deserter; and father was expected any moment.

I again "ran the blockade" and found Hamilton quite nervous and feverish. The old hotel was upon the slope of the hill on Main Street, down whose public paved thoroughfare, dashed and rattled loaded ambulances, long trains of army wagons, artillery, etc., raising clouds of dust, and making a din that shattered the ears of even a well man. And it seemed impossible to find a private residence that had not already its quota of the helpless.

"Uncle Robert" G. Twitty, an old gentleman from Rutherford, N. C., who had come on to Richmond to look after a wounded son, was with Hamilton this morning. He was in excellent spirits, not dreaming that his son, Major Twitty, was also doomed.

I was standing near the window across the bedside when father entered, and with a glance advanced straight to Hamilton's cot. His arrival was unexpected as to time, as he had started in ten minutes after receiving the telegram, and had made the journey in two or more days less time than customary. He hoped to reach Hamilton before the amputation of his leg had taken place—knowing that in the haste and confusion many needless operations were performed. Hence his first question was concerning the condition of the leg; and deep was his pain and indignation when the actual *butchery* was revealed to his indignant gaze. So great was his grief and sorrowing anger, that he was scarcely conscious of the presence of any one else in the room. Finally blunt old Squire Twitty blurted out: *"Haven't you any welcome for your son, Brother Shotwell?"* Father looked up, and even then could scarcely recognize the tall, unkempt, ill-dressed youth who stood before him. He had not seen me for some three years, and had never seen me disguised in such attire!

However, he was not many seconds in doubt. About this time, Captain Mills reported that he had obtained a room at Mrs. Samuel H. Taylor's, who lived in comfortable style on the left of the Howard Grove road, some one and a half miles out of the city. There were several wounded officers in the house, but the noble ladies made room on the second floor, and placed a cot for Hamilton near a latticed window, shaded by blooming honeysuckles, and rendered cheerful by the twittering of canary birds, and vases of flowers. How delightful was the change from the hot, dusty, ill-smelling hospital, with its glaring windows, swarms of flies, incessant noise and dreadful associations to this cool, quiet, flower-perfumed apartment, free from noise, dust, stench, or interruption, and where the usual swarm of flies, lice, etc., were wholly unknown!

The effect was so great as to be perceptible at once in the cheerfulness of the sufferer; notwithstanding the heat and weariness of the long transfer from the hos-

pital; for as Hamilton's weakened condition forbade his being conveyed in any sort of a vehicle, we moved him upon a litter, Captain Mills, Tom Carson, myself, and George, (the colored servant of General Leventhorpe) carrying it while father held an umbrella over him to shut off part of the sun's rays. Such processions were no longer novel sights in Richmond; and the passersby merely wondered if 'twas "some general's corpse they have under that sheet." Comfortably installed in his new quarters, with constant medical attention from Dr. Edgerton and others, and careful attendance, Hamilton became more cheerful, if not hopeful; and during the long evening related to us the incidents connected with his own share of the terrible drama of the seven days' battles and the particulars of his wounding on the afternoon of June 30th at the successful charge of A. P. Hill's corps.

Pender's brigade was the first, (I believe—certainly the second) to cross the Chickahominy on the afternoon of the 26th. It was promptly wheeled to the right against the most formidable of the Federal entrenchments behind Beaver Dam Creek.

The enemy's siege-guns and field pieces on the brow of the bluffs annoyed our men so much that General Pender, who was ignorant of the ground, and the almost impregnable position of the Yankees, sent the 34th and 38th North Carolina regiments to charge a battery. Neither of these regiments had ever been under fire before, having just arrived from Eastern North Carolina.

"The 38th North Carolina," says a report in the Southern Historical Society Papers—"first essayed a charge against the enemy's position above Ellyson's mill, and having advanced to the edge of the bog was driven back with severe loss. The 34th North Carolina ('brother's regiment') "made its effort farther to the right, and below the mill, and finding some cover, it reached the edge of the creek and maintained its position till after dark."

Hamilton mentioned that the attack was unquestionably a blunder, as after having driven in a swarm of sharpshooters, and forded a bog that took the men to above their knees they found the creek impassable and could only lie on their arms, subjected to incessant fire until relieved by R. S. Ripley's brigade at midnight. Next morning, the 27th, the 34th and other troops returned to the assault upon Beaver Dam, charging over the swamps, the felled timber, over the mill-race of Ellyson's Mill, up the slope and over the Yankee entrenchments at a full run. General Pender in his official Report says: "The 34th North Carolina *was the first to gain the enemy's works.*"

Hamilton led in the charge, sword in hand, exposing himself to the risk of being shot in the back by his own men as he rushed up the slope ahead of them. The brigade now moved on in pursuit of the flying foe, and, as heretofore stated, A. P. Hill's division obliqued farther towards the left so that it should confront the Federal right near Cool Harbor, while Longstreet came into line facing Gaines' Mill. Hill's men charged valiantly, and for a time drove back the entire Federal right wing. But they had essayed too great a task. They alone were engaged; Jackson being on the march to the flank and rear, while Longstreet awaited in front of the impregnable heights of Gaines' Mills. Hill had attacked prematurely it appears, for after driving back the dense masses of blue coats until they were huddled within their camps on the level of the plateau, he was assailed in turn by fresh troops, and hurled back into the low grounds where they were fair range for fifty or more guns, all along the ridge constituting an *enfilade* which, together, with the direct fire in front, could not long be endured by even men of iron.

And now the enemy perceiving the feebleness of the force he is fighting, attempts to crush and rout it. Advancing his double lines of reserves, and pouring forth a withering fire upon the two small brigades in front—Gregg's and Pender's—he seemed about to break our

lines and cut Lee's army in two fragments—with inevitable loss, if not utter rout and disaster.

It was at this crisis, so portentous of evil that General Pender displayed those abilities for high command that must have made him famous had he lived longer.

Knowing the advantage to be derived from the slightest check to an advancing line, he ordered the 34th North Carolina to charge and throw itself squarely in the face of the foe.

At the moment the order was given there was a perfect storm of grape, canister, shell, shrapnel and small shot —resembling the lava explosions of a volcano.

The men halted and hesitated, and hesitation at such a moment presages flight. Recognizing the premonition of utter rout and disaster, Hamilton ran along the front of the regiment, seized the color-bearer's arm, and rushing him some twenty steps forward, shouted: *"All that will stand by the flag, come on!"* The effect was electrical! With a cheer the 34th charged down upon the foe with a vim that amazed and checked the exultant pursuers. Surely the Rebels were receiving reinforcements, they thought, and almost ceased to advance. This gave time for the 38th and other regiments to come up in fine style, and turn the tide. After two hours, or more, of desperate fighting both sides rested on their arms for a time. General W. D. Pender, himself, witnessed Hamilton's timely act, and in the interval of quiet, rode up and called for him, and being introduced, publicly complimented him in unusual terms; assuring him of prompt promotion for his gallantry. Alas, like too many noble young spirits, his gallantry cost him his life and all its honors! General Pender, however, paused in his official report to pay a just meed of praise, as follows:

"I would here mention that the 34th North Carolina on Friday behaved with great credit under a heavy and murderous cross fire; and here let me mention that *Lieut. Hamilton Shotwell,* of that regiment, *cannot be spoken of too highly,* for his *gallant conduct;* for he was not sat-

isfied to take the colors, but seized the color bearer and rushed him to the front, thus encouraging the men to move forward at a very critical moment."

Major General Ambrose Powell Hill, also says: "Especial mention for *Conspicuous Gallantry,* must be made of the following officers . . . Lieut A. H. Shotwell, 34th North Carolina . . ." It certainly was not a usual thing for such special mention to be made of one so low in rank as a mere Lieutenant in the infantry; and as Hamilton was a stranger without influential political "backing" to win for himself the favor of the generals, the compliment was all the greater. I have no doubt he would have risen to a generalship himself, if he had lived.

On Sunday, June 30th, Pender's brigade was sent in pursuit of McClellan, via the Long Bridge road—supporting Longstreet, who led the van that day. Hamilton and I were quite close together that day but the demands of the hour kept every man in his place. Had I been aware, however, where his regiment was I should have hunted it to fight with him. The North Carolinians were more to the left, and had open ground in front which enabled them to charge, and right gallantly did they do the work.

It was Pender who captured the powerful battery of Napoleon guns from McCall's "Pennsylvania Reserves." Hamilton, as nearly as I can remember had led the charge of his men, and was standing upon the limberchest of one of the captured cannon, making a congratulatory speech to encourage the men, when a volley crashed upon them from a fresh line of Yankees, and he was either shot down where he stood, or fell in the attempt to charge which immediately followed.

Reports differ as to the mode of his receiving his death-wound; and it has even been intimated that one of his own men stumbled and fell, discharging his musket, whose ball passed through his knee-cap. Hamilton mentioned that he was shot as the regiment seized the bat-

tery, but I was too much agitated to remember particulars.

The shell, or small explosive bullet, such as were fired from the heavy German muskets—(none of which we had in our service) appeared to have struck the knee-cap and exploded, shattering the bones both above and below the knee.

The instant he fell some half dozen of his men stopped and threw down their guns to carry him off the field; but Hamilton nobly bade them resume their weapons, and advance into the fight, saying that their first duty was to defeat the foe!

This gallant speech would have rendered a general, or other prominent individual immortal throughout English-reading countries; but coming from a poor young Lieutenant amid the turmoil of a great battle, passed unnoticed; and the self-abnegation of the brave soul that uttered it will not even live in history as an example; although it cost him his life, perhaps.

I say it cost him his life, because, having ordered his men to rejoin their comrades in the fight, he was left with only one or two friends, who endeavored to drag him out of the whirlwind of deadly missiles, consequent upon the advance of fresh reinforcements for the enemy—and as the two men were unable to bear him clear of the ground, and were much excited in the critical situation, his sword, which was still buckled around him, became tangled with his shattered limb, bearing upon the clotted arteries, and giving him intense pain as he told me himself. Had he allowed his men to carry him to the rear as soon as he was shot he would not have suffered the loss of blood which eventually cost his life. Therefore, it is simple truth to say he sacrificed his chance of life to his patriotism. What passed between the time of his being dragged from the field, and his arrival at the Richmond hospital after 30 miles of night-riding in a rough jolting ambulance with wounds undressed—or merely tied up with a bandage—we do not know, but he suffered immensely from lack of surgical attention. It is impossible to say

who was to blame; further than in a general way the Government deserves reprobation for its negligence and inadequate care of the wounded and sick. Never was there a battle fought that one-twentieth of the casualties were not caused by the careless butchery of surgeons, or the lack of any surgery at all.*

On the Sabbath afternoon I again slipped away from camp to visit my brother, we being some five miles apart. Finding him not much improved, I insisted upon remaining to watch by his bedside, to relieve Father and the others. Dr. Thomas Edgerton, of Hamilton's command, occupied a cot in the room to be present in case of need; as there was danger of a second hemorrhage. As twilight came on, several friends dropped in and Hamilton seemed more than usually cheerful and talkative—telling us all about his soldierly ambition, and his deep regret that he must now give up all hope of usefulness in the field. Of the men of his company he spoke in the highest terms, and almost wept as he referred to the fact that he would never lead them in battle any more.

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*Since writing the above—I have found the following letter from Dr. John F. Miller, (of Shelby, N. C., son of Dr. W. J. Miller) who having a cousin killed in Hamilton's company had probably gone to see him. He writes: "Near the battlefield, July 1st, 1862, Mr. Shotwell: I am pained to inform you that your son, Hamilton, is very dangerously wounded by a shell in the calf of the leg (left). There is great laceration and serious injury to the bone and blood vessels; in consequence of which during the time of the infliction of the injury, and when I was able to see him much blood was lost. I found him in a state of syncope, but have succeeded in restoring partial reaction. This morning he appears much better, and tho' it is probable his limb may have to be amputated, yet I have strong hopes of his ultimate recovery.

"It will be highly gratifying to you to know that he was stricken down at the post of duty, in the *manly and gallant* discharge of a patriotic and sacred obligation. Our colonel and general have *both spoken freely* and in terms of the *highest commendation* of the *gallantry* displayed by your son on the field of battle. Thus far God has vouchsafed success to our arms, but a great struggle still goes on as I am writing this hasty scrawl.

Uniting my prayers to yours that your son may be spared to you, and his young and loving wife, I beg to remain with much respect, your friend and obedient Servant,

"Jno. F. Miller, Surgeon, C. S. A."

The fact that Dr. Miller could while weary with professional labor, and amid such exciting scenes, pause to write so kind and commendatory a letter to father speaks volumes for Hamilton. [Author's Note.]

Father retired about 11:00 p. m., and I took a chair near Hamilton's bedside; he soon fell asleep, and for several hours rested very quietly. Towards dawn he awoke, and seemed desirous to talk. I bathed his leg and conversed with him a short time, but urged quietude. Presently he said very quietly: "Brother, my leg is bleeding again, I think." And oh! horror of horrors! a pool of blood ran all over the sheets! The dread bursting of the half-tied arteries had taken place and death must follow! Then ensued a scene that will ever take the horrible phantasmagoria of a bloody dream! I flew to awake Dr. Edgerton, and both set to work to apply a tourniquet, a merely knotted handkerchief—to stay the flow of blood. Then the doctor hurried off to Richmond to get skilled medical assistance to help him take up the sloughed arteries. I had taken the first opportunity—when I could be spared from holding the veins—to awaken father; but fearing his tendency to apoplexy, merely stated that Hamilton's leg was again bleeding, but nothing serious! Alas! what a mistake!

Meanwhile Hamilton spoke frequently to me, conversing in a feeble but calm and rational tone, adverting to his approaching death, and regretting that his life should close so soon with so little accomplished, and especially regretting the parting from his beloved young wife, and infant son, whom he had never seen, etc., etc., together with last messages and sacred trusts that have no place here. I had no real conception of the gravity of the case, and believing that Hamilton's mind was wandering paid less heed to his words than I would have done if I had known they were to be the last I should ever have from the loved one's lips.

"If I had known!" How often these few syllables breathe a spirit of sad self-reproach, and tender regret for careless parting when often time shows there can be no reunion, no retouching of the "vanished hand."

Miss Frances Fisher has so sweetly and tenderly expressed this sentiment, I wish to preserve a portion of her stanzas in this connection:

"*If I had known* when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad,
How soon the lids would lie above
As cold and white as sculptured stone—
I should have treasured every glance,—
If I had known!"

"*If I had known,* how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O Friend, to go,
I should have stayed my foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed
If I had known!"

As father entered the room, and noticed the pallid countenance of the dying youth, there came over his face such an expression of unutterable grief and anguish as I had never seen there before.

But there was no time for mourning, and instantly he despatched George Leventhorpe (the servant) to Richmond for stimulants. He returned with a flask of watered stuff that could have but little effect upon the blood-drained system of the mangled young soldier. Perhaps the strongest stimulants would have availed nothing against the insidious destroyer! Already he stood upon the threshold, and all that weak humanity could do, would be powerless to delay him many moments.

As Hamilton's strength declined he became conscious of his condition, and spoke calmly and hopefully of the future life—resting with strong confidence upon the promises of the Bible, and apparently having no dread of the solution of the dark problem which only Eternity can make known.

Turning to Father, who bent over him in unspeakable anguish, he said quietly: "I rather expected to go home with you, but now I shall not," then after a moment correcting himself, "*Yes, I'll go with you but not as I expected!*"

He then began to speak of "the loved ones at home," but suddenly, as if admonished that the last sands in the hourglass of life were running out, he exclaimed: "But Jesus, dear Father—Jesus is best of all!"

These were his last words—the last grain had fallen —the golden cord had broken!

Kneeling by the bedside with his fingers still touching the stilled pulse, Father watched the whitening face, each instant growing more white and rigid, while the cold, grey, early dawn cast its dismal light through the curtained windows. The room was as still as the lifeless form upon the cot. Then in a half heart-broken voice the sorrowing parent said, "Let us pray!" No one moved as in a low, tremulous tone, scarcely audible at first, he prayed the prayer of a Christian seeking strength to endure great burthens, and bear abiding sorrows, for support through the trying scenes of the day just beginning, and the long journey homeward; not forgetting the loving young wife, anxiously waiting in her far Southern home, the return of her noble husband, or definite tidings from him—tidings that when they came, as come they must, would fall upon her like a millstone crushing her—a blight—an irreparable blow against which there could be no defence—no help!

While the low monotone of the prayer alone broke the stillness of the death-chamber, there came the sound of hasty steps up on the stairs, and through the doorway entered the two distinguished physicians from the city with Dr. Edgerton who had gone for them. They hastened to the bedside, but the kneeling figures, and the pallid face of the young sleeper told all at a glance, and they turned away. Not all the skill, experience and remedies of the whole medical faculty could avail against Death. Day had dawned, the red sun lighted up the trellised windows—birds began to twitter joyously among the honeysuckles, and the notes of a military band practising in an adjacent grove penetrated the quiet chamber; but how the brazen echoes jarred upon the mourning hearts! Then came the duties of the day, grievously

wounded as we were, we must leave our dead, and go hunting among the shops of Richmond for means to remove the remains to the distant home. For several hours, it seemed impossible to procure even a rude pine shell, the undertakers being kept busy from dawn to dusk. Price, however exorbitant, was not the first question, but rather—"Can you furnish?" I had to be extremely cautious—dodging around corners, and through alleys—for not all the sacred calls of nature and grief would save me from arrest if the numerous patrols or police should detect me. More than once was I stopped while walking by father's side—searching for needed articles—but fortunately "bluffed" the sentry by coolly drawing out an old pass and flourishing it—as I asked, "How many times have I got to show this today?!?" "All right," said the guard, "but we have to examine you know." But he didn't "examine," or he would have seen that the permit was dated a month before.

Towards twilight the remains of the noble dead, escorted by Father and myself were borne to the little depot of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad down on the basin of the canal, where there were already quite a number of coffins awaiting the departure of the train. Everything was in confusion, and even the trainhands could not tell when any train would leave, or anything about it.

Crowds of black thieves stood around, and father having chanced to set down his travelling bag, missed it the next moment, and never recovered it.

The robbery was chiefly felt because the valise contained all the relics of Hamilton that we had been able to preserve for his wife and child—his sword belt, pistols, etc. The loss of brother's papers and letters especially, caused us intense regret but the occasion seemed filled with pain and sorrow of all kinds.

Dreary, long, and weary was the night which followed to the two watchers waiting for the departure of the train. At 10 A. M. next day, it consented to make a show of starting. Twice I bade Father "farewell" but

only to wait an hour longer. At last the wheezy old locomotive puffed out of the grimy station—slowly crawled over the bridge—and I standing on the wharf in the glaring sun, saw father weeping, as he stood at the door of a baggage car, which contained the plain shell, and its mangled contents. When entirely gone I turned away to return to camp—to loneliness—grief—suffering —and arduous duties. Father had a long painful trip—changing cars repeatedly—watching by the coffin at night—keeping a squad of negroes ready to thrust it into any train that passed—and finally reaching the end of railway transportation a week after starting! Then began a long journey in a jolting country wagon. The village of Rutherfordton was at last reached, quite late at night. No one expected the arrival, but as usual all the younger portion of the villagers awaited the coming of the ten o'clock mail. Nearly every one was expecting a letter from the "soldier boys"—or perchance a note from some comrade telling of his being wounded in the recent great battles. Nothing had been heard from the absent pastor except a few lines saying Hamilton was better and would be brought home as soon as sufficiently strong to bear the journey. Jennie, tearful, but hopeful was all impatience for the coming of her beloved husband, to whom she would have the young mother's delight of showing his first-born son! She too was listening for the rickety old coach that was to bring the tri-weekly mail.

At length a wagon creaked along the rocky hillside, and was heard coming over the wooden bridge in the valley—slowly climbing the slope it entered the long straggling street and drew near. The young people rushed down the highsteps of the front piazza—and gathered at the gate—chattering questions for letters, for news—and how was Lieutenant Shotwell, and when would he come home?'' *He was there already—in his coffin!''*

The blow fell too heavily on one, and was never recovered from.

Alexander Hamilton Shotwell was born June 17, 1839, in Washington County, Pa., within the boundaries of Mingo Creek congregation, but was taken to Virginia when a few months old. Graduated with first honors (valedictorian) at Academia, in Juniata Valley, Pa. Read medicine with Dr. General Collett Leventhorpe at Rutherfordton, N. C., in 1859. Married Jennie E. McIntyre, daughter of Dr. John F. McIntyre. Volunteered as 2d Lieutenant in Company C 34th Regiment North Carolina State Troops formerly the 24th Volunteers. His colonel was General Collett Leventhorpe, an old English Army officer, and a most excellent Christian gentleman. His captain was Mark O. Dickerson; 1st Lieutenant, Francis L. Twitty; 3d Lieutenant, A. K. Weaver. Captain Dickerson having been elected to a civil office, resigned—leaving the command to Twitty, and promoting Hamilton.

The 34th North Carolina was organized at "Camp Fisher" at High Point, N. C., about the last of October, 1861—after which it removed to Camp Mangum near Raleigh. Hamilton writes under date of December 23, 1861—"Colonel L. has the regiment under fine discipline. At a grand review the other day, the Governor and Adjutant General being present—the latter said—ours was the best drilled regiment in the North Carolina service. Quite a compliment to him."

The command next moved to Goldsboro, where it remained some weeks, pending Burnsides' movements in tide-water North Carolina. Here the exposure of camp-life in the low country began to tell on the Western men, as Hamilton writes under date of Jan. 30, 1862—"Death has made terrible havoc in our company. *We lost three in one night lately,* and have already lost seven out of the company. Death is the greatest warrior after all, and disease is his most common weapon. The sword and bullet are only occasional agents. . . . General Gatling, Commanding Department of North Carolina has his headquarters here; and is, I think, fully competent. Goldsboro is a pleasant place—the people clean and cordial with none of that Toryism manifested at High

Point.'' From Goldsboro the regiment was ordered to Jamesville in Martin County to dispute the passage of Burnsides' gunboats, after the fall of Roanoke Island. Under date of February 20, '62, he writes that a false alarm caused the regiment to double-quick to a point on the river where it had an ambuscade, but soon learned that the fleet had merely *sighted* Plymouth—11 miles below by land and by water. In the seventy-four-mile march down the river from Halifax on the railroad Hamilton suffered from blistered feet, but kept in excellent spirits. Previous to starting on this expedition, when it was supposed that the enemy would be encountered immediately, the young soldier wrote, ''Our regiment is in splendid fighting order, and if Burnside will only land his men, shall annoy him seriously. Ere this letter reaches you, I expect we shall be in his neighborhood. . . . My health continues good and except my usual spells of home-sickness, my spirits are as buoyant as usual. My spiritual health is not perfect, being subjected to the foul atmosphere of camp life, but I am still a soldier of the cross, and I hope, an humble follower of the Lamb. Pray that His shield may be thrown over me in the day of battle. If I fall I will trust to my covenant with the Great Captain, and you'll find my Death wound *in front* and not in the back. This letter is written amid the confusion of tearing up camp—wh. must excuse its brevity.''

The next letter is dated March 12, 1862—at Hamilton, N. C.: ''We are still here 'lying on our oars' to recruit the health of the 34th, and to blockade the Roanoke against Burnside. Which I think we have accomplished. . . . Speaking of *traitors* reminds me of a painful piece of news—that in the upper end of Rutherford the draft has developed the *treasonable element* to such an extent that men *talk openly* of raising union flags, Peace flags, etc. *This is distressing* to us. To be off enduring hardships in defence of the cause is bad enough, but to have *enemies in our rear,* among our *professed friends* is outrageous. *I have now no mercy* for traitors—whatever may have been their antecedents. These rascals

may become very bold in their outrages, and I beg of you, my dear father, to remember my darling and defend her, as you would me. . . . I am going in *for the war.* Fifty noble fellows of Rutherford County have made me their Captain, and sworn to stand by me to the death. We are not accepted yet. . . . My men are made up from the Rutherford Companies, twenty from Captain D's[1], ten from Captain Edwards'[2], twelve from Captain Simmons'[3], and the others from Captain Walters'[4] Cleveland Company. This, however, is an off-hand measure; They are joining me every hour." The Adjutant General failed to accept the company for reasons I cannot give.

The next letter, written from Goldsboro in a whirl of excitement, yet is thoughtful enough to inquire for the measure of the head and the second finger of a sick brother—McCreery—to whom he wished to send a fancy cap and ring.

At Goldsboro in April, Lieutenant Colonel R. H. Riddick[5], formerly a United States officer, was elected colonel of the 34th, *vice* Colonel Leventhorpe who had been elected colonel of the 11th, (formerly the 1st Regiment). Lieutenant C. J. Hammerskoldt was elected major of the 34th.

Hamilton writes: "How dark our country's prospects are! I am almost out of heart. Yet I remember your consolation—'God reigns over all, and will do all for His glory, even though it be in our destruction.' I am in much mental distress. Camp life has brought on a sort of spiritual hardness of heart and lethargy at which I am alarmed. I, at times, can tear loose from its influence and enjoy much comfort in prayer and communion with God. But then again I feel so hard and indifferent that I am almost ready to give up. We have no spiritual guide here. Mr. ————[6] is very unpopular—having

[1]M. O. Dickerson of Rutherford County, Captain of Company D.
[2]John Edwards, Captain of Company B.
[3]James O. Simmons, Captain of Company I.
[4]Abram G. Walters, Captain of Company F.
[5]Richard H. Riddick who resigned from the First United States Cavalry to join the Confederate Army. He was killed at Gaines' Mill.
[6]A. R. Bennick was chaplain of the 34th North Carolina. It is probable, but not certain, that he is here referred to.

proved himself instead of a religious teacher, a *secular meddler* and spy upon the men. And then the men, every Sunday, are *forced* to hear him preach, and as a natural consequence it is breath wasted. He has treated me so coolly that I never felt free to talk with him on the subject of religion; thus I am entirely alone—surrounded by the recklessness and sin of the camps, and not even a pastor to guide me. But I will not, God assisting me, give up while life lasts."

About this date he received daily letters passionately pleading for a brief visit to his lovely young wife, about to become a mother. He made every effort to get a furlough and failing, took the train and hastened homeward, reaching there April 23, '62.

On the 3d day of May, he rejoined the regiment then at Guinea Station, Va., and was put under arrest by Colonel Riddick, who, however, three days later when a battle was in prospect sent him word that his arrest was suspended for the present. Any other officer would have refused to do duty under such conditions, but Hamilton would not fail of his duty for such cause. Afterwards Colonel Riddick preferred charges, and finding no one willing to appear as a witness against Hamilton, *did so himself*. Hearing of the birth of his son, after rejoicing that his wife was recovering, Hamilton writes: "every day develops some new responsibility, anxiety and care. But God still rules and will bring order out of this chaos—even though it may be at the expense of my life and happiness. Thousands of lives as good as mine are being offered, and altho' I'll try and sell it as dearly as possible still it shall not be withheld."

"Camp on the Chickahominy—June 10, 1862—My own dear father. Yesterday was a day of sunshine in my heart, and the first one I have enjoyed in a long time. The sources of this pleasure were two letters from you, one from Jennie, and the delight of seeing brother Randolph safe and sound. He walked into camp this morning while I was in Richmond. . . . On my way out I learned from the pickets that my brother had passed on, and I tell you I quickened my pace. We spent a pleasant

day together in sight of the Yankee pickets. Randolph is as brown as a mulatto—broad-shouldered and compactly built—though somewhat lean from exposure and sickness. His hair, which he doted on like Absalom, is cut so close that you couldn't catch hold of it. His features have not altered at all, and he is the same old Randolph. We had a long chat together, and in the evening I walked back with him towards his camp. On the way we stopped at a strawberry garden and had a dish of the finest berries I ever saw. Brother Randolph was in the fight on the 31st and his regiment, *as usual*, distinguished itself. He escaped unhurt. He is becoming in a military sense quite a veteran. Gave me a Yankee sword knot which he picked up in their camp and says he filled his haversack with oranges and other delicacies, displaying as usual the epicurean part of his disposition. I think he is doing very well *for a private*, but I infer that he feels lonely. . . . Colonel Champ Davis[1] was killed, . . . shot thro' the arm and dismounting he attempted to go to the rear when a second ball struck him in the back of the head, and came out between his eyes. He behaved very gallantly in the fight, so did brother John."

The next letter bears date of June 17, 1862, a week before the Seven days' battle began—in which he was destined to lay down at last, that life he had offered for his country.

". . . To tell the truth I needed something of the sort, having been severely attacked with the Blues—during the past few days. Your letter cured me completely, —so entirely was my mental health restored that I dreamed a sweet dream of home last night, although lying with the damp ground for my couch, and my doubled coat as my pillow. Could that dream be realized I'd be a happy man. . . .

"I have the pleasure or pain of announcing that I have today completed my 23rd year—but as usual it is a sad birthday. The soul-arousing question occurs, where will I be on the 17 of June 1863?

[1] Champ T. N. Davis, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 16th North Carolina.

"I most sincerely pray that the answer may be, 'enjoying in quiet security the sweets of home.' But alas, the uncertain tomorrow! My bones may be bleaching on the battlefield, or mouldering 'neath the sod of Virginia!

"Nevertheless, *'Tomorrow, Lord, is thine! and Thy will, not mine be done.'* "

In this letter he also regrets that his design of giving that day (June 17th) to call upon his brother (myself) in the 8th Virginia regiment, Pickett's brigade, was thwarted by his being appointed "officer of the guard"—confining him to the camp. The visit, alas, was never paid, owing to this interruption, and the subsequent movements of the several corps. One more letter he was allowed to write home. It tells its own story, and breathes the heroism of his soul. "Battlefield—on the Chickahominy—June 29th, 1862—My dear father; I seize an interval between the whistling of bullets and the buzz of bombs to tell you that God has shielded your son through two severe battles, which occurred on the 26th and 27th inst. I am safe and sound, no doubt owing to the influence of my father's prayers, for my own are too poor to depend on. Hereafter I shall know how to prove the overruling providence of God. *I have stood up and been shielded when my brave boys were being killed around me lying down!* During the action I never thought of danger, but when it was over tears of gratitude accompanied my thanks to God. As to my conduct in the fight I will simply say that on the 27th which was the severest of the two, General Pender rode up to me and shook hands with me, saying:—"I love to take the hand of a *brave man.*" This was in recognition of my having seized the colors and started the regiment on a bayonet charge when the bullets were flying about us as thick as hail in a thunder storm. The General was watching us when I did it, and our Colonel who was lying behind me, I suppose did not hear Pender's thrilling, *"Forward, men, forward! Give them the bayonet!"* The *remnant* of my company witnessed the General's compliment to me. But I fear you are sick of my egotism. Our regiment suffered severely, as also the 16th which is in the

same brigade. My company lost 4 killed and 8 or 10 wounded; a heavy loss considering the number who were present. Among the killed, Weldon Miller[1], as brave as a soldier as ever shouldered a gun, was shot through the heart on the 26th. Captain Twitty[2], is in charge of the company and is as brave as a man can be. Lt. Weaver[3] being sick, T. and I have the company to ourselves. Well, for two days we have routed the enemy, forcing him out of his entrenchments, taking his cannon, camps, stores, baggage, and everything but what they could burn in a hasty manner. We have *taken whole regiments* prisoners, and such was their precipitate retreat they left their wounded where they lay. Jackson is still in pursuit and we start forward today. We only stopped to get something to eat. Yesterday we picked up $100,000 worth of camp and garrison stores to say nothing of artillery, etc., etc. I must not forget to tell the result of the bayonet charge. The 95th Pa., and 22d Mass., fled in dismay before us, and we came near being flanked by their reinforcements—having pursued them too far. . . . But the struggle is not yet finished. The enemy will make a terrible effort below. I will write again after our next fight. In the meantime pray for your soldier boy, who may, ere this starts, be again in the carnage. Love to all. Haven't heard from R. since the fight.—Hamilton."

The foreboding which seemed to rest upon him throughout all his military career, and which of itself illuminated the nobility and steadfastness of soul that could realize danger, and yet unhesitatingly face it, was fatally confirmed within twenty-four hours after signing this last letter.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to give an extract from a letter dated at Camp Mangum, December 23d, 1861, which shows how tenderly sympathetic with suffering and sorrow, however humble and disconnected with himself, was his generous heart:—"One of my company died yesterday; his corpse starts homeward tomorrow. . . .

[1] Weldon H. Miller of Rutherford County, a member of Company C.
[2] Thomas L. Twitty of Rutherford County.
[3] Alfred K. Weaver of Rutherford County, second lieutenant.

he was a member of the Baptist Church, named *Williams*[1]. I have just been interrupted by the arrival of the hearse to take away our dead comrade. Oh, what an interruption! A poor widowed mother unconsciously awaits the body of her darling boy. For no doubt he was dear to her. . . . And who next? Perhaps the very hand now tracing these lines may be the next to stiffen, and *the very heart now saddened,* may be the next to flutter and be still! But "*He* doeth *all things* well." I shall try to be ready; *and do you, my dear father, also be ready for the news—if 'tis God's will.* I hope and pray that he will spare my life for His glory, for your sake; for my sake; and last but not least for the sake of my dear wife. . . . Now dear father write me one of your good, kind, letters soon. I wouldn't take a world for them. Pray continually for me and *for mine.* Your continual prayer for me cheers me more than any other thought while absent, and I often feel perfectly safe and confident in looking into the dark future when I think of my father's prayers. I have experienced their value in the past. Forgive this sad letter. I have no one else to unburthen my heart to *—for I dare not write thus to Jennie.*"

Thus is shown his tender sympathy for the poor widow in her distant mountain home, a thoughtful consideration for the delicate condition, and *too* anxious affection of his lovely young wife, and a solicitude for the effect of any accident to himself upon his father, joined to a confidence in that father's prayers, and a cordial openness in addressing him, rarely to be seen as between men.

Thus closes the life chapter of one of the noblest of young Southern patriots. Gifted with almost every genial accomplishment, a good vocal and instrumental musician, a natural orator, no mean poet; brave as he was magnanimous, modest as brave, a Christian soldier, and gentlemen he fell in untimely season, as falls the leaf storm-torn from its stem, to lie unnoticed and forgotten; his self-sacrifice unmarked where all were suffering; and his glorious example lost to mankind, sinking into oblivion, alas! vain and unprofitable as far as our human judgment can see and estimate.

[1] Harvey C. Williams.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST

Historical Outlines—From the 'James' to the 'Rappahannock'—Stonewall Retaliates—Battle of Cedar Run—"On To"—Washington?—Yankee Audacity—Lee Wounded—"Foot Cavalry" Flank Movement—Close Quarters for Jackson—Longstreet Forces Thoroughfare Gap.

* * * * *

Pope stumbled upon the knowledge, or had it suggested to him, that should Longstreet succeed in reaching Jackson, his own position would be precarious, and instead of bagging Jackson, he would need to be lively to escape from "the trap" himself. He therefore hastened to despatch Ricketts and Buford to hold Thoroughfare Gap.

This gap, or notch in Bull Run Mountain is simply a narrow ravine—scarcely 200 yards wide at the widest part—with precipitous, rocky, rugged sides, arising quite abruptly from the edges of a small stream which divides the bottom of the pass with a narrow winding road, barely passable for wheeled vehicles; while a few feet above the road is the railway track (Manassas and Strasburg)—which occupies a ledge or shelf cut into the slope.

In the middle of the gap was a mill, dwelling house, etc. One glance at the interior of this intricate defile would seem to satisfy the beholder that a very small force might here successfully retard the advance of our army; perhaps even more successfully than the Three Hundred Spartans at Thermopylae.

Buford's and Rickett's ten thousand Yankees, however, were not impressed with Spartan views.

Longstreet's advance reached the west entrance of the Gap about sunset, on the 27th, after a most laborious

[1] The character of this chapter is indicated in the summary.

march. To an unemployed spectator, riding at his ease, the advance of the several columns towards Thoroughfare might have presented very novel and picturesque scenes.

Two powerful armies were in motion, maneuvering over the open plains and fertile fields of this fine region, whereof there is no superior in the State. Long lines of troops—blue and grey—were marching in parallel roads with only a few miles interval between; long trains of wagons, squadrons of cavalry galloping hither and thither; camp fires dotting the roadside, and lighting up the groves at night, stragglers covering the whole face of the earth; artillery booming in the distance; and in the front, the blue wall of the mountains with one single notch through which we must force our way no matter at what cost! I had kept pace with my comrades all day in anticipation that my services might be needed in the fight. But the exertion—the marching over sharp rocks and grating sands cost the greatest pain; and when the column came to a halt in the entrance of the Gap, I dropped like a log, and lay prone in the ditch at the side of the railway track.

Presently hearing the crack of sharp-shooting rifles in front—I thought with dismay of the craggy ledges and mountain-sides to be climbed in the early dawn when perhaps I could scarcely bend my knee joints! There was no escape and so I tore strips off of my only blanket, and wrapped my feet in bandages like Indian moccasins, then propping myself against the side of the railway cut—for there was not room enough for all to lie at full length after the column had massed in the defile—I tried to catch whatever repose was possible. Strange to say we all suffered now from cold; the chill atmosphere of the defile was in sharp contrast with the heat of the afternoon on the plains. I shivered continually having torn up my blanket to make shoes, for I was completely barefooted —as were fully ten thousand of Lee's men at the time. No shoes had been issued to the army for six months, and none could be had for love or money; and the constant marching quickly wore out the shoddy-made shoes with

which we started. In some regiments at least one-third of the men were barefooted, and many of the officers had their shoes wrapped with cords and string to keep the fragments together.

It was a picturesque spectacle in the narrow gorge—the precipitous crags arising highwalled on either side of the long straight pathway of the locomotive—the purling, tumbling, noisy, frothing brook clambering between the rocks below—the great white moon looking through the notch upon camps of Blue coats at one entrance, and upon masses of Gray coats, or no coats at the other, while in the portion of the pass were ghostly lines of skirmishers whose frequent flashes were not fireflies as they seemed but the deadly explosions of the rifle. Suddenly out of the darkness in front came a dazzling sheet of flame, with deadly hail of bullets. The Yankees had taken post across the path at an old mill where there was a stone fence and great ledges of rock, behind which they were not only safe, but completely concealed. Soldiers will not need to be told that this was an ugly place to stumble into. The advance halted and word was sent to Longstreet who came up—"We must clear them out!"—said he—"Jackson needs us."

After some parley it was decided to send a brigade to climb each peak or side wall of the Gap, in order that they might attack the flanks of the enemy while we charged him in front. So the brigades of Generals Hood and Whiting laid aside everything but their guns and began to slowly climb the steep mountain; after having to lift one another from rock to rock to clamber over trees, to wind across the ledges far above our heads where scarcely a wild chamois could range in safety—a fearful night march! Generals Pryor and C. M. Wilcox were sent to Hopewell three miles on the left. I was never specially anxious for a fight, but I felt truly thankful that night that my command was ordered to charge the Yankees in their lair, rather than climb all night as did the flanking brigades. (By the way if three of our brigades could

climb a mountainside, through dense bushes that night, Fitz John Porter could have marched nine miles on level turnpike).

A little before dawn I awoke, ate a cracker, and loaded my gun. At sunrise the advance began. Hood and Whiting had a mountain howitzer and having reached the top of the cliff pitched a shell into the Yankee camp at the mill. This startled them, and when a Georgia battalion, if I recollect aright, led the way in a grand rush the Blue Coats took to their heels after firing a few rounds. Eight of them were killed, possibly more. We counted that number dead.

Here was where Pope lost his game. If this Gap had been held a few hours, Jackson could have been destroyed. But the road was now open and Longstreet hurried forward. Emerging from the South-eastern face of the Gap, we had at once a fine view of the old Bull Run battlefield in the distance, from whose historic plains and wooded ridges now ascended clouds of the same old saltpetre smoke that filled the atmosphere twelve months before. Here and there above the treetops could be seen the white puffs of an exploding shell, while a second later would come the sullen *"Boom! Boom!"*

It was quite evident that Jackson was engaged in a serious battle; and soon came the report:—"Jackson is beset by the whole Yankee army; we must double-quick to the rescue."

The men responded promptly, a quick springy step was taken, and all fatigue apparently forgotten as the long lines swept forward, entered the turnpike, near Gainesville, and moved rapidly down it towards the scene of strife near Groveton, reaching Jackson's wagon trains about eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND

Battle of Manassas, "No. 2"—First Day, or "Groveton"—Haste to the Ball—A Foolish Rush—Jackson's Wing—Longstreet's Wing—A Cavalry Charge—Longstreet's Return to His Old Post—Asleep Among the Dead—Exit Sleep—A Final Charge—An Unmerited Reproof—Victory!—Wounding and Death of a Son of Daniel Webster—Relative Strength—The Barefooted Crew—The "Little Napoleon" Once More—A Battelfield Banquet—Skirmish at Ox Hill—Death of Gen. Phil Kearney—General Remarks—Consternation at Washington—A Son Captured His Own Father—Historical Outlines—Battle of Richmond, Kentucky—Etc.

It was near noon when the front was reached, and without a moment's pause the deploying movement began. Hood's brigade was formed on the right of the turnpike, and three brigades under Wilcox put in on the left of the pike to connect with the right of Jackson's line. While this was going on General Kemper was sent to come in upon the right of Hood so that the line might be extended to meet the column of Fitz John Porter which had arrived about the same hour.

About 1 P. M., Longstreet ordered this wing to advance. Guns were loaded, ambulance men prepared their litters, and everybody supposed the battle was to begin in a minute!

An excitable colonel yelled "Charge!" and the line rushed forward with shouts and uproar, over rough fields, over fences, through thickets, down into ditches over small creeks, for half a mile! Of course such a rush, at full speed over such ground, which was badly cut up by ravines, threw the entire command out of order, and into confusion. Puffing, panting, and excited, expecting every moment a deadly volley to be poured into us,—we finally reached a green grassy hollow, and were told to lie down and rest. Then there might have been seen some of the

angriest men imaginable! The wild rush across the stubblefield, (rye stubble which was like spears sticking out of the ground,) and the rocks had been very hard on the barefooted contingent;—who only kept up on the supposition that they were sorely needed, whereas it turned out that they were not to fire again until sunset. I was so infuriated with my officers that I left my command, and went off towards Groveton, to see the fight.

The battle had begun about 2 P. M. and as the country was open, the two lines could be seen for a long distance. Several times the bluecoated masses ran up to pistol shot, but were hurled back. At one time a force of the enemy got in between Gregg's and Thomas' brigades and threatened to make a panic. But Early's brigade swept forward, drove them out and stopped the hole, while three or four of our batteries which were on the hill turned loose upon the Yankees, almost shooting them in the back, for they had gone past us. General Longstreet printed a letter saying he was ordered to send men to help Jackson but seeing there was not time, sent the artillery to try the long range relief.

General Lee had been urging Longstreet to advance but the latter was constitutionally slow, and did not move until near sunset. The enemy were driven until dark, and it was an excessively dark night. As we charged down a slope, before we were aware, half the command was in the water waist deep, and the enemy just across the stream! The order to halt, and retire, or reform was given, and at that moment a singular incident occurred.

Colonel Ira Harris, of what was known as the "Ira Harris New York Cavalry,"—either purposely, or as many believe mistakenly,—galloped his command down the turnpike, over the bridge and into our lines, or past our lines, as there happened to be no troops directly on the turnpike.

In the darkness nobody noticed that they were Blue Coats until a little drummer boy on the fence screamed out—"They're Yankees! *They are Yankees! they say they are for the Union! They say they are for the*

Union!'' The shrill treble was followed by the shouts of officers on both sides, with a rattling fire of muskets and pistols, which emptied many a saddle; though it was hard to tell friend from foe in the intense darkness. The little drummer was cut down or trampled underfoot. A dragoon on a powerful horse came galloping full at me when the projecting stake of the fence threw the animal, breaking its neck, and throwing the rider like a ball from a catapult into parts unknown. The death screams of the cavalry horses were the most fearful sounds that can be imagined. The cavalry were quickly repulsed, and the number of dead horses in the lane next morning showed that it had been a dear experiment.

It proved, however, an excellent card for General Ira Harris; for the Northern papers took it up as a wonderful feat—equal to the ''charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava''—and many writers asserted that he checked Longstreet's advance, whereas in truth we were checked by finding ourselves waist deep in the waters of the famous ''Run;'' and we had retired, by order, some hundreds of yards before we discovered that the column of horsemen riding down the turnpike were Federals. But Harris was elected to Congress in consequence of the alleged daring dash.

About 10 o'clock, at night, General Longstreet was ordered to retire his whole division to its position of the morning,—in order to conform with Jackson's line on the left. The events of the day had completely exhausted me, and I groaned in spirit at the prospect of walking a mile or more in the darkness (''dark as pitch'') stumbling over rocks and briars with shoeless feet—therefore, I quickly dropped out of ranks, and into a thicket.—(It will be remarked that in this campaign the discipline was a good deal relaxed, expecially in regard to the ''barefooted contingent'' who were allowed to take their own gait provided they turned up in time for the fight.)

By the way it was a queer tribute of boyish faith in General Lee that I did not for an instant imagine that the retrogade movement meant a general retreat, or even

permanent retirement. I felt sure that our whole line would resume the offensive next morning; consequently I could save two or three miles of barefooted marching by remaining where I was.

Finding a clump of young pines or cedars whose thick branches formed an umbrella-like shelter from the dews, I unrolled my blanket, laid my gun within easy reach, took my greasy cartridge box for a pillow and essayed to sleep. The spot was about three hundred yards from the road, and the sound of the retiring troops could be heard at some distance.

Then a gradual quietness fell over the broad fields, and in half an hour not a sound could be heard but the faint breeze soughing through the feathery tops of the tall pines, or perchance some lonely tree owl hooting its dismal who! whooo! who! whoo!

It seemed impossible to realize that hardly an hour previous this had been the scene of wild uproar, and crashing shot, fierce yells, groans, and hideous carnage!

As is well known, the excitement of battle is followed—at least in young, or inexperienced soldiers—by a reaction which leaves the body as limp and weak as if just past the crisis of a fever.

I had scarcely stretched myself beneath the cedarbush ere I was asleep, and probably slept several hours before an incident occurred to spoil my rest. On leaving the command to find a sleeping place in the thicket, I had noticed several dark objects around me, which I supposed to be dead logs or clumps of bushes. About an hour after midnight the crackling of a twig or some subtle influence of man upon man, awoke me to view a sight that made my blood run cold! The night had cleared somewhat, the stars shining brightly; although there was no moon. Directly in front of me and about ten feet distant, was a tall figure, seemingly supernaturally tall, flopping its arms and gesticulating in ghostly fashion; while at its feet, bobbing about was a second creature ghostly white by contrast with the dark earth on which it lay! Language utterly fails to depict the effect of this startling spectacle.

For the space of half a minute, blood and brain stood still—paralyzed! Then recovering my senses, I realized that the apparition was not a ghostly maniac, but merely a battlefield prowler, robbing the dead!

He had stripped one of the dark objects, (which I supposed to be logs) but which were really dead men,) and was trying to get off its coat. As the stiffened arms prevented this, he was jerking and tugging, thereby making the peculiar motions which in the misty murkiness of the night had appeared so much like the flopping wings of old diabolus himself.

Almost involuntarily I seized my gun, and scrambled out from under the cedar-bush, shouting, "Hi! there—what in h-ll you doing! Surrender! Sur—" the last word was not uttered; for with a yell of fright that yet rings in my ears, the fellow dropped the corpse, and darted into the thicket, and was lost to sight ere I could pull trigger, tho' I could hear him for some distance stumbling, and crashing over the dry briars, as though pursued by a thousand devils. I have always forgiven him my momentary fright on reflection that he probably lost a year's growth himself, by reason of the sudden resurrection of one of his intended victims.

Afterwards it was gratifying to remember that the vile scamp ran towards the Yankee lines, and therefore he must have been a Yankee; though unhappily the Southern Army was not lacking in the shameless battlefield ghouls; for rarely on the morning after a battle were the dead, (Confederates as well as Yankees) not found stripped of all outer clothing, and frequently even of their underclothes! Much of this was ascribed to the negro camp followers; but the generality of negroes have too much superstitious dread of the dead to do much prowling.

As may be supposed it was a disagreeable sensation to find that I had been sleeping so near to a number of ghostly dead; for however careless a man may be in the broad glare of day, there are few who don't feel something uncanny about the presence of a lonely corpse in the stillness of night.

At any rate, I soon found that "Death hath murdered his elder brother, Sleep!"—and in a few minutes I collected my traps, and limped across the field in the direction of my command. Dawn found me near the brow of the long ridge, upon which, stretching for five miles ran Lee's line of battle,—the artillery on the crest of the ridge, and the infantry concealed in the woods and hollows in rear.

I sat under a persimmon tree to eat my breakfast of dry crackers and boiled bacon. Hour after hour passed without a stir until about nine o'clock, when I saw Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) Stephen D. Lee galloping like mad along the line of Jackson's batteries; which were about one and one-half miles distant, but in plain view. Then came puffs of white smoke, one! two! three! four! ten! twenty! the steady thunder of guns too fast to count! a few minutes later I saw what was the matter. Away across the plain towards Groveton, was a dark line which looked like a moving fence, until the sunlight caught bright bayonets, as they left the shadow of the woods! It was a superb spectacle: the "crack" divisions of the Yankee Army—Sykes' and Morrell's,—the majority of them being "U. S. Regulars," trained to move like machinery.

The glitter of steel,—a full mile in breadth, the bright flags fluttering above the line,—the officers galloping on horseback,—was like a holiday pageant.

They were not firing a shot, as yet, but the "Ding! Dong! Ding Dong!" of Jackson's cannon shook the earth.

When the last Yankee had disappeared in the woods, I saw Longstreet coming, and knew that the hour for "business" had come. Looking across the valley, I could see immense clouds of dust ascending to the skies, like the smoke of a train rushing through a forest; thereby showing that the Federal wagon trains were going at full gallop in retreat.

I hastened over the ridge, and found my regiment quietly lounging on the grass awaiting orders.

"Thought you were killed!"—said Lieutenant Charlie Dawson. "No, I staid all night with some Yankees out yonder." "Why, how was that?"— But before any explanation could be given, the shout ran along the line:—

"Fall in! men, Fall in!" And General James L. Kemper, who that day commanded several detached brigades, galloped along the ridge in front of the line of battle, shouting:—"Hurrah! Hurrah! The Yankees are retreating! We've got 'em on the run! The day is ours!"—Whereat many a poor fellow yelled himself hoarse, who, within thirty minutes afterwards lay prone upon his back, with glassy eyes staring skyward whither his spirit had fled!

"Good God! men—Virginians! Hurry up! Rally! Rally! Charge 'em in the flank, men! Charge 'em! Charge 'em" Shouts General Hood, bare-headed, and with his long beard floating in the wind as he galloped headlong past the 8th Regiment.

Some of Pickett's men rather resented his orders; others thought him drunk, or mistaken as to his own brigades; but I presume he foresaw that the red-breeched batteries would enfilade his line and ruin it if we did not come up promptly on his right. It was now a little past 5 P. M., and our forces were advancing on all sides. "They came on like demons emerging from the Earth" —says a Yankee correspondent. In five minutes we had driven Sickles, Reno, Schenk and Porter from the brow of the plateau. Capturing their artillery, and carrying them in a confused mass, back,—back,—back! The New York *Scottish American* of September 4, 1862, says:

"The Confederate attack is described as being fearful. They used the bayonet with immense effect: and one of their charges is described by an excited eye-witness as being 'Grand, sublime, appalling, tremendous, and overwhelming!' and as being made at a double-quick, and by a mass of men so great that the eye could not take them all in. Regiments, divisions and columns were scattered like chaff; while amid the broken masses of men was

thrown a storm of shot and shell under which no army could rally.

"About dark the battle ceased, the Federals having completely lost the field, but being able to cross Bull Run and fall back about seven miles to a strong position behind Centreville."

Pollard in the "Lost Cause," thus describes it: "It was the most sublime spectacle ever witnessed on a battlefield. As far as the eye could range a line of bayonets glistened in the sun. Now it could be seen passing through the open fields. Again it would disappear in the woods. A brief pause would ensue, followed by the clatter of artillery, riding to the front, and then the awful roar of the guns. Then a shout would proclaim that the enemy were again in retreat, and the advance swept on, its bayonets catching now and then, the light of the sun, while sheets of artillery fire blazed through the clouds of smoke and dust.

"The ground that the men traversed was in many places red with blood. In wood and field, across creeks and brooks the roar of battle continued, and long lines of smoke curling over the tree tops were wafted away on the evening breeze. Lines of ambulances and stretchers followed the grand advance as it swept on its career of destruction, leaving scenes of carnage in its rear. Groans and death cries arose on every hand—mingling with the distant roar and rush of battle—still the advance was relentless. As the mass of fugitives was driven across Bull Run many were dragged under water, the crowds of frenzied men pressing and trampling on each other in the stream. The wounded and dying of both armies lined the banks. Some in the endeavor to drink tumbled in, and were too weak to extricate themselves. Others in the water clung to branches and thus sustained themselves for a while; and then were seen to let go their hold and disappear. The meadows were trodden down, wet and bloody." etc., etc., etc.

This account while highly sensational in coloring—tells no more than the actual facts as witnessed by my own

eyes, except as to the drowning, which I don't think likely to have occurred, unless, possibly, a rare instance or two.

I suffered, personally, beyond description in this battle. Barefooted and weary I was sustained by pride and excitement during the long race over stubblefields, sharp rocks, thorns and briars; climbing fences, jumping over gullies, scrambling up slopes,—rushing, pushing, crowding, and shoving—but after the first fierce struggle with the foe, when Sickles' batteries were taken, I became utterly exhausted and broken down. It seemed as if I could not drag one foot after the other. Besides I was passionately indignant at one of my officers, Lieutenant J— for unmerited reproof. After the Yankee lines were broken, and the pursuit grew hot, I stepped upon a stalk of barley, or oat straw that ran quite half an inch into one of the big blisters on the bottom of my feet. The pain was so great that I could not help pausing to examine it, whereupon the dapper young shoulder-strap, with good clothes, strong boots, and full stomach, waved his sword (the only thing *he* had to carry) and shouted out: "Come on! Come on Shotwell. *Don't be lagging back behind the Company!*"

"*Lend me your boots,*"—roared I angrily,—"and I'll *lead* the company, and not *lag back here with you!*"

It is only just, however, to say that Lieutenant J. was no coward, and led whenever there was need for it: though he was very thoughtless and unfeeling in the present instance. I was so stung by the unjust reprimand that I forgot my bleeding, blistered feet, and sprang forward quite in advance of the men, and nearly had my head blown off for my pains—C. Walters firing his musket so close to my ears that I could scarcely hear the cannon for the next half hour. It was a common thing for men to become so excited in the storm of battle as to fire squarely in the back of some more daring comrade. I was struck on the side, shortly after this occurrence by a spent ball which pierced my haversack, cut through two—equal-to-sole-leather—cakes of bread, and blackened

the skin on my hip without breaking it. The force of the bullet knocked me around, however, causing those near me to suppose I had received a serious wound.

The grand charge, heretofore described, broke the strong lines of defence that Pope had counted on to check pursuit until night would permit him to make off in safety, and now there was no little promise of a repetition of the famous and infamous Bull Run Races.

His whole army seemed demoralized and broken into fragments. Brigades and regiments were no longer distinguishable; the great masses of Federals fleeing down the road and over the fields regardless of appearances, order, or manhood; thinking only how best to escape; and that quickly. In the wild terror of flight, the wounded and weak had no consideration from the strong and whole, the dying and the dead were alike trampled under foot. The entire Northern Army was speedily hurled across Bull Run, and fled so hastily that our artillery could not follow them even with the far reaching shot and shell. One shot answered to disperse a brigade. Pope, himself, appears to have been so far *en rear* as not to have appreciated the full effect of his own disaster, or else he had the brazen impudence to lie, as usual, in the face of inevitable exposure, within a few hours, or days at best; for as late as half past nine P. M. on the 30th, he telegraphed Lincoln as follows:—"The Rebels are *badly whipped;* we shall do very well: don't be uneasy; etc. We'll hold our own here."

Next morning, however, he piped another tune as follows:—"I should like to know whether you feel secure in Washington *in case this army shall be destroyed?* I shall fight it as long as a man will stand up to the work."—

Quite a change of tone from the "Jackson in my trap." —"Bag the Rebels"—"Badly whipped"—etc. But Pope was a splendid type of the braggart-brassy Yankee General. At the very moment he telegraphed his determination to "stand as long as a man will stand up to the work," he knew that his army was safely behind Centreville, where he had received no less than 20,000 fresh

troops, comprising Franklin's corps of McClellan's late army, Sturgis and the troops retained to defend Washington. With these reinforcements—equal to half the fighting force of Lee's army after the battle, he might easily have marched back to Manassas and routed our weary men, or at least thrown us on the defensive in short order. But he preferred the mock-heroic stuff about "fighting to the last"—knowing it would sound well up North, and there could be no danger of his having to perform the promise. In answer, Halleck telegraphed him, tendering the thanks of the Nation, and ending—"*You have done nobly!*" which goes to show that Pope understood his masters, and knew that a victory on paper would do almost as well as a real victory, so long as the wires were under control.

Pope, with customary falsity estimated his losses at 8,000; whereas, we captured more than 8,000 prisoners—including some 2,200 wounded and left on the field. A Northern journal, which seems to have had unusual perception of the true state of things estimated his losses in the three days' fighting at 28,000, and it is safe to say 25,000 would not cover his losses. More than 1,000 officers were killed or wounded. The substantial fruits of our victory were thirty pieces of artillery, (a large number to be captured on a battlefield); 8,600 prisoners—(7,000 of whom were paroled at once)—eight or ten thousand stand of small arms, a dozen stands of colors, and immense stores of all kinds.

During the day's fighting occurred a Masonic incident of some interest. Subsequent to the breaking of Sickles' line of battle, and the pursuit across the ridge, there was a temporary lull in the conflict, and in glancing about the field I noticed a wounded Yankee with the insignia of a Colonel on his shoulder straps. He was a tall, long bearded, handsome man, with an air of intelligence perceptible altho' he was lying prone upon the sward bleeding from two or more wounds. Upon his feet were a splendid pair of glazed leather boots, reaching above the knee; and these a gaunt, barefooted Texan was about to deprive him

of, when I approached, accompanied by Lieutenant Grey of our Company. Seeing that the Federal was still alive, I rebuked the Texan, and bade him "let that man's boots alone." He demurred saying he was barefooted, and needed them more than a dead Yankee. Whereupon to the surprise of all, the Colonel spoke in a tone of perfect calmness. "Yes, let him have them: he needs them, and I never more shall."

Struck with the self possession of the stranger, we enquired as to his wounds, gave him some water, etc. "Are you a Mason?" Lieutenant Grey responded affirmatively, and then learned that the prisoner was Colonel Fletcher Webster, of the 12th Massachusetts, last surviving son of Daniel Webster, the most famous orator, and possibly statesman, that America has produced.

Realizing that he had received his death-wound, he was only anxious to have suitable messages sent to his wife and friends. He desired his watch, papers, and a small memorandum book transmitted to his wife by flag of truce, if the occasion offered; and added certain affectionate messages, needless to mention publicly. He talked with a mild calmness quite unusual under such circumstances, and stated that he had been prepossessed with forebodings that he should fall in this battle. Lieutenant Grey gave him the Masonic assurance of faithfulness in the execution of his requests, and he seemed much relieved, and grateful.

A demonstration on the part of the enemy now drew all hands to the post of duty again; but subsequently, as no shade was at hand and the sun beating down with frying-pan heat we erected a temporary shelter over Webster by sticking four bayoneted muskets upright on each side of him, and spreading a blanket over them; thus forming a canopy sufficient to shut out the sun, and the dew at night. However towards dusk the ambulance corps conveyed him to the ——— House where he received every practical attention, which was unavailing, however. He was buried by a committee of Masons, in a separate grave, and the spot suitably marked for future

identification by his friends. Lieutenant Grey sent the watch, etc., to Mrs. Webster at Marshfield, Mass., and received per flag of truce, a very kind and grateful letter of acknowledgement.

Thus for once at least, the Masonic obligation served to make easier the last hours of a brave soldier; though his name and gentlemanly bearing would have secured him suitable treatment, regardless of fraternal amenities.

Pope, with habitual mendacity, excused himself by claiming to be *over-powered.* Lee, he asserted, had launched over *"two hundred thousand trained veterans"* upon his poor, weak, little army, which could only hope to fight and fight, and run away, with hopes of returning to resume the fight another day, or words to that effect. And two-thirds of the Northern people will never believe anything else, whereas the real truth is that Pope had nearly *two men to every one of Lee's!*

General Lee's official Roster shows that on the 1st of August, 1862, he had north of Richmond, including all troops left to guard that city, and Drewry's Bluff, and the various depots, bridges, etc., only 69,559 men. From this we must take one brigade of cavalry, all the artillery reserves, and at least 6,000 barefooted men excused from duty. Three divisions, D. H. Hill's, Walker's, and McLaws,—were left to watch McClellan, and did not arrive until the morning after Pope had fled to Centreville.

Hampton's cavalry also, did not come up until the first of September.

So that we had not a man over 28,000 in the battle of the 29th, and not a man over 46,000 in the battle of the 30th; or for the sake of round numbers put Lee's men at 50,000. Pope himself estimated his original army at 43,000; to which were added 60,000 of McClellan's army and 13,000 under Reno and Cox (from the Kanawha) and Sturgis' division; or let us say for grand total—120,000. From which it will be seen that Pope really had two to one in these battles, despite his reports.

Furthermore, Lee's men were half clad, half shod, half fed, and half broken down with excessive and pro-

tracted marching, fighting, and loss of sleep. "The First Year of the War," a Confederate volume published in 1862, says:—"For ten days the troops of Jackson and Longstreet were almost constantly under fire. *Many of them were barefooted* and in rags: having only a single blanket for protection against the heavy dews and severe cold of the nights; frequently without food from one morning till the next, and then generally bread and water with a rare economical mingling of bacon; etc."

This was part of the truth, but not all; not the worst.

Although Pope had telegraphed Halleck:—"I think this army is entitled to the gratitude of the country" and Halleck had replied:—"My dear General, you have done nobly," the country seemed to look at things with rather suspicious glances, and Lincoln, himself, appears to have been unable to see things through such roseate glasses. At all events, on the morning of the 2d of September; "a solitary horseman might have been seen galloping his trusty steed from the environs of"—Washington with a commission in his pocket directing him to meet the retreating army, take command, and assign it to the best localities for defending the Capital.

A "Life of McClellan"—tells how he—"advanced to meet the retreating soldiers, and by his *cheering voice* encouraged them, and at the same time *assured them that* they were *approaching a haven of safety,"* etc., etc.

Poor boys! Poor skedaddlars, how glad ye must have been to see the "Young Nap!"

By dawn on the morning of the 31st our army was in motion to pursue the flying foe. Longstreet's corps now took the lead. As we passed over the hard-contested field, the full horrors of the strife were presented to view in the mangled remains and ghastly visages of the half-naked corpses—two and three in a pile—and scattered here, there, everywhere,—on the hillside, along the banks of the rivulets—half buried in slime and filth, or sprawling and bloated on the rocky ledges! Bloody forms; eyes, bulging out like walnuts, glazed and glaring to Heaven; teeth clenched in mortal agony; heads off, arms off, legs

off, and great swarms of flies and gnats buzzing around the open mouths, froth-lined and horrible!

This is one pecularity of Southern battlefields: the quick decomposition of the corpses from the excessive heat; and the immediate gathering of the insect clans, whose buzzing and gyrating is dreadful to the wounded, and sickening to the well. One singular spectacle I noticed was that of a Yankee lying on a hill near a brook, as if he had been stooping to drink when his forehead was blown off by a piece of shell, allowing his brains to ooze out several inches on the sloping ground. There was no mistake as to its being his brain, for the entire cellular-structure of the brain lay bare to view; yet the man had lived perhaps fourteen hours, as it was 10 A. M., the day after the battle when I saw him. I was dreadfully shocked at the sight, but seeing the man's eyes gently open and shut like a wounded dog, I stooped and would have moved him, had he not groaned so piteously that it seemed unnecessary torture.

It is scarcely within the range of human possibility that he could have lived, even if given the most careful attention. The horrors of the battlefield were soon to give place to a most unusual and incongruous incident; to wit, a real old-fashioned feast on "Homefixins."

When Pickett's brigade reached the top of the plateau, which had cost such hard fighting on the previous afternoon, a large four horse wagon was seen approaching, and while the brigade halted, several men on horseback inquired for the 8th Virginia Regiment. They next signalled the driver of the wagon, and on its arrival, it was found to be heavily loaded with provisions, which had been hastily cooked and despatched to their fathers, husbands, and sons in our regiment by the good people of Loudon and Fauquier.

The people in Loudon are "good livers," and strongly Southern in sentiment; and though they had been robbed and over-run by the enemy for nearly a year—they were keenly watchful of an opportunity to testify that there was "life in the old land yet." And with perfect faith

that Lee *would* come, and *would* whip Pope, they fixed up "the fixins" and started them to meet us.

Never was anything more opportune, for there was not a haversack in the command that could produce the ghost of a breakfast. And here came 100 roast turkeys, 100 cooked chickens, a dozen or two boiled hams, roast pigs, haunches of beef, buckets of butter, applesauce, honey, and preserves; bushels of buiscuit, wheat loaves, corn bread, big cakes, little cakes, ginger cakes, a barrel of cider, 16 gallons of whiskey, and peach brandy, several cans of milk, etc., etc., etc., etc.

Imagine with what gusto our ragged boys—after twelve months of famishing on "Rebel rations"—and nothing whatever during the past 48 or 60 hours—pounced upon these luscious home-cooked, old-timey viands—flavored with the sympathies of the senders?

They swarmed around the wagon like a pack of wolves, and it must be admitted, showed a somewhat wolfish temper in gobbling up the edibles and drinkables. However, there was enough to give all hands a really enjoyable meal, and to spare. Some of the more porcine fellows even managed to fill their haversacks for future feastings.

Perched on the large rear wheel of the lumbering old wagon, I divided my time between munching cold turkey, cheese, biscuit and rye-bread, and noting the battlefield. Dozens of corpses were lying about within a dozen paces of the spot where our men were banqueting and growing jolly under the cheering influence of "old peach and honey." Most of the bodies were entirely naked—shame on the battle-scavengers!—and the nude flesh was in strong contrast with the red mud of the hillside.

Below us, stretching far to the Southeast lay the valley of that famous "Run," which had now given a name to two battles, and acquired fame more world-wide than any stream in existence if we except the Rubicon.

Opposite were "Groveton Heights," the "Chinn House," "Robinson House," and "Henry House," merely country cabins, but famed over two continents. Some distance below us was the old "Stone Bridge,"

where Longstreet defeated McDowell's advance on the 18th of July, 1861.

The "plains" were peaceful enough on this bright Sabbath morning, but the remnants of yesterday spoiled it. How forgetful we are! Of all these cheerful, rather noisy men—stuffing themselves, and talking gleefully of speedy visits to their homes—not half a dozen—for the time—remembered that yesterday scores of their comrades were laughing and jesting in the same way, who now lay pallid and rigid, glaring skyward in eternal silence! And there must be more fighting before the day is done, and of these, who now enjoy the passing hour, another percentage must fall!

"Truly in the midst of Life we are in death!" thought I, still munching, this time a partridge breast, and counting the corpses in sight. There were seventy-four!

Yet there is no special wonder that these things be. It is hard for an old Confederate soldier not to become a fatalist. He is exposed almost constantly to open, visible, and unavoidable peril; he sees that amid equal dangers one is taken—the other left; he sees that after each battle the number of his old comrades is less and less; he becomes accustomed to scenes of carnage, suffering and death; he realizes that in all natural probability his own turn will come next; he finds by experience that the more he thinks upon serious topics—the more he reflects upon the death, agonies, and burial of his comrades —the more unhappy he becomes; and gradually he puts thought away and hardens into a species of *stoicism,* which is not *infidelity or scoffing,* but merely a state of *callousness and indifference,* or fatalism.

There is no doubt in my mind that the best soldiers are the worst Christians—or let us say, those who take the least concern about the future and their religious feelings. Of course, there have been particular cases, like Colonel Gardiner, Sir Henry Havelock, Headley Vickers, and Stonewall Jackson, who were zealous Christians and churchmen yet splendid soldiers, and hard fighters, but these were special cases—each of them being actual

fanatics, or zealots in their religious views, and would without doubt have fought as well and successfully if they had never bent the knee.

Jackson, himself, was a fatalist of a religious kind. It is said of him, that he generally spent the night before a battle in earnest prayer, and generally fought under what he regarded as "inspirations." Reports accounting for his extraordinary lack of energy and earnestness in the Seven Days' battles round Richmond, said he had a presentiment against the movement, or "lack of inspiration" on the subject; and the fact that he lost a day in crossing Grape Vine Bridge, and breaking McClellan's army into fragments was attributed to his belief that to move on Sunday would cause the loss of the whole army.

These may be mere idle tales, but they were believed by a large number of his best friends and admirers.

During the 31st Jackson's corps had been sent on the usual flank movement with the hope of intercepting Pope's flight from Centreville (where he had received 20,000 reinforcements) to Washington. Jackson crossed at Sudley Ford and circled round to the Little River turnpike, which leads to Fairfax Court House, directly on Pope's line of retreat.

In anticipation of some such demonstration, a large force had been sent up the turnpike beyond Germantown to a point called Ox Hill, where Jackson on the afternoon of the 1st of September found a strong line of battle confronting him.

Could he have arrived half a day earlier, there is little doubt of the capture of half of Pope's army, and all of his trains and artillery. But the best of soldiers are only mortals, and the strongest of them became worn out with weeks of marching; and half a week of steady fighting; and Jackson's men were greatly exhausted, besides having a beating storm of rain and sleet[1] in their faces all the afternoon.

It was near sunset, when our advancing columns—(Branch and Fields' brigades)—drove in the Federal

[1] A cold rain fell but there is no record of sleet.

skirmishers, and steadily pushed against the double opposition of fire and storm. The enemy had two divisions —Reno and McDowell—advantageously posted, with Hooker and Fitz John Porter's corps, supporting. Our two brigades, therefore, were no match for the enemy, and though they succeeded for a time in putting him on the defensive, he pushed forward and quite a stubborn fight ensued, in which the Yankee General Stevens was killed. Jackson now brought up Pender's, Gregg's, and Thomas' brigades, and a part of Ewell's division—forcing back the foe.

While the skirmishing was in progress, Longstreet came up, but as he had been marching with his brigades between the trains, it needed an hour or more to disengage and form the men in line of battle. Pickett's brigade marched down the turnpike to the fine residence called Ox Hill, or Chantilly, about 2½ miles north of Fairfax Court House; and wheeling to the right through a gate, formed in line in a broad meadow, and advancing across it some 900 yards, drew up in the skirt of a forest, wherein our skirmishers were already engaged with the enemy. Every now and then a shower of stray bullets came "singing" through the pine saplings—knocking the bark off of the trees, and sometimes off of the men. A more steady shower of half-frozen rain was quite as unpleasant as the more deadly leaden storm; and utterly precluded the idea of a general engagement this evening, as the men could scarcely load their weapons at leisure —much less amid the excitement of conflict.

I thought I had never known a more disagreeable situation. The feathery pine saplings afforded no shelter, but seemed to gather the rain into heavier drops, and dump it down one's neck and back. The ground was quite low, and little better than a marsh, so there could be no sitting down, and small hope of the much needed night's rest. As twilight came on, the men stood silently (orders requiring it) like gloomy shadows—in a long line through the woods—each soldier holding his musket muzzle downward to keep the lock under the shelter of

his arm; no sound audible but the dull monotone of the raindrops on the autumn carpet of leaves; or the distant rumbling of the heavy wagons and artillery along the turnpike in the rear, or the varying drop! drop! drop! —drop, *drop,* drop!—drop! *spang!*—of the sharpshooters in the dense thicket some hundred yards or so, in front; and thus the day sunk into night, and gradually peace and rest came over the scene, and our weary boys stretched themselves, supperless and chilly on soaked sward; and while they rested the Federals once more mounted their legs, and *"git up and gitted";* and when morning dawned they were wearily plodding within the strong works on Arlington Heights.

* * * * *[1]

[1] The omitted portion deals with the death of General Kearney; the results in the North of the Confederate victories in Virginia; military affairs in the West.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD

Trans-Potomac—Forward!—Soldiers are Coming—Crossing the Rubicon—Lee's Address to the Marylanders—Barefooted, Blanketless Soldiery—Bad Management—The Kid Glove Policy, or Non-Retaliation—Lee Sets a Trap—Battle of Boonsboro Gap—The Lost Despatch—The Fight at Boonsboro Gap—South Top—North Top—Personal Experience—A Bad, Mad, Sad Retreat—Crippled—Elaborating a Repulse Into A Victory.

Lee, having hurled the consolidated Federal armies in Virginia back within the impregnable fortifications of Washington, found himself forced to consider what disposition he should make of his own forces pending the recuperation of the foe.

To attack Washington by direct approaches was to sacrifice his men without human probability of accomplishing complete success, and no man knew better how seriously the efficiency of the troops would be impaired by a long season of idleness, even if it had been practicable to go into camp so far from his base, and with the enemy in possession of water courses, enabling them to ship a powerful corps far in his rear, if once he allowed them to relax from the active defensive. It was plain, then, that he must employ the Army in "forcing the situation."

Moreover, aside from military reasons, there were strenuous calls for action. The South, much depressed by the chapter of losses in the fall and winter of '61-'62, now rebounded with fierce exultation at the triumphs of the Chickahominy, the Shenandoah and the Rappahannock, supplemented by the Kentucky captures. And now all voices, pens, and popular opinion demanded a for-

ward movement—"carrying the war into Africa." This popular demand had been unheeded after the first Manassas, and the consequences seemed to teach the folly of repeating the mistake after a second "Bull Run" rout.

General Lee, while not apt to yield to the influence of public clamor, where its demands were contrary to sound military policy, yet knew the advantage to be derived from awakening afresh the zeal and interest of the country; raising the morale of the troops—much worn as they were by incessant marching and fighting; besides subsisting the army for several months in the enemy's country instead of hauling supplies from Richmond to Manassas as must needs be the case were he to take a position anywhere in the devastated regions of Northern Virginia.

Moreover, it had been continually asserted in all manner of ways that the people of Maryland, grown restive under Federal usurpation and oppression were eagerly, anxiously, impatiently awaiting the coming of a rescuing army to assist them in throwing off the yoke, when they would rise as one man and meet their deliverers with open arms; supplying their wants and joining their ranks. James R. Randall's impassioned lyric, "Maryland, My Maryland," had become immensely popular throughout the South where it was sung almost as enthusiastically as The Marsaillaise hymn of the French, or Yankee Doodle of old. In mansion and cottage alike, in town and country, in camp, and on the march one might hear the familiar air and stirring words:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple's door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore
And rise the Battle Queen of yore
Maryland, my Maryland."

The last stanza was:

"I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb
She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come!
Hurrah, she spurns the Northern scum,
Maryland, my Maryland."

But this proved to be a poetic fiction; she didn't "come" worth a cent! And though the "despot's heel" and tyrant's "torch" were undoubtedly desecrating her "shore" the large majority of her people had long since grown apathetic with regard to it. But of this I will speak more at length hereafter.

General Lee, in reply to a gentleman engaged in writing a school history of the war, in 1868, said:

"I did not propose to invade the North for I did not believe that the Army of Northern Virginia was strong enough for the purpose; nor was I in any degree influenced by popular expectations. My movement was intended simply to threaten Washington, call the Federal Army north of that river, relieve our territory, and enable us to subsist the army. I considered it useless to attack the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington, behind which the Federal Army had taken refuge. And, indeed, I could not have maintained the Army in Fairfax, so barren was it of subsistence, and so devoid were we of transportation.

"After reaching Frederick City, finding that the enemy still retained his positions at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and that it became necessary to dislodge him in order to open our communications through the Valley for the purpose of obtaining from Richmond the ammunition, clothing, etc., of which we were in great need, after detaching the necessary troops for the purpose, I was left with two divisions—Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's—to mask the operation. That force was entirely

too weak to march to Baltimore, as you say was expected, even if such a movement had been expedient."

Brighter than they had been for many a long day were the men of Lee's army—especially the members of my regiment, who were facing homeward, and meeting familiar friends and kinsmen every few miles, when on the morning of the 3d of September the head of column filed northwestwardly from the battleground near Germantown toward Leesburg, and the upper fords of the Potomac! At last we were assuming the forward and offensive, which of itself was inspiriting after eighteen months of patient warding off of blows, or repulsing of invaders! On the 4th, we camped near Leesburg, meeting *en route,* scores of citizens on horseback and in vehicles—including many ladies whose pride and affection for the war-worn veterans was hardly greater than their surprise at the ragged dilapidated appearance of their favorites. And in truth we were a hard-looking set!

We entered Leesburg next morning amid a reception committee consisting of the entire community white and black, old and young, male and female—reminding me of that Sunday morning a twelve-month previous when the 8th Regiment double-quicked to Ball's Bluff.

It was a touching sight to witness the breathless anxiety of many a parent, watching for the son of whom nothing had been heard in long months, and who might have fallen only a few days before at Manassas, almost within sight of home! And what a brightening of features was there when the eager eyes discovered the slouchy not over-clean urchin trotting under a huge musket in the ranks.

Or with what aching eyes was the search continued, the anxious one actually rushing into the street to scan each passing face for the beloved lineaments—not there!

To these bereaved folk, the laughing and rejoicing of their happy neighbors must have been positive torture: Fortunately the 8th Regiment had escaped with comparatively few casualties. "Please sir, is that the 8th Virginia?" queried the foremost of a bevy of pretty

girls, balancing a pretty pair of ankles on the curbstone—a pretty picture of eager expectancy; and when the reply came in the affirmative from a dozen throats, she clapped her hands, and screamed in feminine fashion: "Oh, I'm so glad! God bless you, boys, I declare I love every one of you."

Of course, so pretty a speech from so pretty a speaker "brought down the"—street with a chorus of yells that echoed all over the town. Company after company took up the cry, and no doubt the lively Miss was "awfully" envied by her less prominent sisters. However, the boys were "on their native heath" and quick to distribute their applause on every hand.

Truly it was a joyful day for the Loudoners, who, by their location, were a constant prey of the ravagers, and rarely got an opportunity to show their real sentiments. Talk as you please about "Union Sentiments"—the warmest feelings of every people are where their sons are enlisted as soldiers and of which their women sing songs. I often wondered how George D. Prentiss really felt when told of his son's death for the South.

Our bivouac this night was at the "Big Spring" three and one-half miles from Leesburg on the Nolan's ferry road. The limestone water spring at this place is among the largest in the South, being capable of turning any ordinary mill at a distance of twenty paces from its head. The pond constituting the spring-head is 25 feet across, and from two to six feet deep, furnishing pure sparkling water of icy coldness, sufficient to supply a hundred thousand men, and half as many animals.

It did, in fact, accommodate quite 30,000 men at this time. This spring is second only to the one at Darksville in the Valley, which has a broader pond, though the water is neither so cold nor clear.

Few of the 8th Regiment enjoyed the "Big Spring" that night as by the time the colors were banked, two-thirds of the men were *non est*. They knew that a long arduous campaign was before them, with chances of much fighting and no telling what fate—death, sickness,

or capture—awaited them; therefore who could wonder if "French leave," for once was taken, to cut across the fields and spend the night with "Polly and the babies?"

I drank the water, bathed in the brook, and snoozed on the green turf, with no distracting cares or thoughts of tearing away from clinging arms next morning. The fording of the Potomac on the morning of the 5th was a novel spectacle. All the men first reduced themselves to that scantiness of apparel which seems to have constituted the distinguishing feature of Adam's and Eve's costume prior to the apple-stealing scrape into which they were tempted by that bad boy, Old Nick.

The waters of the upper Potomac, when undisturbed by rains, are very clear and blue, as was the case this morning; adding picturesqueness to the scene as thousands and thousands of frolicsome Rebs—*in puris naturalibus*—or to put it in English—"in their natural shirts,"—waded in circuitous lines, splashing, slipping over smooth boulders, playfully wrestling, shouting, yelling, singing, brass bands playing: "Maryland, My Maryland,"—and general noise, confusion and jollification, like a mob of school boys bantering.

A Yankee correspondent wrote that Lee's Army entered Maryland "filthy and covered with rags," which was a wonderful lie. I can testify that the whole army was well washed for once, and *when they entered Maryland had not a rag to their backs!* After crossing the Potomac the Army marched northwestwardly along the river and canal to the line of Monocacy river, which General Lee proposed using as a line of defence if promptly followed and attacked by the Federals. Jackson's corps occupied Frederick City on the 6th and camped during four days.

On reaching Frederick City, General Lee thought best to promulgate an address to the Marylanders, explaining the motives for the advance of his troops upon their soil —declaring that the people of the South had long watched with deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages inflicted

upon a Commonwealth allied to them by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties; had witnessed the open usurpations and oppressions of the Lincoln Government, the arrest and imprisonment of their citizens without form of law—the violations of State sovereignty —including the arrest of many members of the Legislature, and the Mayor of their chief city, regardless of common justice—the dispersion by force and capture of her lawful, sovereign convention, the suppression of free speech and a free press, the occupancy of her principal cities by armed garrisons, the trial of her arrested citizens by military courts, etc., etc., all going to show that in her present condition she was simply a conquered province. He had come to give them an opportunity for expressing their real sentiments, and throwing off the yoke of oppression if they were so minded. At the same time he assured them there should be no constraint, no coercion, nor intimidation within the limits of his army, and if the people decided against active co-operation for their redemption, he should acquiesce therein; for—"We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice whatever it maybe, and while the southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will."

What victorious General ever used words of moderation and patriotism like these? But this glowing appeal fell on the ears of an enslaved people, most of whose representative men were in exile, or in prison, or so situated as to hesitate and shrink from action. The chief towns of the State were still under Yankee domination, and the rural districts are always slow to move. It needs months of discussion to arrive at unity. General Lee, himself, had not much expectation of response from the people of Western Maryland. This section of the State is principally settled by "low Dutch" and small farmers from the neighboring districts of Pennsylvania, who

were owners of few or no slaves; and had little sympathy with the South even before the war. The ravages of "the underground railroad" from Harper's Ferry northward to Canada had made their property in slaves so insecure that most large slaveholders had drifted off into the more densely settled parts of the state, or across the Potomac, and the "poor white trash" (as every well-conditioned negro termed them) that migrated downward from the Pennsylvania mountains, were always envious and snarlish in their relations with the more intelligent and wealthy classes; sentiments that caused the local "Union" correspondents of Northern newspapers to fill their letters quite as much with abuse of their "secesh" neighbors, as of sneers at "the dirty ragged Rebels." This abuse, however, served to show that there were many true-hearted sympathizers with the South, even in Western Maryland. At Frederick City, the Union element strongly predominated, but there were a dozen of the better classes of families, like Dr. McGill's, who gave us a warm welcome, and openly rejoiced at our coming, regardless of Unionist "vengeance" when we should have departed. Could General Lee have marched to Baltimore, or even surrounded Washington, it is likely the people would have made a movement, and our armies gained many recruits. Baltimore, indeed, became so excited that a force was sent to hold her gallant spirits in check; while McClellan's strong corps of cavalry was sent to cover every road leading towards Frederick in order to cut off all recruits on the way to join our ranks. There was no need to worry on that score had he only known it!

Most of the young recruits—especially those of the gentry class, no sooner "came and *saw*" than they were "conquered" of all desire to join such a Falstaffian crew, as presented itself to their fastidious wonder!

One single look answered in some cases to turn back to peace and comfort the most ardent sympathizer. After all, there is a wide interval between "*sympathizing with,*" and "*serving with,*" the half-clad, half-shod, half-

fed, half-armed, unshaven, unshorn, unkempt, uncouth-looking, sunbrowned, battle-scarred, "*Rebel rag-tag.*"

Human nature, however patriotic, revolts from the idea of this sort of life, with *daily peril added!* Just think of a well-bred young gentleman giving up his comfortable home; his wine, cigars, morning paper, and afternoon canter with the ladies—giving it up to go away into strange places, and get wet, and sleep in the mud, and march in everlasting dust, carrying an old musket, and having to wear a dirty shirt, and cut off his hair and beard for lack of comb and brush to keep them clean, and go without food for days on days, and wear out his teeth on hard crackers, and turn his stomach on rancid bacon, or ill-smelling beef (picking out the maggots first), and herd in daily, hourly, nightly association with a lot of ill-bred, illiterate, vulgar, sweaty, cursing, disorderly fellows—that speak such dreadful bad English! And then, you know, to go and have fleas and lice, and bugs and things crawling all over you, and have to plaster yourself all over with sulphur and stuff to cure the itch you took from the fellow who washed your solitary shirt—*AWFUL! ! ! !*

So General Lee didn't get many recruits—not more than a thousand at most, and the Marylanders lost their last chance of throwing off the abolition yoke.

It is amusing, and saddening, too, to read the Yankee accounts of our appearance. One writer describes Stonewall Jackson as seen at Frederick City: "He wore a seedy and dirty hat which any Northern beggar would consider an insult to have offered to him; and in general appearance was in no respect to be distinguished from the mongrel, barefooted crew that followed his fortunes. I had heard of the decayed appearance of the Rebel soldiers, but such a crowd! Ireland in her worst straits could present no parallel. *Yet they glory in their shame!*"

Poor pitiful scribbler! Canst thou not see that these men are presenting the highest type of patriotic manhood, in that they bear all these privations cheerfully,

and although many of them were born to lives of luxury and ease, they now endure all things—suffer all things —for a sacred cause?

Another correspondent writes: "Many of the Rebels wear the dirtiest, greasiest grey uniforms imaginable. Some of them have pantaloons made of U. S. tents (he omits to mention that this very canvass was captured from McClellan's well-clad men). These fellows have *purchased* all the clothing for sale in twenty miles of their camp. (The Yankees would have *stolen* it). A person need not have a vivid imagination to picture how the Rebels look when drawn up in line. No two men dress alike; in the same regiment you will see one in a blue jacket trimmed with red, another grey trimmed with green, a third wears no jacket, while farther down the line some may be observed who have but remnants of pants, hatless, shoeless. Some had scarcely garments enough to cover them," etc. There is enough of truth in these pictures to load with shame the officers of our Quarter Master's department, who really did a great deal more to break down the army than to keep it up. I mean that their shortcomings, their negligence, improvidence, and lack of energy counter-balanced their services. It is a well-known fact, and a most disgraceful one, that when General Lee crossed the Potomac fully *ten thousand* of his men were *barefooted, blanketless,* and *hatless!* The roads were lined with stragglers limping on swollen and blistered feet, shivering all night, (for despite the heat of the day the nights were chilly), for want of blankets; and utterly devoid of underclothes—if indeed they possessed so much as one shirt!

And the lack of proper equipment gradually made itself felt on the *morale* of the men. In the earlier stages of the war when our men were well dressed and cleanly —every company having its wagon for extra baggage— enabling the private soldier to have a change of clothing and necessary toilet articles—the men retained much of their individuality as *citizen*-soldiers, volunteering to undergo for a time, the privations and perils of army

life, but never forgetting that they were *citizens* and *gentlemen,* with a good name and reputation for gentlemanliness to maintain. Hence, when in battle array, these gallant fellows, *each had a pride in bearing himself bravely;* and when the hour of conflict arrived they rushed upon the foe with an impetuosity and fearlessness that amazed the old army officers; and caused foreign military men to declare them the best fighters in the world. After a while the spirit of the men became broken. Constant marching and fighting were sufficient of themselves to gradually wear out the army; but it was more undermined by the continual neglect and ill-provision to which the men were subjected.

Months on months they were without a change of underclothing, or a chance to wash that they had worn so long, hence it became actually coated with grease and dust, moistened with daily perspiration under the broiling sun.

Pestiferous vermin swarmed in every camp, and on the march—an indescribable annoyance to every well-raised man yet seemingly uneradicable. Nothing would destroy the little pests but *hours of steady boiling,* and of course, we had neither kettles, nor the time to boil them, if we had been provided with ample means.

As to purchasing clothes, the private soldiers did not have an opportunity of so doing once in six months, as their miserable pittance of $12 per month was generally withheld that length of time, or longer—(I only drew pay *three* times in *four years,* and after the first year, I could not have bought a *couple of shirts* with a *whole month's pay.* Naturally fastidious in tastes, and habituated to the strictest personal cleanliness and neatness, I chafed from morning till night at the insuperable obstacles to decency by which I was surrounded, and as a consequence there was not one time in the whole four years of the war that I could not have blushed with mortification at meeting with any of my old friends.

It is impossible for such a state of things to continue for years without breaking down one's self respect—

wounding his *amour propre,* stirring his deepest discontent, and very materially impairing his efficiency as a soldier.

Starvation, rags, dirt, and vermin may be borne *for a time* by the neatest of gentlemen; but when he has become habituated to them, he is no longer a gentleman. The personal pride which made many a man act the *hero* during the first year of the war was gradually worn out, and undermined by the open, palpable neglect, stupidity, and indifference of the authorities until during the last year of the war, the hero became a "shirker," and finally a "deserter."

The mountainous portions of Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas were in 1864-65, overrun by hundreds of deserters *who had fought bravely in 1861-62 and 1863.*

Very many customary ideas and beliefs were exploded by the war, and many new lessons were learned. The dandies who thought in 1861 that military service was the liveliest and laziest of all lives, soon discovered that it is the hardest in all respects that a man can be engaged in; exceeding in physical labor that of the woodchopper, or Irish spade-swinger, of a railroad construction corps.

Another lesson was, that the actual *fighting* is not, by far, the hardest feature of a soldier's life. The weary strain of the march under one hundred pounds of weight, the midnight toil to erect earth works, the long, long night-watch—in drenching rain, or chilling wind—the continuous peril of the skirmish, or picket line—all may so far surpass the terrors of the battlefield that the weakly, delicate, half-sick soldier often *wishes* for a fight as a mere relief from toil. More than once I, wearily helping to throw up earthworks through the long hours of the night, almost *prayed* for an attack from the foe, that would put an end to this arduous work which very likely we should never use; for in a great many instances, after toiling all night, losing sleep that was needed above all things, next day we marched on to fight somewhere

else, or perhaps left our own hardly-built fortifications to attack and rout the enemy in his.

To me, there was no drudgery that could compare with the long marches in the ranks, especially in the summer season. The retreat from Williamsburg in May, '62 was an experience never to be forgotten; yet it was not nearly so torturing as my march from "Orange" camp on the Rapidan to Richmond a month previous; and neither of them could equal my suffering during the long pursuit of Pope from Gordonsville via Stevensburg, and Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap and Groveton and Chantilly to Leesburg. Ah, those successive days—an endless chain of misery—marching thirty miles each day—up hill and down hill—over rocky ledges, and long glistening stretches of scorching sand—under a vertical sun that seemed to melt the flesh itself into streams of perspiration—amid droves of men (and horses, wagons, and artillery) whose shuffling feet kept the atmosphere dense with dust—while the incessant moving of arms, legs, weapons, canteens, etc., seemed, especially during the excessively hot afternoons, to bewilder, daze and irritate the eye until the nerves were strung to utmost tension, and the sufferer felt ready to wish he could never see, hear, or be near another mortal man so long as ever he lived! What miserable days of incessant rain, and bottomless mud! Followed the next morning by sultry heat —making the dusty turnpike boil up dust like smoke from a furnace shaft. I was never strong, and the weight of gun, bayonet, cartridge box, cap box, blanket, canteen, tincup, and such small articles of toilet as I chanced to have, all weighed me down until I had to gasp for breath, and so chafed my shoulders and breast—the straps keeping my clothes pressed tight against the flesh—that I could not bear to have anything touch them. Much of the upper part of Virginia is high, and rolling, hence, as the roads usually follow the tops of the ridges when practicable, there was much difficulty in obtaining drinking water for the troops. Not that there is any scarcity of streams or wells, the trouble was that the passing col-

umns did not know where to look for them, or they were some distance from the line of march, or when found were speedily drained dry, or muddied past use by the thousands of cups and canteens dipped therein.

Besides, but few men could leave ranks at a time for this purpose, and when a detail was sent to fill canteens he was often absent an hour or more—the regiment moving very rapidly—by which time the water would be too warm to afford any refreshment to the weary pedestrian, who had been longing for it so painfully. This, with eyes, and ears, and nose and hair choked with the fine dust, pulverized into an impalpable powder by twice 20,000 moving feet—with tongue half lolling out from lack of moisture, yet with perspiration dripping from forehead and every part of the body, filling the eyes with the salty, smarting fluid, and rolling little furrows down the grimy cheeks. And with feet so swollen and blistered that every step was like treading on needle points—daily, hourly, weekly, *"with fainting steps and slow,"* the human automaton drags from morning till night—and often far into the night.

The things are not exaggerated. Hundreds of men "fell by the wayside"—stricken senseless—lifeless, by overheat, exhaustion, or *coup de soleil.* Many a poor fellow have I seen drop from the ranks, and lie panting and dying with scarcely the attention ordinarily paid to a wounded animal. Frequently the poor fellow died where he lay; sometimes a few hours of rest enabled him to proceed. Immediately upon entering Maryland, General Lee issued stringent orders, prohibiting any sort of interference with the citizens of the country, or any kind of depredations, seizure of private property, entering of houses, burning of fencing, appropriation of poultry, etc. So strict were his specifications that not even a fence rail could be taken to kindle a fire on a dark rainy night, or to prop a shelter tent; notwithstanding the scarcity of timber in that region. Green corn, fresh fruit, etc., etc., abounded on every side—yet no matter how hungry or faint the half-famished Rebel might be he must ab-

stain as rigidly as if the owner of the articles was a sympathizing friend instead of an enemy with very likely a son or nephew down in Virginia, or Eastern North Carolina, plundering, burning, and murdering at will. That General Lee's "touch not, taste not, handle not" orders were something more than mere, idle words, issued for effect, I can bear witness by numerous illustrations. A single one, however, will suffice. While marching towards Frederick, we passed a large apple orchard, with green corn planted between the trees. Lieutenant Bob Coe of the Fairfax Rifles, climbed the fence into the tall corn, and filling his pockets with the apples *which had fallen from the trees,* came back into the road just where Colonel Hunton was waiting for him—having seen him enter the orchard.

"Give me your sword—go to the rear of the regiment, and consider yourself under arrest," said the Colonel—"You knew the orders, and you will now learn that they are to be obeyed."

The Lieutenant remained under arrest until after the battle of Boonsboro, I believe, and solely for the crime of picking up a few fallen apples. Of course, the Colonel had his orders and was bound to see them carried out; but suppose we point the incident with a Yankee Officer's written account of the villainy of his own corps *on our* soil. Here it is: "....It is not of the battlefield, or the horror and wretchedness that follows it, of which I would write, but of the *desolation and misery,* and *poverty and woe,* that fall upon the inhabitants of *every town, village, hamlet, and homestead wherever this army moves.* From the Potomac to Fairfax Court House, whether you follow the Alexandria, or Long Bridge road, a distance in either case of about eighteen miles, there is not a single farm cultivated, or a solitary inhabited house, not one rod of fence, not a barnyard or garden or rick of straw—not one evidence—not of thrift, but of *even life,* over what was once one of the fairest and richest portions of the Old Dominion....What follows is the work of Sigel's 11th Army Corps. Between Fairfax C. H. and Thor-

oughfare Gap—or between the Gap and Centreville there is a tract of country where up to a few days ago armies had not camped. Everything exhibited signs of thrift, well-fenced and well-stocked farms, comfortable houses, barns, factories, ricks of grain in the fields, and one pleasant little village (Haymarket) containing twenty houses on the road....Today the village lies in ashes—not one building being left standing, and the inhabitants are wanderers without a home. More than thirty farm houses, and as many barns, one factory and thousands of rods of fence, innumerable hay and grain ricks, with all the cows and other cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, etc., have been destroyed. Dwellings have been rifled, and the inhabitants, generally women, been subjected to every species of outrage; horses taken wherever found, and the *whole country,* for all purposes, for affording sustenance for man or beast for the next ten years to come, is a desert as hopeless as Sahara....Even in the more distant neighborhoods too far for the soldiers to travel, there are annoyances and troubles put upon the most respectable citizens to which the gentry of Austrian Italy were never subjected....Do you wonder that they call us *Hessians?* I, myself, have seen the Colonel commanding a brigade go repeatedly to a female boarding school with no assignable reason, and where he had not been invited—nay, against the wishes of the ladies—expressed with an intensity of scorn in looks that would have tinged the cheek of any *gentleman* with shame, and reenact what I have described above—viz., enter the parlor, bang on the piano, call for the ladies, demand refreshments, light a cigar, and act like a dog generally ....His staff of young officers were always with him, and though they could not appreciate it, I could never for a moment forget that the dignified matron, and trembling girls before them were my own country-women, etc., etc."

On the subject of the scrupulous regard for the enemy's property insisted upon by the Confederate authorities, the special correspondent of the London *Times,* writing from General Lee's headquarters says:

"The greatest surprise has been expressed to me by officers of Austrian, Prussian and English armies, each of which has a representative here, that volunteer troops —provoked by nearly twenty-seven months of unparalleled ruthlessness, and wantonness, of which their country has been the scene—should be under such control and willing to act in harmony with the long-suffering forbearance of President Davis and General Lee."

The *Times* man might well wonder thereat! I think the great mistake of President Davis' whole policy was his constant looking to the criticism of the outsiders on one hand; and on the other of his mistaking our struggles for Independence and National life to be a mere dignified, stately warfare such as two old nations might wage.

Far be it from me to urge "Black Flagism," or lawless reprisals, or even retaliation to the extent of repeating the violence, pillage, burning, rape and rapine of the Federals, such as I have just quoted. But surely the war would have been closed much earlier, with our independence won, if our armies had been pushed as far as possible on Federal soil—supporting themselves upon the surrounding country, and levying heavy ransoms on all large cities and towns. Let the hardships and losses of war once begin to fall upon *Yankee pockets,* and Peace would soon have dawned. But a different policy led to a different end.

When General Lee crossed the Potomac he had no other idea than that his movements would force the abandonment of the Federal posts at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg; thus leaving a free route for the supply trains, and ammunition trains from Richmond which were now quite urgently needed. But as there was every indication that the Federals meant to hold their positions, he promptly decided to send a flying column to drive the Martinsburg force into Harper's Ferry, and then bag the whole force at the latter place. He accordingly summoned his corps-commanders and laid his plans before them as follows:

First—Jackson, with two divisions (his own and A. P. Hill's) to march to Williamsport, cross the Potomac, and swing round the fields to Martinsburg capturing the brigade stationed there or driving it into the Ferry; whither our troops should hasten as soon as possible to enclose the force there by occupying the ground between the two rivers.

Second—McLaw's division to march at the same time (from Frederick City) and occupy Maryland Heights, opposite the Ferry, and plant artillery commanding the enemy's camps.

Third—Jackson to send Walker's brigade, with a battery to occupy Loudon Heights, southeast of the Ferry, and completing the league of that place.

Fourth—During the progress of these movements, the divisions of Longstreet, and D. H. Hill, were to act as a screen in front of the main body of the enemy, who were reported as about to cross the Potomac near Washington and advance to drive us out of Maryland. General Lee, himself, to remain with this wing of the army, which in event of being pursued, would retire behind the South Mountain range, and hold the gaps until the fate of Harper's Ferry should be announced.

General Jackson and his brother-in-law, D. H. Hill, both opposed the plan in the particular of its dividing the army; leaving a possibility that the enemy might by forced marches interpose himself between the two wings, and fall upon one or both at pleasure. It would be better, they thought, to move with the whole army on the Harper's Ferry expedition, and after making the capture take position somewhere south of the Potomac, where if McClellan did pursue he would have to fight with a deep river at his back instead of *our* fighting with it behind *us*. By this arrangement we would have all the *eclat* of having made a successful raid into the enemy's country, capturing large numbers of prisoners, stores, etc., and then retiring voluntarily in far better condition than we entered. There was sound judgment in this course, and subsequent events proved that it would have

been better for us in the end. General Longstreet, however, with that over-weening confidence in the courage of his troops, which rendered him an unsafe adviser in delicate conjuncture, insisted that his own and A. P. Hill's divisions could easily beat off the whole of McClellan's army, and that to abandon Maryland without so much as a skirmish would be taken as an evidence of weakness, or cowardice, and would greatly disappoint both the army and the whole South; besides encouraging the enemy to send another expedition against Richmond. The council broke up, and Jackson hastened to set his corps in motion. Sweeping rapidly through Middletown, Boonsboro, and Williamsport he descended upon Martinsburg only in time to hear that the rear guard of the Yankees had just left for Harper's Ferry whither he follows with much expedition.

McLaws advanced through Crampton Pass and down through Pleasant Valley to Maryland Heights, whence he drives a strong detachment of the enemy including a heavy battery of 32 pounders and howitzers (McGrath's) which alone ought to have been able to keep off a division of men for several days. Walker plants himself with some guns on Loudon Heights, Jackson stands upon a hill watching for the rockets which are to signify the arrival of each division in its appointed place. This was on Sunday. Since early dawn the besieged had filled the woods with shells in all directions apparently afraid that there was mischief in the wind, but unable to fathom the mysterious signs in the air. They had double the number of guns and of heavier calibre than ours, but the advantage of position was with us after the capture of Maryland Heights.

During the afternoon our gunners pitched a few shells among the Federal camps to keep them in mind of what was to come on the morrow; Jackson's plan being to rake the enemy's lines with his forty pieces of artillery for an hour or two on Monday morning and then carry the works by assault. He had already heard the dull reverberation of artillery in the direction of Boonsboro,

and could well surmise what it meant, and if his chieftain, Lee, was really set upon by McClellan, the Ferry must fall now or never.

So about sunrise on Monday, (September 15th,) as Hill and Longstreet, retiring from Boonsboro Gap, were deploying near Sharpsburg to make another stand every one of our guns began to limber with all the vigor they possessed. Some of our batteries enfiladed the Federal works, while others silenced opposing guns. For an hour and a half this uproar goes on—then the gallant boys of Pender's brigade arise, fix bayonets, lay aside their blankets and prepare to dash over the enemy's works. Thank Heaven! It is not necessary! Above the breastworks was a white flag! General Miles, the Federal Commander, recognizing the futility of further bloodshed, accepts the terms of surrender. But the flag is not seen on all sides, and our shells still fall within the camps. As Miles sends the final message a shell bursts beneath his horse and tears away his own leg! With the cry—"My God it's too late!" he reels in a dying condition into the arms of his staff. The command now devolves on General Julius White, (the officer driven in from Martinsburg,) who issues the necessary orders to complete the surrender. The prisoners (10,346 [infantry], 925 artillery and cavalry, and 312 sick: total 11,583,) are marched past a given point where they pile their arms, which are immediately placed under a strong guard. General A. P. Hill is then entrusted with the duty of paroling the whole number, and sending them within the Federal lines; while Jackson hurries back to the assistance of Lee.

Our captures were enormous. In addition to the 12,000 prisoners, we took 13,000 muskets, 71 cannon, rifled Parrot and Dalghren guns, ten days' rations for 12,000 men, several hundred horses, and mules; and large amounts of miscellaneous stores of the greatest value to our poorly equipped forces. Surely a prize worth contending for!

The Federals were very indignant against Colonel Dixon E. Miles for surrendering the Ferry as McClellan

had sent him word to hold out at all hazards; though the Confederate leaguer was too close to permit the messages to reach him. General White who succeeded to the command, was put under arrest, on his arrival in Washington on parole.

The necessity for extreme haste induced General Jackson to allow very liberal terms to the besieged, nothwithstanding they were entirely at his mercy. The officers and privates were allowed to march out with side arms and all private property, etc. This, too, although some 500 cavalry had taken advantage of the night to slip away through the mountains. By a strange accident these same fellows struck upon our wagon trains between Hagerstown and Boonsboro, and caused a temporary alarm as every one wondered where the deuce they came from. The Yankee prisoners—all sleek and clean—in new uniforms—were amazed at the appearance of their captors. Even Major General A. P. Hill, rode thro' the town in his *shirt sleeves.*

As has been said, Jackson was now sorely needed at Boonsboro Gap by General Lee. The latter with D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions remained at Frederick City until Harper's Ferry had become entirely environed, when he retired through the pass in the South Mountain as agreed upon; and conducted the artillery reserves and supply trains nearly to Hagerstown. General D. H. Hill's division brought up the rear, and went into camp some three miles beyond the village of Boonsboro, leaving General J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry on the other side of the Mountains at Middleton, and about 900 infantry under General A. H. Colquitt bivouacking on the slope of the Gap near the summit. This was the situation of our affairs Saturday, September 13th, at midday.

Meanwhile the Federals were acting with unusual energy. Two days after the rout of Pope at Bull Run, General G. B. McClellan was assigned to the command of the armies within the fortifications of Washington. This was a cowardly way of dodging the re-appointment of him to the chief command of his old army: though the

change of commanders had now become an actual necessity, as the Federal troops no longer had the least confidence in the braggart Bully, whose Headquarters *were* in the saddle because the saddle was in almost constant use—carrying its rider out of the range of our guns. Pope was relieved of command and sent West—"laid on the shelf" on the 7th of September, and on the same evening McClellan led his reorganized armies in pursuit of Lee. Troops had been pouring into Washington by every train, and as McClellan was a fine organizer, he was able to move with more than 100,000 infantry, besides cavalry and artillery—a force *three* if not *four times greater* than Lee's.

Starting on the 7th, he moved so cautiously that he did not reach Frederick until the 12th, when he was for the first time, enabled to comprehend the "little game" that his antagonist had in "hand."

By a piece of extraordinary good fortune the enemy's advance under General Crawford picked up a sheet of paper fluttering in the grass which proved to be no less than a copy of General Lee's marching order, declaring the plan of campaign against Harper's Ferry and directing the march of each division, thus not only showing McClellan that our army was split up into two wings, but revealing the present locality and future movements of each; enabling the "Young Napoleon" to move fearlessly just as would be the case with a card player who should see his opponent's hand.

By what accident, or carelessness was so valuable a paper permitted to fall into the enemy's hands? This question has given rise to much, and very heated dicussion, but cannot be considered definitely settled. Pollard in his "Lost Cause" accepting common rumor, says: —"That vain and petulant officer" General D. H. Hill, "in a moment of passion" threw the paper on the ground whence it was picked up by a Federal soldier.

General Hill, however, has often assured me in the most explicit terms that he has no recollection of any such scene and to prove the error has his own copy of

the order still in his possession, in General Jackson's handwriting, that careful officer not being willing to trust so important an order to his clerks.

General Hill, in the "Land-We-Love," after the war, replied to Pollard showing that he "could not have lost his copy of the despatch and *still have it to this day,*" and furthermore that the Yankee General Crawford, whose men found the "order," told him at Louisville in 1869, that it was in an envelope addressed to General A. P. Hill.

General Hill, also, has a letter from an old schoolmate who wrote him voluntarily that the Dispatch was found in conjunction with a number of whiskey bottles, cards, etc., and the "old, Presbyterian, Blue Light, Elder" (General D. H. Hill is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church) would hardly leave such *debris* on the spot occupied by his Headquarters.

The force of this evidence however is much weakened by the fact that several of his young *aides de camp* (as I have heard one of them often relate) were quite frolicsome, and had many a jovial glass about that time, unknown to the General of course. Moreover, the fact that General D. H. Hill still has his copy of the order might be accounted for in this way.

His division, though frequently attached to Jackson's corps was not a regular part of it, but often acted independently when occasion required. General Hill may truly claim that his "copy" ought to have come through Jackson, and that he may still have the one sent by Jackson. But Hill was now to be detached from Jackson, and operate with Longstreet. Does not this leave room for a possibility that *two copies* were sent to him; one by General Jackson, who might assume that his brother-in-law was still acting under him, and one from Lee's Adjutant-General, who, seeing that Hill was now to act with Longstreet, might think it his duty to send him one also?

If such were the case, and General Hill, who is inclined to be petulant, especially when his views are discarded (as they had been at the Richmond Council of

War, and again at the Frederick City Council—both times because of Longstreet) should receive a *second* dispatch (ordering him to do what he didn't want to do) is it not likely he would have grown angry at it and toss it down?

True, he must have known the importance of such a paper, but on the other hand, he did not know the enemy was so near; and besides, he is naturally accustomed to careless habits. His staff officers have told me they often had to hunt up his little personal baggage for him; and I know, by three years' service in the same room with him, that he is one of the most absent-minded of men, and could rarely tell where he had laid his hat, knife, pipe, pens, etc. He often forgot a letter, given him by his wife to mail, for several days, and generally mislaid his cane wherever he stopped for ten minutes.

Might not a man with such habits easily mislay his duplicate copy of the famous "Order," expecting his staff to pick it up?

However, as the matter stands the weight of presumption is in General D. H. Hill's favor. Unfortunately, the noble Ambrose P. Hill, the bravest of the brave, fell when Petersburg fell, and none can speak for him in the matter.

General D. H. Hill always claimed that, be the fault with whom it may, the finding of the dispatch was a benefit to us, instead of a hurt, as it caused McClellan to suppose he was fighting the whole of Longstreet's and his own (D. H. Hill's) divisions in Boonsboro Gap, whereas Longstreet had advanced a full day's journey on the road to Hagerstown, and even Hill's troops were scattered through the Valley for half a dozen miles west of the Gap.

Misled by the "Order" the enemy felt his way slowly towards the Gap and spent many precious hours in massing his men to assault it. Had he made a dash with a flying column on Saturday, he could have descended upon our large parks of artillery and supply trains in the valley near Boonsboro, creating a panic, and utter rout, and

saving Harper's Ferry if he did not also utterly break up and ruin our army. There may be some grounds for this claim. McClellan no sooner learned that his antagonist was playing for the capture of Harper's Ferry than he made haste to send messengers in all directions ordering Miles to hold out to the very last, and if nothing else would avail to abandon the works at the Ferry, cross his troops on the pontoon bridge to the bluffs on the Maryland shore, and hold out until extricated by Franklin's division, which was advancing for the purpose.

For the sake of connection we will follow this relieving column before narrating the operations of the main bodies.

General W. B. Franklin with his own corps and Couch's division, numbering 16,000 men, left Frederick City on the 13th to march through Crampton Gap (four miles south of the Boonsboro Pass) and down Pleasant Valley to take McLaws in the rear, at Maryland Heights, and open a way for the escape of Miles at the Ferry. About 1 P. M. his advance fell upon a small brigade, at the east face of Crampton Pass, and after some hard fighting, forced it up the slope and through the Gap, thus opening the road into Pleasant valley—only four and one-half miles in rear of McLaws. The Yankees at the Ferry could hear the sounds of Franklin's guns and were stimulated thereby, thinking it meant rescue!

McClellan, on hearing that the Pass had been forced, sent orders for Franklin to push on down the Valley to the Ferry, or if unable to do this, to wheel around to the right and charge the flank of Lee's army at Boonsboro Gap—only a few miles above.

But the forcing of Crampton had been no light work (Franklin acknowledged a loss of 115 killed, 416 wounded, and 2 missing—"Rebel loss about the same") and though the face of the Pass was clear, there was a strong Rebel force drawn up in double lines across the narrow valley, and another line farther down the valley (though facing towards the Ferry,) and it didn't look safe to attack such a force.

Besides the cessation of firing at Harper's Ferry signified the loss of that place or the rout of the besiegers, so Franklin rested upon his arms throughout Monday and Tuesday: then slipped away, and by a circuitous march joined McClellan at Sharpsburg on the afternoon of the 17th, in the very nick of time to save the total demolition of Hooker's right wing. McLaws could not move until Franklin fled, consequently did not reach Lee until quite late on the 17th, though in time to do good work while the day lasted.

South Mountain range runs a northeasternly course from near Harper's Ferry into Pennsylvania. It averages from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in height, and is quite rugged. Turner's Gap is on the main road from Hagerstown to Frederick City, about a mile from the village of Boonsboro on the west side, and a little greater distance from the town of Middletown on the east. The Gap is not a gorge, but merely a depression of some 400 feet depth, in the ridge of the mountain through which the turnpike from Frederick winds and twists in serpentine fashion; some times quite straight, and then curving around under the lee of rugged, overhanging cliffs. Still the whole eastern slope of the Mountain is sufficiently graded to admit of easy ascent by infantry without much regard for the track of the road.

At the top of the Pass or Notch, is a large frame hotel, called the "Summit House," which has a good patronage from summer visitors, and commands a view of the principal approaches on both sides of the mountain.

On each side of the Gap the abutting sides of the mountain slope gradually up from the middle of the Gap, and have narrow roads leading up to the tops, which were called respectively "North Top" and "South Top," though in reality both are part of the same mountain.

The present turnpike through the Gap is of modern construction; prior to it, the Gap was not used, and the old road crossed North Top by many windings. Travellers to Sharpsburg took a similar old wagon road over "South Top." Both of these roads were now abandoned,

but could be easily utilized for army purposes by a strong corps of engineers and workmen.

Our generals being "strangers in the land," were not aware of the existence of these old roads by which they might be flanked, and routed from the Gap; and concluded that the mountain was impassable save by the turnpike and probably felt less concern about the enemy's advance than they might have done had they known that the Gap was merely a trap, unless the whole mountain was held by our troops.

About 1 P. M., on Saturday, General J. E. B. Stuart commanding our cavalry rear-guard at the village of Middletown, was attacked by Pleasanton's cavalry division, supported by one or two divisions of infantry. Stuart withdrew to the western suburb of the village, and towards night, retired to the foot of the long slope of the Pass though he seems to have been strangely deceived as to the enemy as he sent a dispatch to General Lee, announcing the fact of the skirmish, but expressing the belief that the main body of the Federals had not yet arrived and that the chief attack would be *via* Crampton's Gap—four miles down the range.

Yet at that very moment not less than 50,000 Yankees were within one mile of him!

General Lee seems to have doubted the correctness of his Lieutenant's suppositions, and finally becoming uneasy, he sent to General D. H. Hill requesting him to go in person to the top of the Gap and see that all things were made secure. Hill received the dispatch after midnight; and before dawn was galloping towards the front.

By the time the shadows of dawn were finally dispelled he witnessed a sight calculated to shake even a stouter set of nerves. All the country approaching the foot of the eastern slope of the Pass, was covered with *black ants*—for as such they seemed—the myriads of Blue Coats advancing over the fields—creeping up hill and down hill—in squads, battalions, and divisions—miles of long dark lines winding upon the roads—spreading all over the open ground--sweeping through the skirts of timber—

coming in all directions—flags waving—bayonets glittering every now and then—great long black *centipedes*, all aiming towards the top of the Gap—and Coming! Coming! Coming!

Such a spectacle was worth looking at; but General Hill had something else to do than watch the foe. His three small brigades were way down in the valley, from four to five miles away—Longstreet was near Hagerstown—17 miles away—and only about 1,000 Georgians under Colquitt to hold the Gap! But he acted energetically;—sent his aides in hot haste for the troops; withdrew Colquitt from the foot of the slope, to a more defensible position behind a stone fence near the summit; and rode out to reconnoitre.

General Hill was ignorant of the existence of the old roads over the North and South Tops, but seeing large bodies of the enemy diverging from the turnpike, and entering the wooded face of South Top—he shrewdly guessed there must be a road in that quarter, and thither he turned his horse's head, followed by his Adjutant, Captain Ratchford[1].

An old wood-carting road ran along the ridge of the mountain, and several log cabins also occupied the level of the Top. Hearing voices in the woods in front, General Hill stopped at one of the cabins, and inquired whether there was not a road somewhere in the vicinity. The old hag at the door, seeing Ratchford's blue uniform pantaloons, with Yankee overcoat strapped behind his saddle, supposed them to be Yankees and replied:—

"Oh, yes, why of course there's a road over yonder where you-uns *is got your artillery guns*—an I tell you—I don't much like the way yer' a fixin' up to shoot down this here way!" Here was a startling discovery truly! The Federals had actually reached the top of the mountain and were advancing along the plateau by a road which would bring them not only on the flank of our little force in the Gap, but actually in their rear—shutting

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[1]Captain (later Major) J. W. Ratchford was assistant adjutant general.

them within the depression around the old hotel where they could be destroyed by a plunging fire!

The only hope now was that the troops could be brought up, and the Federals dislodged before they became too strong and assumed the offensive.

General Garland's brigade had just reached the top of the Pass, and General Hill hastened to lead it up the slope of "South Top" to attack the foe in the woods beyond the cabins. The Federals had Pleasanton's cavalry (dismounted and armed with rifles) and Cox's division of infantry, with Mullin's battery, and a section of another battery. This was about 9 A. M.

The brave Garland's small brigade was no match for the enemy, but he took no thought of the result, and sword in hand, led the way through the dense undergrowth. Soon a blinding, withering volley of musketry, accompanied by tremendous discharges of artillery smote our men in the face!

Garland was borne to the rear with his death wound, and soon after his fall the line gave way in considerable confusion. Fortunately Garland had sent his *aide* for reinforcements just before he fell, and General D. H. Hill, seeing that the enemy had not yet developed much force in front of the centre, or Gap proper, withdrew General George, "Tige," Anderson's brigade, (leaving all the Gap open to the foe except where Colquitt's 900 men were posted at the road) and hurried it up the slope to support the remnants of Garland's brigade which were trying to rally behind the fence of one of the squatter's farms.

The enemy now advanced in force, and seemed determined to press back our right flank, and get in our rear. A severe struggle took place, but neither side gained permanent advantage. Ripley's brigade had now joined Hill's right wing, and an attempt to pursue the enemy led to our men emerging from the woods into an open field on top of the plateau where the Yankee batteries were drawn up, with guns loaded to the muzzle with grape and slugs. At the moment our line appeared these

guns thundered forth their furious contents, adding surprise to the terrible onslaught. Our exhausted men gave back in much disorder, and the enemy made a movement to pursue! It was a thrilling crisis!

For nearly a half a mile there was not a single Southerner in line, and if the Yankees once started forward they would sweep the mountain! General Hill recognized the danger, and hastily assembling a dozen or two of stragglers with his aids, couriers etc., posted them across the narrow wagon road in plain view of the enemy as if there was a continuous line of them across the road. Others were ordered to go into the bushes and shout the usual commands, thus: "Steady! 28th, stand steady!" "Fix bayonets 69th!" "Give it to 'em 40th," etc., all leading the enemy to believe there must be at least a brigade awaiting them in the thicket. The *ruse* succeeded. It was now nearly 4 P. M., and Longstreet's men were toiling up the mountain side to the rescue, having marched 16 miles since morning!

While these operations were in progress on "South Top" a similar excitement was created on the North spur of the mountain by the sudden apparition of Hooker with three divisions, (Meade's, Hatch's, and Rickett's) who had ascended the old Hagerstown road until near the top of the mountain, and then wheeled to the left and swept along the ridge towards the Gap, actually in rear of our forces there! A little farther, and they will enfilade the turnpike and cut off our only lines of retreat!

But General Rodes with his plucky little brigade of Alabamians and Georgians is moving up to "stop this foolishness." Climbing the mountain side, fatigued and out of breath they dash into the woods and perform valiant deeds that deserve immortality of fame! A single brigade of 1,000 men repulsed ten brigades of 16,000 men! Of course, the 16,000 did not all attack at once, or they would have overrun Rodes by sheer force of numbers. But the fact remains indisputably that the 1,000 did hold the 16,000 in check fully half a day.

It was in this encounter that Colonel John B. Gordon (afterwards General, and United States Senator and Governor of Georgia) won distinction and was severely wounded.

So valiantly had Rodes' men repelled the enemy that Hooker, (their commander on that wing) felt certain he was contending with Longstreet's whole division, and this supposition prevented the general advance which if made must ruin us right speedily. Unhappily, about 3:00 P. M., the sergeant major of the—Georgia (a Yankee by birth) deserted to the Federals, and when taken before Hooker exclaimed: *"General, if you want to take the Gap, don't wait a minute; there's only a skirmish line up yonder in front of you!"*

Emboldened by this information the Federals rushed forward, and pressed our thin lines back towards the Gap with great loss.

Simultaneously with this advance upon "North Top," the Yankee General Reno pushed forward his heavy columns against our right on "South Top." It was a little after 4 P. M., and few hearts in the Southern line had a hope of successful resistance. But, hark!—a ringing cheer! a crashing volley!—a prolonged Rebel yell!—it is easily distinguishable from the short Yankee "Huzza!" And all who hear it can tell what it means—*Longstreet has arrived!*

Hood's Texans were the first to climb the slope, and as brigade after brigade toils up the Gap, the battle spreads. Hitherto, it has been a succession of isolated "spurts"—first on one wing, then on the other; now, the uproar becomes general. General Jack Gibbon's[1] brigade (Gibbon was a native of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina and a contemporary in the old army with the very men he was fighting—D. H. Hill, Longstreet *et al.)* had been assigned the task of charging up the turnpike, and

[1] John Gibbon, 1827-1896, a native of Pennsylvania who grew up in North Carolina and was appointed from there to West Point where he graduated in 1842. He became a brigadier general of volunteers in 1862, major general, 1864, and in 1865, became a brigadier general in the regular army. He was cited for gallantry at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania, and Petersburg.

breaking our centre as soon as we had weakened that portion of the line by reinforcing the wings.

As before stated, this part of our line had been held since early dawn by only 900 Georgians, under General A. H. Colquitt, who had thus far not fired a musket.

Gibbon came up the slope, with a regiment deployed on each side of the turnpike on which was his battery and two regiments supporting the first.

We had three howitzers posted near Colquitt, which poured so warm a volley of grape and canister as to cause the column to waver almost before a single musket was fired. When the musketry opened, the Yankees couldn't stand it. Back they went, rolling, tumbling, falling over each other, with very heavy slaughter. One of our prisoners who passed the spot next morning said he had never seen so many dead bodies in the same space of ground as were lying along the pike.

General Gibbon was severely wounded. He once told me there was no use trying to face such a storm as greeted his column on the hill side.

Longstreet bivouacked halfway between Boonsboro and Hagerstown on the night of the 13th. Next morning Pickett's brigade was to lead the column, and as I, being barefooted, knew I could not keep up with my comrades, I started ahead without even waiting to eat breakfast. By noon I had reached Funkstown—three miles from Hagerstown. Here I was joined by two citizens of the vicinity, who greatly compassionated my bleeding and blistered toes, one of them actually pulling off his own shoes and offering them to me. Of course, I did not intend to deprive him of them although I made a pretence of trying them on, and showed him that they would not suit. Being rough country brogans, four sizes too large, they would have injured my fevered and swollen feet almost as much as the rocks of the turnpike. I, however, thanked the kind-hearted farmers very warmly, and talked with them some time; meanwhile I noticed that there was some sort of stoppage among the trains; part moving on towards Hagerstown, others turning back.

Surprised at this, and the failure of the troops to overtake me, I sought information of a passing courier.

"*Fighting like hell!*" shouted the horsemen not slackening in his onward gallop. Here was news with a vengeance! What could it mean? There was no way of finding out save by promptly retrograding; a move that the young man proceeded promptly to execute; tho' all the while blaming my ill fortune that had caused me (the first time I had gotten ahead of the command) to have all my diligence bring me only pain!

What a miserable tramp then followed, as all the sultry Sunday I plodded backward! After all, I was not far behind my brigade, which passed through Boonsboro just as I caught sight of the place.

It was nearly 5:00 P. M. and the western mountains threw the little valley into shadow, but the sun beat strongly on the slope of the Gap, upon whose side could be seen a long serpentine string of men—ascending straight through the fields towards the scene of battle on "South Top."

As I entered the single street of Boonsboro, I perceived all the villagers grouped in front of their houses, or on their porches, gazing towards the top of the Pass, where was now a great cloud of smoke, which rolled along the mountainside like fog.

The citizens turned pale at every reverberation of the artillery, and seemed ready to fall upon their knees when the long drawn sound of musketry rang out amid the smoke, clouds, and timber on the summit!

Doubtless they had expected to see D. H. Hill's feeble command driven helter skelter down the mountainside, but now that he had held his own, and here were Longstreet's men climbing to his support they had lost heart, and stood about in downcast attitudes quite unexpected in a Maryland town. These people, however, were not Southerners, but the cousins and kinsfolk of the neighboring Pennsylvania "Dutch," all Lutherans in religion, and few, or none, slaveholders. I, however, had but little time to notice things in and around Boonsboro, for the

uproar of musketry drew nearer and nearer, until as I climbed the steep mountain side, I almost dreaded to look up lest I should see my comrades come rushing and tumbling down the acclivity!

Fortunately the apparent increase in the sound was caused not by the retirement of our lines, but by the gradual spread of the battle on portions of the field not hitherto engaged. Up! Up! Excelsior—still higher!—like the youth who climbed until he froze to a cold corpus, as related in the song—I toiled up the heights, though there was no danger of my freezing, the afternoon was particularly "warm" in more senses than one.

" 'Tis hard to get up—maybe it will be easier to come down—feet foremost—if there be anybody willing to take off such a no-account as I," was my thought as I at length reached the top of the ridge, and looked about for the regiment. It was no easy matter to find my command, in the woods, and with everything jumbled up together as our men were, owing to the fluctuations of the battle. I, however, started towards the nearest flag which I saw sticking above the top of a ledge of large rocks, and fortunately fell upon the 18th Virginia and then knew where to look for my comrades.

There was a momentary lull in the firing, and as I approached my company—quite a chorus assailed me. "What made you come up here in your bare feet?" "Are there any more troops in the Valley?" "How goes the battle on the other wing?" etc., etc.

But before I could reply to half of them—"Zip, zip, zip! Whish, whish, whish! Zip, zip, zip! Siss, siss! Bang! Sprang! Bang! Spang! **********!! Bushels of balls! Buckets full of balls! Barrels full of balls! Deluges of balls! And at the same time I catch a glimpse of a long line of steel points held by Bluecoats, whose officers can be heard vainly yelling, ordering, begging, cursing and urging to move forward their line; which only pauses—delivers a volley or two—then flies!

Repeatedly during the next hour this process is enacted; first the appearance of a line of Blue amid the

undergrowth; the officers urging forward their men; a volley or two—then flight. Then night closes the bloody work; though ever and anon, a firefly flash is seen in the thicket, and a bullet whizzes across the narrow interval of open ground. Perchance to sting one of our men; or prove a death-gleam to one of the foe! It was nearly ten o'clock at night before there was an end to these fatal flashes.

General Lee had taken post at the foot of the Gap, near Boonsboro, in order the more readily to be found by couriers from Jackson, for as Harper's Ferry fell there would be no need to contest the Gap. One can imagine his anxiety as he patiently listened to the conflict far above his head amid the timber on the "Tops," and how solicitous he grew as call after call was made for reinforcements that could not be sent. At length the longed-for shades of night fell upon the mountains and the valley, and when all was still two horsemen came down the winding road, and halted with him. They were Longstreet and D. H. Hill, his two lieutenants.

Turning to D. H. Hill, the General merely asked: "Can you hold out another day?" "Not another hour—if pressed by the full weight of troops that the enemy now has upon my flanks," replied the old war horse, whose gallantry this day had added a new "Pass of Thermopylæ" to history and showed that the spirit of Leonidas still burned in modern breasts, for beyond question, the defence of South Mountain Pass was a marvel!

"McClellan," continued General Hill "has 20,000, or more, men on each of our flanks; he is now on an equality with us, as regards position; and if he, tonight shall mass his forces at any given point, he will break our lines and ruin us to a certainty."

The correctness of these opinions was proved from the report of the Federal Commander, for he had arranged a column to swing round our left—enfilade the turnpike and compel our precipitate retreat down the steep mountain side, with loss of all our artillery on the Gap, and

every other wheeled vehicle we might have on the mountain.

General Lee listened in silence to D. H. Hill's statements; then said in a very decided tone:

"Well, then, gentlemen, proceed to bring off your men —as quietly as possible. We will retire to Sharpsburg, and make a stand there. We shall thereby gain one more day for Jackson."

It was, no doubt, a moment of bitter mortification to the Old Chieftain to thus turn his back upon a pursuing enemy, and especially to abandon our wounded and dead. But the exigencies of war admit of no sentimentalism. Couriers had already brought intelligence of the forcing of Crampton's Pass—only four miles below—and if Franklin should send a flying column over in his rear, what troops could he spare from the mountain top to go down and protect all our supply trains?

"Go quietly to the rear—step easily—don't rattle your canteens—don't speak—follow your file leaders as closely as possible." Thus runs the whispered order, as company after company arises, moves gently off the plateau, or ridge, and straight down the side of the mountain.

All, except those gallant fellows who lie upon their faces with outstretched arms, pointing with their bayonets, as it were, even in death, at the enemies of their country—all, except those patient sufferers, who lie among the rocks and bushes awaiting death, or perchance shuddering at the thought of the surgeon's knife, and mournfully listening to the retiring footsteps of their comrades, as they march away amid the gloom. Occasionally the agonized cry of "water, water! kill me or give me a drink of water!" startled the night air. I would much rather have remained, to fight if need be all next day, than to abandon the field and our wounded to the foe, to say nothing of the dreadful night-marching. Oh, the torture of that night! Already I had marched quite sixteen miles since dawn, including the fatiguing toil up the mountain, and, as usual, the intense excitement of the battle speedily gave way to extreme relaxa-

tion and lassitude which seemed to deprive me of the last particle of strength, rendering each step more difficult than the last. One who has never experienced the relaxation, which follows the tense excitement of a fiercely contested battle, in a young, nervous, and excitable person, can have but little idea of my real condition that night.

My comrades, of course, soon outstripped me in the descent of the precipitous mountain-side, leaving me to stumble and stagger as best I could among the sharp rocks, stumps, fallen timber, briar thickets, and every other imaginable torture for naked feet. Twice I fell headlong, and had to spend half an hour hunting for my scattered gun, bayonet, hat, etc., etc., for the night was very dark. Half way down I met with by far the worst mishap of all—equivalent, indeed, to a severe gunshot wound.

The slope of the mountain was cleared and cultivated part of the way to the top, and a field enclosed by a stone fence lay across my line of retreat. I clambered on the rude rock wall to sit for a moment's rest. Down in the valley below lay the village of Boonsboro, with numerous flashing lights, while amid the great canopy of darkness could be heard the distant rumbling of wagons and artillery, and the murmur and clank of battalions of soldiers in motion. "No time to lose sitting here," thought I, and easing myself over the wall I threw the whole weight of my body supplemented by 100 pounds of gun and baggage upon my left foot.

Horror! The bare skin and flesh gave way—as if cut by a knife—to the sharp edge of a grey slate rock sticking perpendicularly in the ground, or else the broken bottom of a large glass bottle! It was too dark to determine which. The leap downward from the wall gave a descent of some four feet squarely upon this keen edge, and the result was a terrible gash, two inches in length, diagonally across the hollow of the foot and fully an inch and a quarter deep! It was worse than having stepped upon the upright edge of an axe, for *it* would have made

a clean gash whereas this thing mangled the flesh and filled it with gravel and scales of slate. So acute was the pain that I ran some distance down the mountain-side in a sort of frenzy.

Then I sat down in the weeds and briars to ascertain the extent of the damage. The wound bled as freely as if an artery had been cut. I tore off strips of my blanket and bandaged it as well as I could, but I suffered excessivly as I staggered along afterwards.

By midnight I reached Boonsboro, and seeing a straw rick near the road in the suburbs of the village I threw myself amid the litter and was soon asleep—dreaming of the morrow that must be still more painful. *"Hello! —you there! Better be gitt'n out'n ere! Yonder comes them Yanks!"* Such was the salutation which greeted my bewildered ears, as the long lances of early sunlight came shooting over the towering ranges on the morning after the battle.

The perplexity of half-awakened consciousness soon gave place to alarm as I perceived that, sure enough, "them Yanks" were coming down the last curve of the turnpike at a brisk gallop.

General Stuart and staff, with perhaps a score of cavalry-escort sat upon their horses in the middle of the street of Boonsboro, watching the enemy's approach with all the coolness of veterans, who in addition to great confidence in their swords, had perfect reliance in the capacity of their good steeds' heels—if occasion demanded. I owed my escape to the lucky chance of a trooper's coming to the rick for a sheaf of provender; else I might have slept until the town was full of Blue Coats.

As it was, I had no time to lose. The dragoons were coming rapidly, and, of course, Stuart would make no regular stand in the face of ten, yea twenty times his number. So altho' my foot was now swollen and festered to a degree that made each step exquisite torture (such as would follow "walking on pins and needles" if any body ever *did* walk in this pointed predicament), I man-

aged to "fire up steam," and skedaddle through Boonsboro, like a broken-legged but ambitious "*John-Asinus!*" I soon, however, caught up with our rear guard, (Hood's Texas brigade, with two pieces of artillery); after which I jogged along more leisurely, though suffering greatly. McClellan claimed that Pleasanton's cavalry overtook the Rebel cavalry at Boonsboro—"made a brilliant charge, killing and wounding a number, and capturing 250 prisoners and two guns."

This is almost as bad as Pope's dispatch from Corinth! I was among the last to leave Boonsboro, and I saw less than 60 Confederates, all told, including General Stuart's staff and escort, who certainly were *not* captured. There may have been a few wounded men in the houses, and possibly a dozen or two stragglers. But the guns *were not taken.*

McClellan was probably the most fair-minded, truthful and able general on the Northern side, but he was almost obliged to manufacture victories at this period since he was in bad odor with his own government, unpopular among the Abolitionists, disliked by several of his jealous subordinates, and had quarrelled with both Stanton and Halleck; hence he could afford no more Chickahominy defeats. Accordingly he lost no opportunity to "blow his own horn," by magnifying any little successes he obtained, and exaggerating the difficulties he encountered. Thus in reporting the assault upon the Gap, he elaborates at great length the disposition of the various corps, divisions, and brigades, and uses such suggestive phrases as: "Charging the desperate heights," "bloody resistance," "taking by storm," and others of similar significance—leading the casual reader to imagine that he had skillfully combined his columns, and even then only succeeded in wresting the Gap from an overwhelming force by dint of sheer bravery and hard fighting.

Whereas, the real truth was that he was held at bay for 15 hours by little more than a skirmish line.

He also says: "It is believed the force opposed to us consisted of the corps of D. H. Hill—of 15,000; a part, if not the whole of Longstreet's, and perhaps a portion of Jackson's—probably some 30,000 in all. *We went into action with about 30,000!*" There is something *small* in this attempt to patch up a victory by equalizing the forces. The fact is that from dawn until 4:00 P. M. we had only *3,000* muskets on the whole mountain—scattered, too, from "North Top" to "South Top"—say more than a mile. Any one can see how weak such a line must have been. Colquitt's 900 were not *"in action"* until near dark, and Garland's brigade was rendered almost *hors de combat* within an hour after the battle opened, and their commander slain. After 4:00 P. M., when Longstreet's wearied troops toiled up the heights we may have had altogether, perhaps near 15,000, but by that time McClellan's 30,000 were on a level with us, and able to nullify our resistance by flanking us on both wings.

It will be noticed, McClellan speaks of having about 30,000 *"in action,"* by which phrase he escapes counting the 25,000, or 30,000 men—not *"in action,"* it is true, but doing almost as much good by appearing in front of the *gorge,* disheartening our exhausted troops, and stimulating their own comrades "in action."

Indeed, he had quite as many troops on the mountain side as could find room to go "into action."

He states his losses as follows: "Our losses amount to 1,568 in the aggregate, i. e., 312 killed, 1,234 wounded and 22 missing. The loss of the Rebels was much greater." Afterwards on the 29th of September, he reported as follows: "At South Mountain our loss was 448 killed, 1,806 wounded and 76 missing—total 2,325."

The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on the latter date he was needing an excuse for not pursuing Lee as the Yankee Government clamoured for him to do, and as the public thought he ought to do, if he had so badly used us up at Boonsboro and Sharpsburg as he claimed to have done.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH

General Lee's New Position—Battle of Sharpsburg—Beaten on the Right, McClellan Turns to the Left—The Extraordinary Odds—To Fight or not to Fight—The Casualties—My Personal Experience—Lee Changes His Base—A Sickening Spectacle.

And now for my personal experience in this battle. Excessively weary and sore from incessant marching, to say nothing of my wounded foot, now dreadfully swollen and painful, I hobbled up with my command on the ridge in front of Sharpsburg during Monday afternoon, and easily recognized the signs of another battle's approach.

Longstreet was off of his horse training the guns of a battery on the right of the Boonsboro road, while all our heavy baggage wagons, supply trains, etc., were filing through town to the heights beyond. The troops as they came up were deployed behind the ridges, with batteries in front. Alarming intervals were between the brigades but every one knew the reason of this. A certain extent of frontage must be covered, or all would be worthless.

The troops now began to suffer exceedingly from hunger. Pickett's brigade had received no rations since the night before the battle in Boonsboro Gap, and there was no telling when we would receive any again, as the trains were either empty, or gone over the river. Finally "details" of men from each company were sent into the adjacent cornfields to gather "roasting ears"—each man being allowed *eight ears for a day's rations!* Bread and meat, of course, were not to be had for love or money. Even salt to "savor" the green grain was lacking, and wood to roast or burn the corn was exceedingly scarce. "Shotwell, you can't fight in such a condition, suppose you hobble down into town, and see if you can't scare up something for the boys to eat," said one of my lieutenants on the morning of the 16th, and I was not in the

least reluctant to start, for the green-corn diet was becoming rather monotonous, and truly enough I was unable to fight. Sharpsburg must always have been dull, having no railway or water connections with anywhere else, but this morning it looked indescribably desolate and deserted.

Most of the dwellings and all the business places were closed—windows and doors—no smoke ascended from the chimneys, no children were at play in the yards, and scarcely a sign of *civil life* was visible, though the main street was filled with ammunition wagons and ambulances. Only a very few of the citizens had remained to face the bombardment which had already begun.

Several houses and stables were in flames from the bursting shells. The crackling flames and lurid volumes of smoke, joined to the rapid clatter of horses' hoofs, as couriers and *aides de camp,* galloped up and down, gave a feverish aspect to the scene that was in singular contrast to the long rows of abandoned houses. I at first shrank from entering the residences. So great was my veneration for established usages in respect to rights of *"meum-et-tuum,"* that I hesitated to exercise even the rights of a belligerent, and subsist upon the enemy's larder. Unfortunately, after stomach and conscience had reached the "invading point," the aforesaid larder was found to be "empty, swept and garnished"—not so much as a crumb of bread or rind of bacon remaining. The citizens, either to supply their own needs, or deprive us of their use, had cleaned up every thing that we could possibly convert into provender for "the inner man."

Perhaps they did wisely in securing their provisions; though nothing about the dwellings was disturbed by our men, notwithstanding the wanton waste and pillage of the Federals under Pope, Sigel and Sturgis—including the "first Maryland cavalry." A few houses, as before stated, were burned by the Federal Shells, and it may be that here and there a residence in the suburbs was ransacked by our stragglers, of whom there were fully 12,000

—or by the negroes with the wagons. Ordinarily, however, the dwellings were quite safe from destruction.

By a lucky chance, I found in the third house I entered, a half dozen sugar-cured *hams* in a barrel in a very dark garret, and as I descended the steps thereof I kicked over several glasses of currant and other jellies! All this was gratifying, although one cannot well enjoy meat and jelly without bread. At length I discovered in a kitchen the cradle-shaped, sliding top tray-bowl, such as is used by the Pennsylvanians; and on drawing off the slide I had the pleasure of seeing a huge ball of kneaded dough —already puffed to the size of a water bucket! Dozens of food-hunters had doubtless visited the same kitchen, but supposing the tray a mere table, had no idea of the prize that lay within, neatly wrapped in a clean tablecloth. I took the ball of dough and started for my regiment, but seeing the parlour door open, went in to see in what style the proprietors were accustomed to live. As I entered the carpeted apartment, I was somewhat startled at seeing before me a tall, gaunt, barefooted specimen of the "Rebel Genus." One foot bandaged with an old blanket, hair long and ill-combed, cap slouching over one eye, and faded to a dirty yellow; pantaloons in tatters, and one leg shorter than the other; collarless, cravatless, clean-shirt-less—a hard-looking fellow! Strange to say, this disreputable-looking character had, like myself, a couple of hams in one hand, and a roll of something in a tablecloth on *his* shoulder. I nodded civilly, the other forager did likewise. And then all at once, I felt a mingled rush of surprised mortification, and amusement as I realized that the hard looking chap was—*myself* in a *large mirror!* The parlour was handsomely furnished, and a costly pier glass faced the door, giving a full length reflection of the entering visitor.

My mistake was not remarkable, as I had not had a glimpse of my own face since August, 1861, and certainly I was justified in not "recognizing" as myself the tatterdemalion so faithfully portrayed in the glass. *"Well, I don't wonder that such a looking fellow as that—would*

rob a house, or do anything else that is mean!'' I soliloquized as I grew more and more disgusted with the survey of my own reflection in the mirror!

Then my heart grew a little soft at the sight of familiar articles of comfort and luxury to which I had been so long a stranger, and I sighed "for the days that were."

There is something very melancholy in a deserted house, especially when among the *debris* are tokens of past wealth and refinement. But as I rested for a moment in a cushioned easy chair, I reflected how many thousand of even more luxurious homesteads throughout the South were in ashes, or despoiled of every article of value or refinement, instead of standing in perfect security* amid the soldiers of a large army in the heat and excitement of pending battle as were these Sharpsburg dwellings.

Here, it was a Maryland town, but the people without exception were our enemies, and a majority of them were even then seeking the Federal lines, and after we left the town, the citizens received the Yankees with continuous cheers, hung out flags, and "could not conceal their joy at the exodus of the Rebels."

As before stated, the enemy's long range rifle guns, planted on the ridges west of Antietam near Bridge No. 2, on the Boonsboro road, and supported by General Pleasanton, threw many shells into Sharpsburg, burning several buildings, barns, and outhouses, though he could not but know that there were harmless and *friendly* women, children and sick people in the town.

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*In contrast to the safety of Northern property within our lines I quote the following from the diary of a Confederate Officer: "As I rode through the desolate country, marked everywhere by the ravages of savage warfare, I came to a large elegant mansion; once the seat of lavish hospitality, now looking as lonely and deserted as a habitation in the desert. Curiosity tempted me to enter, and then I beheld a scene of waste and confusion enough to sicken the coldest heart.

"Magnificent mirrors had been wantonly broken in pieces, pictures by the first masters exhibited great rents, evidently made by sabre strokes and thrusts of bayonets; but what most touched me was the appearance of the parlour, where among several articles of female attire, thrown about in disorder, mildewed and dusty, I picked up a delicate little, light-colored glove lying near a heap of withered flowers." [Author's Note].

As I was going up Main Street on my return to the command, quite a number of huge missiles fell near me, making a terrible sound as they crashed through the thin walls and hurtled among the tree-tops.

One large shell burst in the middle of the street near a hotel, killing outright three Confederate soldiers, and wounding several others, including a free negro of the place.

The echoes of this crash reverberated among the houses and up the narrow street in a most terrifying manner. I philosophically reasoned that no two shells were apt to burst in the same spot, and, therefore, went up to the blackened and mangled corpses, putting out the clothes of one of the men which were burning from the explosion. All three of the men were quite dead. One of the wounded lay upon a small porch nearby. The effect of these shells created a small panic among the teamsters and quartermasters' men lounging on the street, and speedily there was *less danger of anybody's being hurt!*

Finding I could do nothing for the poor fellows, victims of the shell, I reshouldered my cargo of meat and *dough* to return to the regiment, but after a painful tramp I found a new brigade where Pickett's had been and that they were a long way to the left.

I trudged in the direction pointed out until meeting a staff officer, Major Fairfax, near the Dunker church, I learned that Pickett was fully a mile—the other way—on the right! This was disheartening, I felt unable to go any farther that night, and on coming to the place where the ruins of a burned house were still smouldering I concluded to bivouac, and "*cook three days rations.*" Having no utensils, I dumped the ball of dough (tablecloth and all) into a hole that I dug out in the glowing embers with a fence rail, then covering the ball with dead ashes, and piling a small mound of live coals atop of the dead ones, I put a slice of ham on top of all, and stretched myself nearby to wait the "boiling pot." It was now nearly nine o'clock at night. The noise of the conflict

was almost hushed, and there was a strange dramatic picturesqueness about the scene—to my eyes, at any rate. Along the rolling ridges for miles lay the two armies, one a mighty host, well-armed, well-fed, well-panoplied with all the paraphernalia of modern warfare, the other a comparative handful, weary, footsore, hungry and in tatters, but resolute and vigilant—resting upon their arms, ready for *the breakfast of horrors on the morrow!* General officers gathered in little groups arranging to make the most of a minimum force. Batteries crowned every hill top; the surviving drag-horses whinneying and stamping in the gloom; as if cognizant of the slaughter of their late companions-in-harness. Now and then was added the clatter of some courier's galloping steed, carrying dispatches.

In the valley or hollow the deserted town, quiet as in the early hours of morn; not a lamp on the side walks; not a light in a window,—truly the "Deserted Village," though here and there the flickering embers of some burned building, fanned up to momentary flames, lit up the adjacent space, revealing a mass of shrubbery, embowered residences, or the tall steeple of a Church mutely erect, as tho' standing sentry over the desolation; while at various points under cover of the hill, were small fires whereat groups of stragglers, wounded, sick, barefooted, and teamsters were roasting their unsatisfying rations of green corn.

Gradually the sounds and voices ceased altogether; a gentle breeze fluttered the leaves of the tree under which I was lying, and occasionally fanned the flames into a lurid glare that lit up the surrounding space; then gave place to deep gloom, rendered more dense and impenetrable by the momentary glow of the fire.

I had often read the description of such scenes in novelettes and imagined them the mere pictures of fancy, but undoubtedly truth is stranger than fiction in many instances, as I have personally experienced.

About my loaf? Well, I awoke about midnight and found the fire quite expired. Having a piece of plank

ready, I dug out my loaf—and what a monster it was! The Sharpsburgers, like most German communities, bake *but once a week*: hence mix or knead a large quantity of dough for a baking. The ball which I discovered, was large as my head when found; and being a good article swelled or "riz" to the size of nearly a half bushel measure! It was of course much burned and charred on the outside to the depth of two inches; but beneath this rind of cinders there was a fine amount of very good bread.

I cut out a square "chunk" of about two pounds weight for my own private use, and digging out a small cave in the chunk, I filled it with currant jelly; and gathered up the remainder to carry to the men at dawn.

I afterward divided part of my bread and all of the jelly among 20 wounded, suffering men.

Descriptions of the fluctuations of the fighting on Wednesday, (the 17th) have already been given; therefore, I shall merely say that the general advance of the Federal right wing, and right center was one of the most magnificent military spectacles ever witnessed. Standing upon the crest of the ridge nearly opposite, or in front of Sharpsburg, the eye took in first the dark background of the Blue Mountains—half a dozen miles to the north and east. Nearer was a vast forest of timber, nearer still, the valley of the Antietam. Still closer—three-quarters of a mile distant—was a succession of ridges or knobs, upon each of which was a little clump of horses and four brass, or dark bronze cannon, which in many cases were partially enveloped in clouds of smoke created by those sullen explosions which by half a second preceded the arrival of monster missiles of death and destruction upon some part of our lines! Several batteries were not firing.

Nearer than all these, stretched a triple line of dark blue, interspersed at regular intervals by groups of men on horseback—(the Generals and staff)—and the waving flags. A little distance in rear of this line were white covered ambulances with little red flags. Directly in front of town, between the Boonsboro road and the creek

there were only batteries to be seen on the hills, with no indications of infantry, though we may conclude that Fitz John Porter's 15,000 men were drawn up behind the ridges.

But the glance is now turned towards the left, where Jackson's gunners are seen running to their posts. Unfortunately, a considerable portion of our artillery having been with Jackson at Harper's Ferry has either not returned as yet; or is out of cartridges, and absent filling the caissons at this critical moment.

Suddenly the eye catches the meaning of the activity among the artillerymen. The triple line of Bluecoats is moving! Swarms of sharpshooters, like grasshoppers, advance in front of the main lines; which look like a long picket fence of steel points;—or *three fences* about 50 paces apart—advancing over the ridges, catching the morning sunlight on their burnished bayonets, then down into the hollows; then over the brow of another hill;—the colonels on horseback coming first, then the flags fluttering in the breeze; then miles of men—stepping in unison —the thousands of legs resembling the movements of a gigantic *centipede;* while some distance in rear of the main line battery after battery comes forward, firing at intervals over the heads of the infantry in front. Magnificently terrible is this measured movement of 50,000 well equipped soldiers, led by the best generals on the Federal side—(Hooker, Sumner, Meade, Mansfield, Meagher, Crawford, Sedgewick, French and Richardson) —and inspired by the consciousness of vastly superior numbers, and confident in their commanders.

Soon they are near enough to admit the hearing of the officers voices, as they shout——"Dress to the right!"— "Steady there, 69th!" "Close up! men, close up!" etc. The beholder becomes fascinated with the spectacle, and stands motionless though the deadly hail is begining to rain around him. He knows the utter weakness—the exhaustion of body, and natural apprehension of body—of the thin line of Southerners calmly standing near the

brow of the ridge,—awaiting the coming blow which according to all human calculations, ought to destroy them!

Off on the hill is the little "Dunker" Church—the abode of peace and the exponent of non-resistance (for the Dunkers are Quakerish in their notions,) now about to be surrounded by the fiercest struggle of the sanguinary war, thus far.

Every one can see the powerful array of the enemy, and the sight is so far from reassuring that a small panic arises among the teamsters near town.

Suddenly there is a crash of "thunder-sound"—and instantly every battery upon the ridge is belching grape and canister—with ear-straining noise and deadly fury! Almost at the same moment a rasping crash runs along the blue-coated line, and is speedily followed by similar volleys from our lines.

Bullets begin to fall among the spectators on the ridge, and I conclude that if I must incur the risk I might as well take a hand; so I load my musket and advance down the slope to where a mere skirmish line was holding some seven hundred yards of space. They were behind a "post and rider" fence as high as the men's heads. As I approached, the smoke enveloped the field to such an extent that I could not see the Federals at all, but suddenly a man's head bounced towards me like a football, sprinkling blood in all directions. A solid shot had struck the top rail of the fence driving it with terrible force across the neck of the man behind, cutting off his head as if severed by an axe: and pitching the gory ball some distance to the rear. Such a sight cannot be described nor need anyone wish to see it! The Federals twice came within half an hundred yards of the fence, and seemed inclined to cross bayonets with us, but each time the batteries on our right and left wheeled their pieces, and gave them an oblique fire—enfilading their line and doing as much damage as if they had been raked by a brigade. About 2 P. M. a serious disaster seemed imminent on our left. R. H. Anderson's division having been ordered in

to strengthen the line, just as a powerful column of Yankees dashed upon Rodes and G. B. Anderson's small brigades (of D. H. Hill's division), report runs that a mistake occured—Rodes' men receiving orders to retire —as they supposed—to be relieved by R. H. Anderson's men. The Yankees seeing the retiring line supposed they had routed our men, and rushed forward into the vacant space, forcing the adjacent wings—just as a crevasse in the lower Mississippi, if not instantly checked —continues to widen until past remedy. Thus there was every prospect of the cutting in two of our army;—and seizure of the town; and who knows what results from the panic very apt to ensue?

Fortunately a cool-headed man was there, and as at Boonsboro, General D. H. Hill came to the rescue by gathering a few stragglers ("one of whom I was which," as Artemus Ward would say,) encouraging the fragments of regiments and companies yet in line to hold their position; at the same time ordering Captains Miller and Boyce to work their batteries to the last moment—losing the guns if necessary to check the enemy's advance for a short time until troops could be brought up.

These gallant companies comprehended the situation and worked with a will that caused the advancing masses to waver, hesitate, and finally halt and retire.

Thus ended the last assault upon our left. There were two divisions of Franklin's corps, *fully ten thousand fresh troops,* just arrived on the field, and they were repulsed by a *mere* skirmish line and eight guns!

After this flurry, I lay on the hillside for an hour or two, until my blistered foot became so hot that I felt that I must find water at all hazards.

I shaped my course along the brow of the hill hoping to find my own regiment. If it be wondered why I was allowed to wander over the field this way, it must be remembered that I was not obliged to be in the field at all, as I was excused from duty not only on account of being barefooted, but as a wounded man. But I felt there was need for every one, even the crippled. Descending into

the hollow I found a spring, and was bathing my foot, when a long straggling line of grey coats came over the hills towards the left of town:—laughing, singing, joking —as if they were not less than half a mile from the very hottest kind of fire.

I could not restrain my impatience at the slow movement of the column, which came forward as leisurely as if on a long march. They had marched twelve miles that day but were in fine spirits.

"For God's sake General, hurry up! Burnside has carried the bridge and smashed our right flank into flinders!' shouted I from the top of a fence to which I had run, on seeing the troops passing down by its side.

"*All right! Don't be uneasy! We'll straighten things out!*" replied General W. D. Pender, who was slowly riding in front with a couple of staff officers; but I suspect my words had some effect on him, for he checked his horse a few paces farther on, and spoke to a colonel, who immediately gave the order—"Right shoulder, shift! Forward—Double-quick-step!" etc. And then the column which had come quite leisurely down the slope, went across the bottom at a trot, and were soon in line of battle—marching over the other ridge—upon whose eastern slope Burnside's masses were charging, capturing our artillery, and threatening disaster. Presently there was a crash, a prolonged "Rebel Yell," and Pender made good his words: "*Things were straightened out!*"

During the 18th our lines lay precisely as night had closed upon them. But oh how greatly we all suffered for food and water, and from fatigue and heat! Even general officers were without food for forty-eight hours, except an ear or two of green corn, *blackened,* not roasted in a fire made of chips and dried grass, for the brow of the ridges was bare of timber,—even of fencing in many places.

Yet for all our half-starved, half-clad condition, McClellan with 28,000 fresh troops, (at least 8,000 more than our entire fighting on the 18th) dared not attack, whereas

General Lee was, as he says, "*expecting, in fact hoping, for an attack!*"

Before noon on the 18th it became apparent in our army that if McClellan did not resume the battle that day we must retire, or to use McClellan's Young Napoleonic phrase—"*Change our base*, in the presence of the enemy, the most difficult feat in military maneuvres." We thank the Saxon, for that word!

Even a crippled private like myself could comprehend the necessity for such "change of base." General Lee had not chosen the field of Sharpsburg as the decisive battle of the campaign; he had simply "made a stand" there to cover the operations of Jackson at Harper's Ferry; and in my humble opinion the General made a mistake in fighting there at all. He could have slipped away on the night of the 16th as easily as on the night of the 18th; and the Ferry had fallen on the 15th; so that he could have retired across the river to Shepherdstown and with one corps at Harper's Ferry; another at Williamsport; and the remainder on the heights around Shepherdstown, he could have defied McClellan to attack him; and possibly have slipped off to the eastward and thrown himself into the rear of Washington,—leaving McClellan kicking his heels on the hills of Sharpsburg.

However, Lee held a rather embarrassing position in several respects; one of which may be mentioned. There was almost as much ignorance concerning our real strength, among the Southern people, as among the Yankees; and the newspapers had made so great a flourish about our advance into the North; thereby exciting the wildest hopes, (even to the capture of Philadelphia or New York!) that there must necessarily be intense disappointment if the Potomac were recrossed without a struggle to prevent it. Not even the capture of Harper's Ferry with 10,000 prisoners and 70 cannon could satisfy the popular expectations. And though Lee was probably less influenced by popular clamor than any living commander, he must have himself desired to remain as long as possible trans-Potomac.

After the heavy losses of the 17th, and the knowledge that the enemy's *reinforcements* were greater than the *whole* of his own force, prudence demanded that Lee should no longer risk a battle with a deep river two miles in his rear, and the enemy as near that river in some places as himself. Besides the rains which set in early on the 18th, rapidly swelled the Potomac; threatening to cut off the ford by which alone he could retire, except at great risk, and certain loss of material.

The chief reason has yet to be stated; *Lee's army was half starved!* Necessarily there could be no attempt to collect forage for man or beast so long as the army lay in line of battle across a narrow peninsula; and our wagon trains were all across the Potomac; having gone from Boonsboro to Hagerstown; thence to Williamsport and down the river.

So now that it was evident that nothing could be gained by fighting another day with a largely reinforced enemy who were receiving men and supplies every hour, Lee decided to "change his base." McClellan had done this when Lee first took command at Richmond, and now Lee thought himself entitled to the same honors. Towards sunset I perceived indications which long experience enabled me to interpret: and as I could not make much headway at night, I started in advance. Even in daylight I found the greatest difficulty in picking my way over the rocky turnpike, especially as the way was crowded with wagons, artillery, etc.

McClellan must have known very well that our forces were about to retire, as a broad stream of wounded men, stragglers, cooks, negroes and camp followers poured over the hills in plain view, looking like great droves of cattle in the distance.

Many of the army hospitals were on the roadside, and I often shuddered at the sights and sounds thereunto appertaining. One case can never be forgotten.

In passing an ambulance whose driver was watering his horses at a branch, I noticed a soldier wearing a sergeant's chevrons, seated on the front seat of the

vehicle, writing on the fly leaf of a memorandum book. It did not occur to me that the man was wounded until I came round in front, when, oh! horror! the poor fellow's whole lower jaw had been knocked off; carrying tongue and teeth with it, leaving the moustache, clotted with blood; arching over a frightful chasm of tangled muscles and arteries! The drippings from the aperture ran down over his bosom in a sheet of gelid, clotted gore saturating waistcoat, shirt and pantaloons! Yet this strange being sat upright, and wrote as calmly as if unhurt! I know that this story sounds apocryphal: but it is literally true, and was seen by thousands: as the ambulance had already hauled him a mile and more when I saw him. The sergeant's jaw had been knocked off by a fragment of shell. Of course he could not live as there was no way by which food could be conveyed down his throat. (I have always, since, regretted that I did not conquer my horror at the soldier's appearance sufficiently to ask his name; because since the war I have met at least one person who saw him, and marvelled like myself).

It was certainly a wonderful exhibition of human *will* triumphing over human weakness and suffering.

All along the road were men with an arm, a hand, or a finger amputated, yet trudging forward, determined not to be left in the enemy's hands: though these same men—one year before the war, or one year after it—would have spent at least a month *in bed* in consequence of such an operation; which goes to show that war, "grim visaged war," is a wonderful overturner of habits.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH

Back on "Ole Virginny's" Shore—Slaughter at Shepherdstown—Remarks—An Unfeeling Surgeon—Summary of News—"Small Favors (un) Thankfully Received"—Battle of Corinth—Complaints.

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The army took up its march from the field about 10 P. M. on the 18th; and all but a few hundreds of crippled and stragglers were across the river at Shepherdstown by daybreak. I had marched until some time after nightfall when my blistered feet forbade any further travel, and I bivouacked not far from the road. Dawn caught me, as at Boonsboro, behind the whole army, and only a very short distance ahead of the Federal cavalry under Pleasanton, which came trotting through Sharpsburg a little after 8 o'clock A. M.

I lost no time in promenading, in a sort of hob-hobble crab fashion step, towards the ford, which was at Boteler's Mills, about a mile below Shepherdstown in a bend of the river, so that when opposite the town, and apparently safe, many of our stragglers fell to loitering along, regardless of the fact that they had three-quarters of a mile, or more to travel before they would be secure from the pursuing cavalry.

However, General Lee had taken the precaution to plant some sixteen long range guns on the high bluffs below the town, commanding the country for a long distance towards the North, and their summons quickly brought to a halt the Federal advance when it appeared.

I reached the riverbank about 8:30 A. M., at which time no Federals were in sight. The infantry had been carried

[1] The omitted portion contains an account of the battle without personal reference of any sort.

across the front or forebay at Boteler's Mill dam; which runs entirely across the Potomac at this point. The rains of the previous day had swollen the stream much above its usual height; indeed, much above its height when the main army crossed three or four hours earlier; so that the undertaking was accompanied with considerable risk, the current running like a cataract, and taking me, (six feet 2, in my stockings) nearly to the arm-pits. It was a somewhat singular coincidence, which occurred to me as I climbed: "Ole Virginny shore," *sans* coat, *sans* pants, *sans* shirt, *sans* everything, but a clean white skin and an old greasy cap (surmounted by a bundle of my clothing and blanket) that this same day, one year and one month before, I had forded the Potomac, or at least waded into it, from Jenkin's Island, opposite Leesburg, thirty or forty miles lower, when coming from all the comforts of school life to cast my fortunes with my native State! After I had resumed my clothing and marched nearly a mile into Shepherdstown I heard our batteries open, and looking across the river saw a squadron of dragoons spurring rapidly over the ridge, and along the road towards the ford; a dozen or two of our stragglers flying before them like startled partridges.

A score or more of wounded men had wandered back this far during the 17th and 18th, and were bivouacking on the towpath of the canal, near the ford, as if afraid to undertake the swift current. Some of them were captured I suppose. The New York *Tribune* correspondent says:—

"Camp fires still smoking were found along the highway, but there was no particular evidence of haste in their mode of departure." He adds that at the ford—"Piles of clothing, knapsacks, blankets, and all manner of very dirty duds were seen, and camp kettles, half prepared food, and bloody clothing were scattered about. Here was the only evidence I had seen that the Rebels had been at all hurried in their departure. Many of the guns were those which had evidently been captured from our

army, and there were many 'U. S.' blankets in the piles of rubbish left behind."

Surely not much "evidence of haste" in the abandonment of a lot or "rubbish," bloody clothing, etc., which could be found in any deserted camp. As for the muskets, they were, as he had supposed, arms picked up from the field, and left for want of transportation. The Yankee, however, is tolerably candid for one of his class; he continues:—

"There is a feeling of *great chagrin in the army,* which is generally shared by officers and men, that the enemy should have *escaped with almost his whole material and army trains,* into Virginia whither *we must now follow and fight him under the same disadvantages* which have hitherto marked the career of our army in that State."

Exactly so, Mr. Edward S.!

Soon after the dispersion of the cavalry column by our guns, the enemy brought eight long range pieces (Robertson's) to the top of the ridge opposite to Shepherdstown, and bravely launched shell after shell upon the unoffending citizens—an act of barbarity that had no parallel in modern warfare save in the same army. The town was literally a hospital at the time; for at least half of our wounded and many of the enemy's had been carted thither during the battle, and on the 18th every church, hall, or other public edifice was filled with wounded men, as were many of the private residences; in token of which fact, yellow (hospital) flags were flying from each spire and pole in plain view of the enemy.

Yet, even if there had not been one solitary wounded man in the place, what can be thought of an army that without any military necessity, or expedient in view, could stand at a *safe distance* and rain *fire, and destruction, and mangling, and death upon a peaceable town filled with women and children and helpless ones?*

One would think they would refrain for the *sake of the few hundred negroes* in the place, if not for the white women and grey-headed old men.

I had stopped to rest, and while sitting on a doorstep my woebegone aspect touched the compassion of a young matron who came to the door with a piece of pie, and a glass of cool buttermilk. At this moment the first shell burst in the street. It was a couple of hundred yards distant near a church full of wounded; but her alarm was so great that she dropped the plate, while her three year old little child clung to her knees howling bitterly. I was somewhat startled myself, but, feeling my manhood put to the test, cooly continued eating; assuring her that it was only a chance shot, and that if more were thrown she would be safe enough in the cellar. More *were* thrown, but I had gone farther up town at the time.

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But to return after this long digression, to my personal narrative, on the 22d of September, the regiment being in bivouac near Martinsburg, I found myself utterly broken down and unable to journey farther over the rough roads. My wounded foot was now swollen and blistered until the lightest touch gave pain of the intensest kind; and I think hardly one man in a thousand could have held out so long to march and carry heavy burthens, and fight three times in as many weeks while so outrageously neglected, and suffering so constantly. Nothing but morbid personal pride could have kept any man at his post under such conditions.

Now, however, there could be no further parley with pride. The limit of human endurance had been reached by me, and I concluded to do the only thing to be done—solicit a seat in some conveyance. Accordingly I hobbled up to the surgeon's tent; timidly explained my condition, and asked to be assigned to an ambulance, several of which were empty. "Let me see you walk," growled the autocrat of pills and powders. I walked a few steps—neither exaggerating nor concealing my sufferings—but the fact that I could walk at all seemed all-satisfying to

[1] The omitted portion deals with the military history of the retreat.

his mind and I was denied the permit. He was not a cruel man, merely a careless one; and in subservience to the colonel he was somewhat a *type* of Confederate Army surgeons, I am sorry to say.

There were exceptions, of course, men who bravely stood up for the health and well-being of the dirtiest common soldier, regardless of the Colonel's frowns or sneers at the "depleting of the ranks with furloughs."

Too many surgeons when they found themselves thwarted in plans for the care of their sick, or rigidly held up in the assignment of convalescents, or otherwise hampered and interfered with, eventually became heartless, careless and indifferent. Others again were naturally indifferent to all save their own comfort, safety and ease.

I pocketed my dismissal with no good grace and was hobbling off in a rage, when meeting Lieutenant Gray of my company, I told him of my suffering condition, and dismissal. He said sympathetically: "Come along, we'll see General Garnett about it."

The General's quarters were near the Surgeon's tent, and when Dr. E.—heard me relating my woes—corroborated by Lieutenant Gray's saying—"I can assure you, General, that Shotwell has fought in three battles in his bare feet, and has marched all the whole campaign,"—On hearing this, I say, the old doctor put his head inside the tent saying: "Where's Shotwell? Ah!—I just called to say I guess I can find a place for you to ride today!" "Stop, sir!" cried General Garnett, whose feeling heart, and kind consideration had often won him the deepest regard and veneration of the men. "You turned away this young man when you can see at a glance that he is not fit to walk back even to camp." "Well, I'd liked to have given him a place but all the seats are full—or I believe they are about full," quoth the surgeon turning very red. "*Full of baggage and traps for your tent* perhaps," said the General. "But I'll advise you to find a seat for him, before we begin to march, or I'll see if I can't empty part of this baggage myself." I went off

rejoicing, but after all, was put in a rough, old army wagon, filled with cooking pots, pans and kettles—not very pleasant riding I need not say. This is the only time I ever had a day's ride during the whole war.

While resting in our bivouacs in the groves near Martinsburg, we once more received copies of the Richmond papers, and learned of transactions in other parts of the South that may be briefly glanced at in this chapter.

On the 22d of September the Lincoln Government dropped its mask—(feeling free to do so since the battle of Antietam) on the subject of Abolitionism, and publicly declared its purpose to steal the Southern slave property whenever found! This, of course, had been the actual practise of the armies from the beginning, but now the civil powers abandoned their mysterious semblance of opposition to such wholesale robbery, and Abe Lincoln, by formal proclamation, declared that on and after January 1, 1883, the African slave property of all Southerners in the "Rebellious States" be *eternally emancipated.* At the same time, by another Proclamation he declared *martial law throughout the North;* thus freeing the brutal Congo-ites who didn't deserve it; with the same pen that enslaved the white Caucasians whose blind fanaticism gave him his power! Horace Greely, representing the Abolitionists who declared the Constitution a "League with Hell," had made the boast in the *Tribune,* that if the government would proclaim emancipation, *"Seven hundred thousand Republicans"* would spring to arms; but Lincoln was wise enough to know that the enforced draft or conscription was his main reliance, and as it could not be smoothly executed save by brute force, he declared the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended, and martial law dominant. The announcement of Lincoln's abolition document caused some talk in the Confederate Congress; and the old ideas of reprisals, retaliatory measures, etc., were mooted, smattered over, and finally abandoned by the sleek Legislators—rendering the whole proceeding a farce. Almost as senseless as the president's retaliation-

proclamation against Beast Butler, Hunter, Pope, etc. These harmless threatenings and slaughter (which wasn't slaughter) soon became the laughing stock of the enemy, who while chopping up a piano, bayonetting an old Greybeard, or ravishing a helpless woman would sneeringly ask: *"Why don't old Jeff issue a proclamation agin me?"*

The true policy for the South was to meet Lincoln's proclamation with a counter proclamation—making it obligatory upon Confederate officers to kill without quarter any Federal commander above the rank of *Captain,* caught with stolen slave property in his possession, and at the same time declare the freedom (and that of his family) of every slave who should enlist and fight bravely until the end of the war. I do not believe that many of the negroes would have deserted, as they were naturally fond of their masters, the old home and the South. Few of the slaves deserted even from slavery, until the Yankees came right to their doors and half coaxed the poor things off.

"If we should organize an army of 100,000 negroes with white officers, (except the non-commissioned officers who vested with "a little brief authority" would serve as checks and spies upon their men—just as the hardest slave-driver in the South today is a slave made overseer) and march them north of the Potomac with permission to hold all plunder they captured, except the property of actual non-combatants—I have no idea the war would last six months; for the very fact that the negro would fight for his master would explode the sentimental silliness of multitudes of the best supporters of the government; and when the war was "carried into Africa" by bona fide Africans, I fancy the Puritan fanatics would find peace really desirable!

"As for the newspaper talk of peace in some of the Northern States, I have no sort of faith in it. Undoubtedly we have some warm friends there, and there are a great many others who dread the draft, and enforced military service; but there will be no organized resist-

ance, and very likely the Abolitionists will now enter more heartily than they have done into the crusade against the South.

"Russell (the correspondent of the London Times) writing after the battle of Bull Run said the North would stand but little showing in the struggle until she sent her best men to the field, and stirred up an enthusiasm to counter-balance the vehement bitterness, energy, and superior fighting qualities of the Southerners. Perhaps he hit near the truth. *Nous verrons!*"

Congress passed, (October 7th) an Act increasing the pay of the Confederate soldiers four dollars per month, or $16 in "shin-plasters." This great stretch of liberality met with enthusiastic cheers (of derision) among the wretchedly fed, worse clad and suffering men, who could not forget that while they were receiving $11 per month, the generous Congressmen in their easy chairs in Richmond were receiving almost as much *per day* for *less* of *real service* to the cause.

True the Government, by its mismanagement was so hard pressed that even the shameful pittance of $11 was often unpaid for half a year. It would not do much good even if received promptly, as the following schedule of prices in Richmond—with all the State to draw supplies from—will demonstrate. Coffee, per pound—$2.50; sugar, 80 cents; bacon, 75 cents; commonest sort of soap, 75 cents; flour, $16 per barrel; loaf-bread, (4 to the pound) 5-8 cents; newspapers (half a sheet) 15-20 cents. Other articles in proportion—medicines out of all proportion, and boots, shoes, salt, etc.,—almost out of reach.

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About this time I made the following entry in my journal which I copy as a sample of the complaints and suspicions with which the air was rife.

"Oct. 11th, 1862.—Alas! that in this hour of supremest trial, when every nerve and muscle of the nation should

be strung to the firmest tension and every shoulder put to the wheel, we are far from awake to real danger—far from prepared for the real work! From all accounts the greatest dissatisfaction prevails in many quarters, civil and military; but chiefly with the "Powers that be" at the Confederate capital. The Richmond papers, however conflicting in general matters, unite to complain of martial law, the passport system; the Government impressments; Winder's spies, and so forth. On this last ground there appears to be genuine ground for dissatisfaction.

"General Winder is a Marylander by birth, and "old army" officer; and being a man of arbitrary ideas joined to perfect pliability of character, he has become plastic as wax in the hands of the Richmond Cabinet while greatly influenced, also, by a gang of ex-"Plugs" of Baltimore, whom he has enrolled in his detective force, and who virtually rule Richmond.

"To such an extent have these fellows lorded it over a free people, that even Vice-President Stephens publishes a card denouncing arbitrary arrests, and trial of civilians by court martial. The Confederate Senate goes farther, and by formal act declares that no member of the Confederate Government has power to vest the authority and jurisdiction of police officials in the military provosts of any town or district; and that any exercise of such powers by provost marshals is illegal and void; that martial law is limited to the land and naval forces of the Confederacy, and to persons within the limits of actual army occupation, but must not be enforced indiscriminately against civilians beyond limits of army lines, etc.

"These declarations, of course, are aimed at the President, and his obsequious Secretary of War; who have been allowing, if not instigating, General Winder to ride roughshod over the personal and civil rights, in any case where private pique or whim or supposed public policy seemed to indicate a motive for interference.

"Rumor is active with serious charges against Winder's Detective Bureau, among which is the astonish-

ing one of *selling* passports to and from the Confederacy, via the "underground railroad" on the lower Rappahannock to any one able and willing to buy!

"It is said that shrewd scoundrels make a practice of running between Washington and Richmond, *paying* for the privilege to Winder's "Plugs," and securing the same privileges from the Washington authorities by returning valuable information. Only a few months ago, the New York *Tribune* gave a full list of the forts around Richmond: stating where they were; what number of guns each mounted, etc., etc. Two weeks ago the Philadelphia *Inquirer* published an account of the arrest of a Northern man by Winder's detectives who gave him to understand that for $100 in gold he could not only go free, but also receive a "pass" through the Southern lines. The *Inquirer* gave a copy of the alleged "Passport," signed by order of Brig. Gen'l Winder, P. M.

"The corruption and unworthiness of certain authorities in Richmond, was so well known in June last, that General Lee, on setting about his famous plan for the dislodgment of McClellan, actually posted a cordon of sentinels in the rear of his army as well as in front, and had all visitors, civilians, to come to his Head Quarters before being allowed to visit the camps. Yet in spite of these unusual precautions the New York *Herald* published a roster of brigades and regiments in our service; showing who commanded, and the location of each corps, with an accuracy that called from our Secretary of War the remark, 'It's about as correct as I could report myself.' Yet no effort appears to have been made to ascertain the source of information; though any one must know such a statement could only have been gotten from the Department itself.

"I do not think General Winder is himself a traitor and corrupt; but he is largely under the influence of none-too-honest subordinates: and he seems to have assembled in his corps of detectives and police, a large percentage of the most insolent, rude, arbitary, and utterly worthless elements of the old police force of both Washington

and Baltimore: men who came to Richmond because they couldn't stay at home; and who in leaving home left it for its good. They are now making their fortunes by open robbery, secret blackmail and possibly private burglary, while many of them are doubtless in the pay of *both* governments.

"Generally, the Federal commanders know the location and strength of every battalion in our armies: though for their own purposes they greatly exaggerate the reports received. One great secret of Lee's success is that he communicates his plans only to his leading Major Generals who are enjoined to absolute secrecy. General Joseph E. Johnston remarked a few days before the Seven Pines battle that he was almost afraid to begin to study a plan of attack as the enemy invariably learned his arrangements almost as soon as decided upon. It could hardly be otherwise when Mr. Secretary Randolph, and General Winder were permitting scores of Jews, English, French, Italian, and other "*Aliens,*" to pass through the lines almost daily, though perhaps they had spent the previous day wandering through our camps, taking notes and gathering information.

"When McClellan's cavalry made a dash upon Beaver Dam Station on the 24th of June—just previous to the seven days battles—it was in consequence of information brought to them by a so-called Jew peddler, who had obtained his passport only 12 hours before.

"Mrs. Rosa Greenhough had detected Seward's chief spy at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, but a few days before, and, as he boasted on his return to the North, this was his third trip into our lines.

"An instance of Winder's arbitrariness is thus related. His "Plugs" arrested a man named Hyde on the charge of acting as *Agent* for the procuring of a "substitute" for a conscripted citizen; and Winder not only forced Hyde to go into the army himself, but confiscated the money of the citizen advanced to hire the substitute. The affair created some remark, resulting eventually in a resolution of inquiry as to the facts of the case by the

Confederate Senate. Whereupon Secretary Randolph disavowed the act, acknowledging its illegality, but took no steps to right the wrong, or punish the wrong doer.

"I have not one particle of sympathy with the captious hypercritical growlers, who have assailed Mr. Davis and his acts from the beginning under pretense that he has autocratical designs, etc., etc. Indeed, I should be willing to vote him the supreme powers of *Dictator* during the war; believing that the unity of action thereby obtained would speedily place the army in far better condition, and make our Independence an assured success: and not fearing any loss of liberty from such temporary investure of dictatorial powers, as, if he should fail to resign such authority at the expiration of his term, or the making of peace, his own army would speedily unhorse him.

"But while I do not sympathize with this spirit of complaining, now too much in vogue, I regret that Mr. Davis has not paid greater deference to popular prejudices; and also surrounded himself with a broader-minded set of counsellors. It is objected to, for instance, that he has a staff officer on guard at his Dept. to admit or exclude visitors *ad libitum;* but even the Secretary of War under Lincoln's government has an armed doorkeeper, and requires every visitor to write his name and business on a card; while the Yankee President usually has a full military guard at the White House.

"A more unfortunate circumstance is Mr. Davis' *imperiousness,* which causes his cabinet to be merely a set of *clerks* under him; subject to his will in all things, and hardly daring to originate a common mode of transacting the complicated business in their departments without consulting his opinions.

"And as usual, in proportion to their obsequiousness to their master, they are abitrary and whimsical in dealing with their subordinates and appointees. It is a matter of common notoriety that the War Department is a mere adjoining closet of the Executive Office, and one in which 'kissing goes by favors.'

"Certainly personal favoritism is carried to too great lengths in the selection of commanders for even the most important positions.

"It is a common remark: 'Davis don't like Joe Johnston.' 'The President is jealous of Beauregard.' 'Mr. Davis thinks his *protege,* General Bragg, a military giant.' etc.

"It is thought, too,—nay—I may say it is known that Mrs. Davis has too much influence 'behind the throne.' Old veteran officers sometimes find younger, more *dandyish,* men promoted over them; and when the matter is mentioned,—will respond bitterly that they are not willing to pay court and smirk and dance attendance upon *Mrs.* Davis in the social circles at the capitol!

"Of course, some of these imputations are wrongful and unjust, some greatly exaggerated; but there is bound to be more than a suspicion of fire underneath so much smoke.

"I grieve to have to record these things; but unfortunately there is rarely a *perfect* public leader; however great, and noble, and deserving he may be in special characteristics. The chief trouble all round is that everybody is thinking about himself individually, and is not willing to subordinate even his wrongs, if need be, for the common Cause."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH

"Rebel Raid" on McClellan's Rear—J. E. B. Stuart—Scraps from My Diary—Devilish Outrages—Lee—Scraps from My Diary—Concerning Cavalry Columns—"Stonewall's Commissary" Goes to New Orleans—Standing Picket in the Sleet—Exchange of Compliments Between Opposing Pickets—Eve of the Battle—"Home Sweet Home!"

Oct. 4th, 1862.—General J. E. B. Stuart seems to have a mania for galloping all around the Federal Army; he raided on McClellan's rear on the Chickahominy; and now "he has done gone and done it agin" on the Potomac.

On the 10th inst., leaving our left flank, he crossed the river at Williamsport, and with only 1,800 men and four pieces of flying artillery, swung around Hagerstown, and forced the surrender of Chambersburg with 300 sick and wounded Yankees; cut the telegraph wires, destroyed the railway track, machine shops, depot, and several trains loaded with stores; 5,000 new muskets, sabres, etc., a large lot of new uniforms, and other public property. Private property was not disturbed except horses, which were taken, but at reasonable prices payable after peace, or then, in existing Confederate money. Colonel A. J. McClure, whose fine residence in the suburbs of Chambersburg is much admired by all visitors to the place; had returned from canvassing the State in the interest of Abe Lincoln, just in time to see Stuart's men occupying his cornfield and seizing his ten blooded horses. He bears witness in a published letter to the courtesy of the "Rebels," who actually asked permission to take water from the pumps, and politely thanked him for a few coals to light a fire at the picket post. We quote—"The Colonel speaks well of the treatment he received, and all the other inhabitants as well—at the hands of the Rebels. He says

they were perfect gentlemen, extremely polite and apparently well educated young men of the best families of Virginia and North Carolina.

"The Colonel, who is the chief man at C—, estimates that they destroyed $150,000 worth of Government property besides all the ammunition in the warehouses, which were blown up, $150,000 in property of the Cumberland Valley R. R., took $5,000 in army stores from a private warehouse, and 800 horses from the people. He himself lost a large quantity of green corn and grain.

"From Chambersburg, Stuart headed for Leesburg, 'swinging around the circle' of the whole Federal Army as at Richmond in June previous. But his present exploit was rather more difficult, and he was compelled to double and twist like a hunted fox, as McClellan's cavalry, largely superior in numbers, was on his track; and Cox's division of infantry, 8,000 strong happened to pass along on the side he had expected to retire on—almost hemming him within a strange land among foes. However, he boldly headed for Gettysburg, but wheeled to the right through Emmettsburg, (where he was cordially received by all classes,) then descended upon Frederick City, near which town he tore up a couple of miles of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., then rushing across country to Barnesville (where I found my sable guide and deliverer in Aug. 1861,) captured a portion of McClellan's wagon trains, and learned that Stoneman with 4,500 cavalry was guarding the river to cut him off.

"Here Stuart showed his capacity for leadership. Sending one gun, with a squadron of cavalry to make a pretense of vigorous assault, he quietly withdrew the remainder of his force across the Potomac at White's Ford —finally bringing off every man, except a dozen or so who got lost in a wood; and are supposed to be captured.

"Altogether this is one of the most audacious raids of the war, and has well repaid the risk.

"Stuart is the finest type of the *Cavalier-General* the war has yet produced. He is more courteous and cultivated than John Morgan, or N. B. Forrest; and more talent-

ed than Wade Hampton, Turner Ashby, and that class of gallant riders. His great fault is lack of discipline and precautionary measures; due to the gay genial temper and reckless courage of the man; who is always too intent on getting into a fight to take care how he is to get out of it.

"General Stuart was born in Patrick County, Virginia, the son of Archibald Stuart, a well known member of Congress. He was at West Point in 1850, in the class with Generals A. P. Hill, Harry Heth, G. W. Custis Lee, T. S. Rhett, Holmes, Burnside, Wilcox, *et al.* He served as Lieutenant in the 1st U. S. Cavalry—of which regiment General Jos. E. Johnston was Lieutenant-Colonel, the Yankee General Sumner being its colonel at the time. Stuart figured in several of the fiercest Indian fights of that period, and always with credit. He was with General R. E. Lee in the John Brown affair; and himself led the charge of marines that broke in the door of Brown's stronghold.

"He married the daughter of Philip St. George Cocke, (the Yankee one)[1] and in the "Old Army" the young Lieutenant was called "Beauty Stuart" from his extremely handsome appearance, and dandyish ways. Indeed he is not far from deserving the soubriquet of 'Beauty Stuart' now, for he is very handsome and always dresses in very picturesque style. He wears a long flowing auburn-brown beard, a slouched hat with long drooping feathers, his pantaloons are pushed down into handsome boot tops, jingling spurs are on his heels, and altogether he is the picture of a 'preux chevalier;' he has a very graceful address, ringing laugh and musical voice, and while on the march he is always singing songs and telling jokes with the irrepressible gayety of a boy. His men adore him, and there is no enterprise that he would plan, however hazardous, that they would not be willing to undertake. Stuart and success are almost

[1] General Stuart married the daughter of General Philip St. George Cooke, a Union officer. General Philip St. George Cocke was a Confederate officer.

synonymous terms: certainly in the opinion of his command".

In my diary I find:—"Yellow fever has been prevailing at Wilmington, N. C., for several weeks, causing great apprehensions of an extensive epidemic.

"General Lee, it is said, favors the making of Treasury notes a legal tender—with the idea that the confidence of the people will be increased therein. I can see no way to strengthen our credit except to call on the people to turn over their cotton crops—now two years on hand—and let the government run it to Nassau, or other neutral ports, as collateral security for 'war currency' with interest payable in gold semi-annually.

"The Government to give certificates to the cotton owners entitling them to draw-backs on all taxes due the government after the conclusion of peace until such time as the worth of the cotton be repaid, or the government in condition to convert the certificates into legal tenders. This plan would require voluntary surrender of the cotton by the planters, but I am satisfied that two millions of bales could be obtained on the terms outlined, within two months from this time, (Oct. 13th, 1862), and there is no doubt that with our extensive coast line, the whole amount of cotton could be run into foreign ports, if the business were given in charge of a 'Blockade Bureau' of active shipping merchants, selected from our seaport towns, and well paid for their trouble.

"General Lee says he will not retire from the lower valley until forced to go, as he can subsist here on provisions that otherwise would support the Federals. He is right about that, and the army will be in better health. He, also, urges the immediate completion of the short strip of railroad between Danville and Greensboro (N. C.) as the operations of the Federals in Eastern North Carolina, may at any time cut the Weldon and Wilmington R. R. by burning bridges, or otherwise; thus breaking our principal freight route to the South, and Southwest. It is suggested that the rails be taken from the Statesville and Charlotte road, in North Carolina,—an almost un-

used line—to build this connection, which one wonders has never been done heretofore by individual enterprise. Unfortunately, State prejudices and State pride combine to make imaginary boundry-lines as impassable as Alpine ranges.

"Rumors from Richmond say that the government—or a certain department—has knowledge of extensive trading with the enemy in the Southwest—cotton and tobacco being exchanged with the Yankee speculators for clothing, shoes, and stores of all kinds! To be more explicit, it is openly charged that Secretary Judah P. Benjamin is not only cognizant of this illegal traffic, but actually allows it:—in some instances giving permits, passports, etc. There is, no doubt, some truth in all this. What will not a Jew do for a 'trade?' But speculations of this sort will soon result most disastrously for the South.

"Great expectations were based on the new conscription act, which, it was claimed, would bring half a million of new men into the field. The act takes in all non-exempted between the ages of 18 and 40—gaining five years on the first act. But I haven't any idea that it will put 200,000 men into ranks. Still, if it would give Lee even *one-fourth* of two hundred thousand, how soon we would see the rear of Washington, and perhaps dictate peace at Philadelphia.

"There is not a doubt—hardly a human probability other than that if Lee had 100,000 men this day, he would occupy Washington in a fortnight; and were that city once in our possession, foreign recognition would be an assured fact as even the existing Ambassadors would have to recognize that ours was the *de facto* of the occasion—if not the *de jure* of the future. Alas! the *'If'*—always confronts us on that subject. I greatly fear our helm of government has fallen into wrong hands. Mr. Davis means well, but he is a dyspeptic, and much worn by care and trouble, while his astonishing prejudices, and adherence to weak favorites have already done much to counteract his noblest efforts for the cause.

"Obstinacy may be desirable in a good cause, but it is always liable to do mischief."

* * * * *[1]

On the 6th of October, Lincoln ordered McClellan by telegraph to "Cross the Potomac, and give battle to the enemy, or drive him South. Your army must move now while the roads are good. If you cross the river between the enemy and Washington you can be reinforced by 30,000 men. If you move up the Valley not more than 12,000 or 15,000 can be sent you. The President advises the interior line covering Washington, but does not order it."

McClellan replied that he was in want of shoes, blankets, clothing, and cavalry; and could not move. Another fortnight of waiting and squabbling with Halleck, ensued; and in the meantime, General Lee—perceiving the enemy's intentions, quietly moved his army in a southeasterly direction—though all the while keeping a bold show along the line of the Potomac in McClellan's front.

The celebrated raid of our cavalry to Chambersburg, on the 10-14th of October, inclusive, was meant to impede and embarrass the Federal operations; and assist in deceiving them as to our real strength, which at that time was but little over 30,000 men of all arms—hardly equal to the *reinforcements* McClellan would receive the moment he crossed the Potomac to advance upon us!

General Lee's letter to the President of this date—Oct. 9th—expresses his anxiety lest McClellan should advance, and he be unable to resist. He soon afterwards learned that McClellan's plan embraced a general forward movement, on or about the 1st of November, crossing at Harper's Ferry, and Berlin, moving through the upper portion of Loudon county, Virginia, following the line of the Blue Ridge toward Watertown and Culpeper C. H.—thus interposing the army between Lee and Washington; seizing the various passes or gaps in the Blue

[1] The omitted portion deals with the military operations in the West.

Ridge; thus forcing Lee to retire down the Valley, and allow McClellan to march nearly to Richmond without serious opposition. On this information, as above stated, Lee began moving his army southeasternly.

On the 30th of October, when McClellan's whole army was south of the Potomac in upper Loudon, "expecting to strike in between the Rebels and Culpeper C. H." our corps (Longstreet's) was descending the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge, within a day's march of Culpepper. On the 3d of November, fully 18,000 men were assembled at that place, or its vicinity, ready to beat back McClellan's advance should it venture across the Rappahannock. The bulk of the enemy were at Warrenton, Gainesville, New Baltimore, and Thoroughfare. Pleasanton's cavalry was near Hazel River. Jackson's, and A. P. Hill's were partly east and partly west of the Ridge near Front Royal on Chester and Thornton's Gaps. During the next week the army gradually concentrated. It was now growing late in the fall, and chilling winds swept the rolling country around Culpepper in real wintry style. On the 7th of November a heavy snow-storm set in, finding many of us, me included, entirely barefooted. I stood sentry this night with only a pair of well-worn stockings upon my feet, and a thin half-cotton blanket wrapped around me in lieu of overcoat and underclothing, while large drops of sleet scored my face, and the earth was covered with snow!

Reports of the needy condition of the army, reached Richmond, and so affected the *citizens* (not the proper officials, mind you!) that they appointed a committee to wait upon the President and obtain an order allowing them to *impress* or seize shoes, overcoats, and blankets wherever found, and ship them to the army. It is said the committee have made many of the Jews and speculators give up their ample stocks of shoes, to send to us; and there is a considerable howl about it.

Let them howl! They will lose *everything*—including Liberty and Property—if there be no greater attention paid to the needs and destitution of the army.

I understand General Lee has written something like this to the Richmond authorities, stating that he has not nearly *half enough* men to meet and fight the foe, that the Federal cavalry largely out-numbers our own, besides being better mounted, as three-fourths of our cavalry horses are sick with the plague called "Black tongue" which causes the hoofs to rot off, and that our infantry is shamefully ill-fed and half-clad, etc., etc.

I am heartily glad that the old chief is waking up to the outrageous incompetency, or murderous negligence of the high officials—such as Commissary L. P. Northrop and the Secretary of War, at Richmond.

November 12th. We have been wondering at the delay of the Federals, after crossing the river and advancing to the Rappahannock with such a flourish of trumpets, but it seems that McClellan has been again laid on the shelf along with McDowell, Scott, Fremont, Pope, etc., *et al.*

On the night of the 7th, a courier rode up to his headquarters and handed him an official envelope. With some surprise, he broke the seal, and read an order, dated November 5th, relieving him of the command of the army, and directing him to report at his own home at Trenton, New Jersey, until otherwise ordered. The order excited great surprise, and much displeasure among the troops, with whom he was very popular.

He reviewed the army on the 8th, bidding farewell to the troops by regiments, which broke ranks, and surrounded him, cheering wildly. There is no doubt that McClellan's removal is due to jealousy at Washington, and the fear that his influence as a Democrat would be felt in the elections about to occur. He recognized the truth, and without stopping in Washington hastened home.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, the new commander, was merely a mediocre, Major General, qualified perhaps, to manage an army corps but nothing more. He was selected, it is supposed, chiefly because no stronger man could be found, or was available at the time, and

because his politics and birthplace were in accord with New England Abolition policy, now fairly inaugurated by the government.

Burnside, moreover, had a plan; he proposed to slip down the north bank of the Rappahannock to Falmouth, cross over and seize Fredericksburg, and with that city as his base of supplies, make a new "advance on Richmond."

He acted with some promptness, as on the 16th of November, (eight days after he took command) his advance under General Bayard occupied Falmouth. The previous evening a squadron of gunboats and transports entered Aquia Creek.

General Lee, getting notice of these movements, sent a battalion of infantry, with a light battery to reinforce our cavalry there. On that evening a Federal force appeared near town, and were checked by the garrison. During the day, Colonel Critcher withdrew his force to the suburbs of the city, where the fighting was resumed next day, during which the citizens were so resolute to stand by their town that even the women in many instances appeared with arms on horseback, and on foot to offer their services in defence of the place.

The same evening, two divisions of infantry, (McLaws and Ransom's) arrived, and made the city secure against any hasty demonstrations by the enemy. On the 18th, Stuart forced his way across the upper Rappahannock, and established the fact that the whole Federal Army was *en route* for Falmouth. On the 19th, Longstreet's corps, including my brigade, marched to Fredericksburg, and went into camp on the "Telegraph Road," three miles from town.

The whole army followed speedily, and in a few days drew up in line of battle from the South bank of the river, a quarter of a mile above the city, running in a southeastwardly oblique, in rear of the town to Guinea Station, on the Richmond Railway, occupying the line of river bluffs, though some distance back from the actual bank of the river.

On the "Stafford (County) Heights" or north bank of the Rappahannock—was the Yankee army, 150,000 strong, with 146 pieces of artillery, embracing many huge siege guns, whose monster muzzles frowned menacingly on our side. Thus lay the two mightiest armies ever assembled on this continent until that date, while the whole world looked in great interest for the result.

The rest of nearly 30 days which followed was of immense service to Lee's war-worn heroes, who for the first time in six months, were permitted to lie down at night with the feeling that there was no need to rise at dawn and resume a long wearying tramp in pursuit of, or retiring from, a powerful foe.

But as winter was now severely present, the army suffered exceedingly for want of proper clothing and equipage. Protracted rains and howling sleet storms fell with chilling fury on the half-clad, unhoused soldiers, many of whom were a long time even without tents. Not one man in two dozen, had an overcoat or more than one blanket. I suffered untold horrors from the inclemency of the weather, and the inadequacy of my clothing. Camped in a wooded little valley or ravine, where the fog rarely dispelled until near midday, I generally lay shivering throughout the night, and crouched shivering around the fires by day.

Owing to lack of timber, and uncertainty of the duration of our occupancy of the locality, the troops were not allowed to erect winter quarters, notwithstanding the season.

November 17, 1862—Reports from Richmond state that Secretary of War Randolph, after acting as merely a *head desk* of his department for nine months, recently made so bold as to order certain military changes and transfers without consulting Mr. Davis. The latter promptly addressed him a rather dictatorial missive, asking him by what authority he assumed to exercise powers the special prerogative of the Executive, etc., etc.

Mr. Randolph evidently disliked to surrender his portfolio, but after a three days' struggle with pride, sent in his resignation, which was promptly accepted.

G. W. Randolph should never have held the place. He is said to be an excellent lawyer, and is, no doubt, a patriotic citizen, but one glance at the pale blue eyes, frail figure, and bilious skin will show his incapacity for managing the most important bureau of the government —especially in the current of a mighty revolution.

Mr. James A. Seddon has succeeded Randolph as Secretary (or perhaps *Clerk*) of War.

Red Tapeism at Richmond threatens to work our everlasting ruin! Some of our junior officers say that anyone under the rank of Brigadier-General can rarely gain so much as access to the Departments, and even the Brigadiers got but little attention if they happen to be out of favor with the "parlour Cabinet" at the Executive Mansion. The President now has *six* aides, ranking as colonels, and decked in all the bravery of gold lace, and feathers, to someone of whom the "commoner," or "common soldier" must make the *"grande salaam,"* and have his plea for audience first *"vised"* by the popinjay before he may approach the "magic circle" within which is his Supreme Excellency—"clothed with the divinity which doth hedge" a *"servant of the people."*

All members of this noble Court are beginning to "feel their dignity" in the same manner. Secretary of the Treasury Memminger, (said to be a born *Hessian*) whose chief duties consist in writing his autograph upon unlimited quantities of half-worthless "bank notes" "so-called," has adopted a set of rules governing all applicants for permission to interview his Royalty. A favorite clerk named Jacques—is posted in the antechamber to scrutinize all callers, and *vise* the talismanic bit of cardboard which shall be your "Open Sesame," to audience with his secretaryship. *Some* gentlemen are not willing to be catechised by Jacques as to their business, wishes, etc., consequently retire enraged at the Royal customs of our not too firmly established *Republic!*

Oh! that Mr. Davis could see and realize, the fallacy of undermining our cause by wearying the people with red tape regulations, and nice points of etiquette, instead

of showing common fraternity and sympathy with one and all, the poorest and most tiresome citizen as well as the epauletted Major General!

General Winder rules Richmond like a military Camp; nay, not like a well-disciplined camp, for his rule gives annoyance merely to honest men and faithful soldiers, while permitting the city to be over-run by rogues, spies, speculators, foreigners, blockade runners, and fellows of that ilk. His police force is mainly composed of ex-"Plugs" and "Roughs" from Baltimore and Washington, who care little for the cause, and less for honesty, so that it is a matter of common notoriety that any one who has a hundred or two hundred in greenbacks, or a less sum in specie, can not only travel over the whole South—spying out the weakness of the land—but pass through the "underground road" to the North whenever so minded.

Whereas veteran soldiers—armed with furlough, or special order from their general—must lose a day or two —at their own expense—kicking their heels at the doors of the Pass Port Bureau, awaiting the convenience of some dandified clerk within. Is it any wonder that the veteran grows *soured,* and in telling his family, or his comrades in camp how he had been treated sows the seeds for discontent, and ultimate desertion?

How sad to see the enthusiasm and energies of a great people gradually relaxing under the ill-shaped, negligent, insensate policy of the appointed agents for the administration of the government!

I verily believe if we shall ultimately fail in our efforts to secure independence (which God forbid!) the causes of such failure will be found in the fact that all our great military and civil leaders have become infatuated with the idea that success is assured, and that they can conduct the war as if we were an old established nation, or as France and England would conduct it. They do not seem at all aware that if once the spirit and faith of *the people* is broken all will be lost.

Instances of mismanagement by the Red Tape-ists are coming to light by every mail. The great "Flour Contract" of Secretary Randolph, giving Crenshaw, Haxall and Company, an exclusive monopoly of the flour furnishing business is causing much comment. Aside from the reports of undue influences in the execution of the original contract, it is evident that the monopoly thus created is working injury to the people. Flour is now $40, a barrel in Richmond, and cornmeal $3.50 a bushel, and no doubt these prices will be considered *cheap* before spring.

"Crenshaw Mills," by the terms of the contract are allowed the preference in the use of the railways in the shipment of grain, so that while the depots are full of goods and flour only $8.00 per barrel in the upper valley, the people of Richmond must pay four times that amount or starve!

"The Government seems to have less discretion and good judgment than would be found in "an old field school" debating society. Thus, for instance, when we lay at Manassas and Centreville last year, and could easily have drawn supplies from the rich regions of Loudon, Farquier, Warren, and from the valley, via the Manassas and Strasburg Railroad—all our rations and stock-provender was hauled all the way from Richmond —to which it must first have been hauled—merely because Red Tapeism had its "system," and wanted a "regular issue," and to have things done "through proper channels," and as the result the fine resources of the region referred to, were left untouched to be gathered by the marauders of Pope, Fremont, Banks and Sigel, while that portion of Virginia which should have been reserved to feed the besieged city nine months later, was drained of its provisions to ship to an army surrounded by adjacent supplies!

But these people may learn wisdom "after many days." I dislike exceedingly to complain in this manner, but one cannot have eyes without seeing occasionally, and with one's hopes bound up in a cause, for which he

has risked his all—life, property, hopes, reputation—it is not surprising that he should feel sore over evident mismanagement.

I haven't a doubt of Mr. Davis' patriotism, or his intention to do *right,* but he is dreadfully mistaken in his selection of Cabinet officers, and in his whole civil policy of administration. . . . I am more and more convinced that our chief chance of success lies in a short, sharp, aggressive warfare.

December 5th, Camp near Fredericksburg—Religious interest is awakening in the camps to a surprising extent. Services are held in nearly every regiment at least once a week, and sometimes every day. Chaplains and colporteurs have been distributing tracts and religious papers, which are invariably received with interest tho' not always read, I suspect. I often take them merely to give my mind something to think of as the days are growing monotonous, and a *change* of any sort is welcome.

North Carolina does better by her troops than any other State of the Confederacy. She has recently purchased from 20,000 to 25,000 bales of cotton to ship through the blockade to Europe, and constitute a basis of credit for the purchase of supplies of clothing, shoes, medicines, etc., for her soldiers, who are already the best equipped in this army, though their homespun—tobacco or butternut colored—uniforms, when a little rusty are the ugliest imaginable style of dress. Comfort, not color or cut, I suppose, is the main desideratum in a uniform, however.

Governor Z. B. Vance of the Tar-heel State seems to have nothing of its traditional Rip Van Winkleism about him, he is live, earnest, *wide awake,* and *practical.* What a man he would be for Secretary of War! There would be a great revolution in old Fogy—Red Tape—Winder bayonet-ism in that department, or I am much mistaken in the man.

It is quite a coincidence that his name is Zebulon the same as my cousin *Zebulon* Pike, Brigadier General com-

manding the assault upon York, in Canada—when he was killed in 1812. Both these young Zebulons were men of true manly stature mentally and physically. Earnest, fearless, practical, sensible, straightforward! And they are the kind of men needed in this tremendous civil struggle.

Lieutenant Lewis M. S—te often discusses with me, the various acts and policy of our Civil Authorities. He has an intelligent conception of the condition and needs of our country in this crisis, but I think he is disposed to be overharsh in his criticisms of Governmental measures. He thinks that our cavalry, for instance, is badly managed, and is made the refuge for hundreds, in fact, all the gay "young youths" of rich parents, who are allowed to dash about, live on the fat of the land, make love to the pretty girls, and "drink buttermilk."

There is, I suspect, a good deal of looseness in some portions of our cavalry service, as General Stuart is a poor disciplinarian, but I cannot agree with those who regard the cavalry as of little use, and a weight upon the army.

It has long seemed to me that our Cavalry-branch of the service has been neglected, or unduly restrained. Our people in the rural districts are born horsemen, and if properly organized, trained and led, would make the best light cavalry in the world. And I really think our government has made a mistake in restricting or limiting the number of the cavalry force. I have heard that last year, within four months after the Fort Sumter *emeute,* 50,000 cavalrymen were tendered to the War Department from the single State of Georgia. All the dashing dare-devils, and well-born young men of the South were so anxious to enter the cavalry service that each would gladly have furnished his own horse, and accoutrements—and three months provender for the steed—thus giving the government great resources without expenditure. I have no doubt that if a call were circulated throughout the South today asking for volunteers for three months mounted service—the volunteers fur-

nishing their horses, saddles and bridles—a body of 100,000 mounted men could be assembled in Richmond in thirty days.

But suppose we reduce the number and assemble only a small army of only 35,000 bold riders from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, who in addition to sabres shall carry revolving carbines so that they may dismount and act as infantry when occasion requires, with Stonewall Jackson as Chief Commander; J. E. B. Stuart and John Morgan as second in command, and Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, George E. Pickett, W. L. Hardee, N. B. Forrest and other gallant spirits as division commanders —and thrust this magnificent column northward, with orders to prey upon the country for their sustenance, and levy contributions upon all large towns for money and supplies for the infantry-army which might follow on as far as practicable!

Imagine this powerful column moving 40 miles per day —covering the country like a swarm of locusts—burning bridges, railways, depots, etc.—penetrating to the rear of Washington, and assailing Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, *simultaneously* by columns of from 15,000 to 18,000 men each, which panic and rumor would speedily magnify to 50,000 each, while, no doubt, 10,000 recruits would be picked up in Maryland and Delaware—wild young men, the very class to make hot-headed, reckless dashers, which would sweep the Yankee volunteers and "milish" before them like frightened sheep. But the true policy would be to avoid fighting as long as possible, evading all fortified places and flanking the columns of infantry sent against them—keeping ever in view the object of getting over as much of the enemy's country as possible and capturing as many as possible of his small towns and villages—all of which should be forced to pay tribute according to their supposed wealth, and in short, aiming to carry the war not only "into Africa" but to the very doors and firesides of as many as possible of the Union-shrieking, money-making Yan-

kees, who are hounding on this war, and laying waste *our* soil with fire and sword.

Does any one doubt that such a short, sharp, decisive campaign would bring proposals of peace or compromise? And is there much hope that our present plan of whipping the enemy and then sitting down to await his recuperation from the recruiting office of the whole world will *ever* bring proposals of Peace?

"But," says Lieutenant S——te, "Your cavalry campaign in the enemy's country would speedily destroy the Peace Party at the North, while at the same time firing the heart of the whole Yankee nation."

The "Peace Party!" Oh *ignis fatuus* of our hopes! We are continually deluding ourselves with pretty phrases as to the "friendly element among the Northern Democrats," the benefit of "English sympathy for the South," or the certainty of "speedy recognition." For two years we have been hampered in our dealing with the foe—withheld and restrained from vigorous measures—*because* "it might hurt us with the Peace men of the North!" It is too bad! I don't believe there is one man in one hundred of the real citizens of Yankeedom, that would consent to let the South go free.

But were it otherwise, we could have a strict discrimination made, and in every case where a man would sign a *parole* "not to aid and assist, or in any way favor the continuance of the war upon the Southern people," he should be exempted from all harm or molestation.

"This course would save the property of our so-called "friends" and create discord even after we withdrew from the country, because the abolitionist would be envious of his democratic neighbor, whose property escaped injury, and would likely denounce all those timid people (many of them Republicans) who had taken the *parole* above given.

Thus neighbor would be arrayed against neighbor, and the energies of the community no longer concentrated against the South as is now the case. And as for foreign recognition we can have no real prospect of it

until we have "conquered peace," and are able to say "Recognize or not as you choose and be hanged to you! We are free and will soon be prosperous, so your friendship or enmity is a very small matter to us one way or the other."

I am in earnest in saying the South in my judgment, should put her strength in a cavalry column, or two of them. One starting towards Harrisburg, the other towards Columbus, Ohio, via Louisville, Cincinnati, etc.

The Federals excel us as sailors, and are ravaging our coasts, capturing sea coast towns, running up our creeks and bays, carrying the torch, and planting siege guns wherever they can find three or four feet of water.

The Southerners excel as horsemen, and should be sending squadrons, not of vessels, but of swift horsemen armed with sword, carbine and torch to scour every road. penetrate to every little village and hamlet, wherever they could find anything to seize and subsist upon.

Call this inhuman if you will, it is surpassingly humane because it will hasten the conclusion of peace by teaching the Yankees some of the horrors and losses, and privations which we now feel, and have so long felt. It is feasible, because cavalry can subsist as easily as infantry, and can move with so much greater celerity as to more readily surprise and capture the supplies and forage off the enemy.

Nothing is clearer to my mind than that all our hopes for success depend upon a short, vigorous, vehement campaign, pushing the cloud of war northward, and winning recognition by hard knocks.

Long after the close of the war, and with all the worst apprehensions of our most desponding moments more than realized, I have nothing to alter or retract from the above opinions and suggestions.

Time and results have justified and proven their wisdom. Now that it is too late, many persons see and deplore the folly of our defensive, so-called "Fabian policy" and measures. The Yankees showed themselves better scholars in the science of war than we did. See-

ing that we could whip them in fair field fighting, they set themselves to work to remedy personal defects by military training and skillful appliances of mechanical contrivances. Realizing that their cavalry was no match for ours they steadily sought to improve this branch by training, careful equipment, and the encouragement of numbers, whereas, our cavalry was permitted to decrease in numbers, relax in discipline, and deteriorate in *esprit de corps;* as well as in the individual characteristics of the men. At length the tables were turned, and from being victors in every fight, our troopers were compelled to act on the defensive, hardly aspiring to do more than *hold in check* the well-mounted, well-armed (with revolving carbines, sabres, and revolving pistols) and well-officered squadrons of Custer, Pleasanton, Buford, Sheridan, Kautz, Kilpatrick, *et al.* Indeed a close observer might have noticed these stages:

> From '61 to '62—Our cavalry, bold, impudent, hurrying all around the Federal armies, invading the enemy's country.
>
> From '63 to '64—Our cavalry, dull, relaxed, partially dismounted, not very well disciplined, mainly useful for outpost duty, with occasional dashing exploits.
>
> From '64 to '65—Our cavalry on the defensive—in poor condition and discipline, while the Yankees galloped here, there, everywhere—penetrated the Valley, penetrated Alabama and Georgia—penetrated Tennessee and Western North Carolina, and finally *ended the war!*

To my mind, there is no doubt that the Federal cavalry gave the finishing blow to the South. Two of Early's battles in the Valley were turned to disgraceful routs by Sheridan's cavalry. In the West the Blue Coat dragoons cut our railway lines and left Lee's army on "starvation rations." Then Hunter came to Lynchburg—burning, ravaging, destroying with all the ferocity and fiendishness of the "Cossacks of the Don," *or a renegade* Stoneman raided through Western North Carolina, cutting off

a considerable source of supply, and burning numerous railway bridges. Then Sheridan set off down the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad—on Lee's right flank. Pickett's division was sent in pursuit and nearly broken down by the severe marching required. A few days later, Sheridan gave the *coup de grace* to our exhausted army by flanking, surrounding, and routing our right wing, at Sailor's Creek or Five Forks. Noble Lee sought to retire to Greensboro, but was "headed off" by the 20,000 "mounted infantry" (for Sheridan's cavalry was now as effective as mounted infantry being armed and trained to charge with the sabre, or dismount and use the "seventeen shooter" as ordered) and thus ended the Confederacy!

I think, therefore, it must be apparent that if my views as written out in December, 1862, had been adopted, or some similar one by the government the war would have been ended by cavalry—but—by *our* Cavalry, not theirs.

The Yankee General N. P. Banks, "Stonewall Jackson's commissary" has gone to New Orleans with a powerful expedition destined for operations west of the Mississippi, we suppose. All good men will rejoice to learn that he relieves "Beast" Butler, who has contrived to get into trouble with his Government. The people of the Crescent City are nearly wild with delight. He has made a large fortune out of them, and he is so impudent as to remark as he left the city wharf—"Well, I guess he'll find it a *squeezed lemon* or I don't know my own head." Oh! the robberies, the crimes, the outrages of this epauletted, Puritanic Major General and *"Beast!"* It would require a quarto volume one foot thick to chronicle his villainies.

It is to be hoped that a stronger man than General Pemberton will be assigned to the command of the lower Mississippi Department, as there are shameful stories of cotton trading, blockade running, etc., etc., from that quarter. Pemberton himself is charged with shipping cotton within the Federal lines in exchange for cargoes of "Yankee notions." Such traffic must demoralize and eventually ruin, those engaged in it.

December 7th. Bitter cold, all the streams frozen, and a good many of us nearly so! I spent the day shivering over a diminutive green sapling fire, which gives out a much greater quantity of smoke than heat. At night my sufferings from cold, and the damp ground often—nay *usually* kept me awake until near dawn. I trust that if Burnside means to come at all, he will come quickly, for never did I feel better qualified to assist in handling a *Burnside* or any other caloric-creating creature. If he attempts to cross in face of our army, I fancy we will make things hot for him.

The other night we went on picket on the river-bank in the suburbs of Fredericksburg. My post extended from the corner of a brick warehouse down stream to a tree. The Rappahannock is about 40 paces wide, or a little over a stone's throw at this point. It is said that General Washington was the only man who ever threw a stone from one bank to the other but I don't decide the truth of the story.

The night was pitch dark, when I went on post, and the river rolled smoothly and silently amid the gloom, suggesting the sombre stream of the Styx with its shadowy boatman—ferrying disembodied spirits H—adesward.

There was nothing visible to suggest that this narrow stream divided the lines of two armies, the most powerful ever assembled to confront each other on this continent!

A cold sleety rain—driving up the narrow valley—added nothing to the comfort of a four hours' promenade up and down the river bank. Across yonder on the opposite side are the Yankee sentinels—slowly walking their "beats," like ourselves, but they are well clad in flannels and overcoats, while I have on nothing but a cotton jacket and pants, thin shirt, and a shoddy blanket. Both lines are in perfect darkness as the lighting of a fire, or even a match, might cost a life or two.

Picket firing is not practiced regularly at present, chiefly because we have the advantage of the Yankees, as we could post our pickets in brick buildings and be-

hind walls, whereas they have only the open river bank. During the day, there are frequent dialogues between the hostile pickets, and occasionally exchanges of tobacco for sugar and coffee, are (or rather were, before the recent orders) made by means of small rafts and miniature boats.

Thus the Reb would tie a plug of tobacco on a large piece of bark, and take advantage of the wind to waft it across, with a long string attached whereby he could pull back his convenient craft with a return cargo of sugar and coffee. These exchanges also included newspapers.

The other night a Federal band commenced playing on the hill opposite town, whereupon some of our men—Mississippians—shouted for "Yankee Doodle" and when the band changed to that tune, hurrahed vociferously. Afterwards the familiar tune of Dixie was played, whereupon the Yankees yelled loudly. Then the band struck up "Home, Sweet Home!" and a great silence fell upon the whole valley—as the hostile hosts were mutually touched and softened by the old-time words and strangely sweet and sad melody that has so often, and in so many different climes struck the tenderest chord in the roughest breast, with its gentle remembrances of "Home! home, dearest, and happiest home!"

It was a picturesque scene the radiant moon looked down upon that night, the old red-brick built city upon the river bank in the narrow valley, the long lines of batteries and bivouacs of Lee's army upon the Southern bluffs, the numerous batteries with frowning siege guns on the opposite Stafford Heights, over whose ridges for miles were countless camps, while in the middle of this great assemblage of armed warriors the numberless pickets of both armies, divided only by a narrow stream —listened with softened hearts to the familiar air, long ago learned on Mother's knee, perchance in Maine, perchance in Texas—or who knows what foreign land—listening with arms in hand, but momentarily forgetful of

"wars and rumors of wars" while memory flew on tear-laden wings back to boyhood's home and hearts.

Alas, while the privates of the two armies were thus in melodious fraternization, the Federal General was preparing to pitch his murderous missiles into the defenceless city—peopled only by innocent women and children! General Sumner had, indeed, threatened to bombard the place when he first occupied the overhanging heights, but had not yet unmuzzled his guns.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Battle of Fredericksburg—Burnside Tries to "On to Richmond"—Burnside's Plans—Our Position—A Sorrowful Procession—Burnside Blunders—The Battle—Sumner's Assault upon Our Left—Second Scene—The Last of It—A Novel Way of Spending One's Birthday—Burnside's Bad Bargain—All Quiet Along the Rappahannock.

As early as the 9th of December there were rumors of an advance by Burnside although these were to all appearances based upon nothing better than speculation, as both armies were apparently settled down to winter-quarters' life. But on the afternoon of the 10th, a color of truthfulness was given to the reports by the whispered announcement that in case the Federals should attempt a crossing during the night-time, two guns would be fired in quick succession as a signal for the troops to get under arms promptly.

This order was probably meant only for brigade and regimental officers, but it soon leaked out among the men and gave rise to a score of well-shaped "grape vine despatches" or *"able-bodied lies"* relative to the anticipated assault by the mighty foe. Out of these numerous and gunpowdery sensations was evolved a rather singular psychological effect—to-wit—my hearing the signal guns *before they were fired!*

I had retired the previous evening with my mind filled with the current rumors, and slept very lightly owing to insufficient covering to keep warm enough; the camp was in a marshy valley or ravine, running southwardly from the river-valley; hence generally overhung with fog during the night. My only bedding was one thin blanket, on half of which I lay, and covered with the remainder. Towards morning, however, I fell into a heavier sleep, and soon saw in the mystic realm of dreamland, no less

than three columns of Yankees marching down the Stafford Bluffs, and deliberately launching their pontoon bridges. Instantly I awoke in much agitation wondering why the signal guns had not been fired.

Presently there came a sullen reverberation from the direction of Fredericksburg, and in a second, another distant boom! It was the signal! In great excitement, I half-arose, and listened for the sounds of the awakening camp, the roll of the drums, etc., etc., but to my surprise nobody seemed to have heard the guns save myself. A few feet in front of the tent was a log fire at which sat a number of my company, who like many others in the army had the old-negro fashion of dozing around the fire for half the night: "Hello, Dave, (Yingling) did you hear the guns?" I called out. "What guns?" he responded sleepily. "Why the signal that the Yankees are crossing—two guns fired just now." "Wasn't no cannon fired this mornin'. I've been awake sence two o'clock," quoth the man, adding, "I guess you've been dreamin.'"

"Not a bit of it! I tell you I was wide awake—and you'll be trotting out of here in an hour or two, for I heard the cannonading just as plain as—." Imagine reader, how my words were interrupted! As I spoke there came through the stillness of the heavy foggy atmosphere "a distant thunder sound"—*BOOM! BOOM!* —the very facsimile of the reports I had heard three minutes or more earlier! "There they go, sure enough!" yelled Yingling, dropping a stick of wood he was bringing to the fire. "By George! You must have heard 'em or you're a prophet." Instantly the camp was in commotion—the rattle of the "Long Roll" resounds from every bush and brake and plain and hill for miles. Stentorian voices of officers are heard giving orders to—"Turn out, men, turn out!" "Fall in, men, fall in!" "Git in ranks!"—"Get in line!"—"Strike tents!"—"Hurry up, men," etc., etc., etc.,—apparently in great alarm and greater haste. Now just here it may be asked by what process did "coming events cast their shadows

before'' to the extent of notifying me in advance that the Federals were crossing? It may be said I dreamed it, but *I did not dream* of hearing the guns, though I heard them plainly enough.

The 8th Regiment flew to arms but not fast enough for a certain regimental officer, who shouted and yelled with so much vehemence that one-half the command imagined the enemy within musket-shot, coming down upon the camp at full run, instead of being really more than four miles distant, and just commencing to lay their pontoon bridges, which of itself would occupy hours. In fact, there was scarcely any probability of our coming into action for eight or ten hours, yet this tinselled son of Mars, by his *nervous hurrying* created an alarm that caused some of the men to ''take to the bushes''—whence they have never returned. Allusion has hitherto been made to the fact that something like one hundred conscripts from various states had been assigned to the 8th Regiment from the Conscript Camp (''Camp Lee'') at Richmond. Among these were a number of North Carolinians. Two brothers, from Ashe County, were named Trout, (and queer fish they were to be sure!) great, stout, hulking fellows, who had never been so far from their native mountains and never expected to see the dear crags again. These hooked Trout were ''unused to war's alarms,'' and concluding, doubtless, from the free exercise of —'s mind, that a ''storm'' was about to ''blow'' speedily resolved to ''take to water,'' and have never been seen since!

I have mentioned this instance because it was not the first time our command was half demoralized in advance by the senseless howling of regimental officers, though very likely the foe was half a dozen miles distant.

As I have said, it was thus in this instance, after abandoning our beds and camp fires—and consequently, being deprived of our breakfasts—we were halted on the side of the Telegraph Road, four miles from town, and there stood shivering for hours in the frosty chill of a December morning. These unnecessary blunders and

hardships were very trying to the patience and fortitude of the private soldiers, who could not understand why they might not have waited just as well at their camp fires in comparative comfort, and thereby picked up a comparative breakfast—and been in better condition for the labors of the day. True, the officers from Colonel down, had the same experience of waiting but they were upon horseback, or at least had no weight of gun, blanket, and baggage breaking their backs, and had servants to bring them breakfasts. But while we wait, let us glance at the operations in front of Fredericksburg.

The Rappahannock runs through a valley opening towards the east, and growing broader the farther it extends in that direction from the city, which lies on the south bank of the stream, near the head or peak of the valley.

The turnpike road from Richmond—called the "Telegraph Road"—runs over the south bluffs of the Valley —passes through town, crosses the river, and runs northeastward to Aquia Creek. The railroad from Richmond enters the valley about a mile lower, and coming up the plain or "bottom," passes through town, and on to Aquia wharf. Fredericksburg is one of the oldest towns in the South, and has long been noted for intelligence, wealth, and culture. It was for many years the home of the mother of Washington, whose birthplace is also in the vicinity.

General Lee's lines rested upon the riverbank a short distance above town, thence in a southeasterly course, following the line of bluffs, running close in rear of town, and extending across the railroad, at Guinea Station—six miles distant.

The bluffs on the south wall of the valley being lower than those held by the enemy on the Stafford side, we were compelled to erect earthworks for our batteries at the narrower portions of the valley, or in rear of the city, below which the lines of bluffs trended so far southward from the river as to be practically useless for bat-

tery positions unless our forces should be driven back towards them.

For this same reason our infantry lines which on the left were posted in rear of stone walls at the foot of the hills had on the right no such position—no stone walls to fight behind except *Stonewall* Jackson, and no hills except *A. P. Hill.* Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians chanced to occupy the city on picket when the alarm was given, hence had the honor of beating back the Federal advance. Our picket lines extended as far below town as Deep Run—a small but ragged stream, in a ravine (impassable except at given points) which begins among the "foothills" or bluffs of the southern wall of the valley and runs across it to the river.

Below the mouth of this run, Burnside put down his third pontoon bridge, and crossed Franklin's corps to assail our right wing. Of this, more hereafter. In numbers the two armies were about in the proportion of two to one.

Lee's total effective force was somewhat under 70,000 men of all arms. Burnside is generally credited with having 150,000, he certainly had over 140,000 men, and by his own statement a piece of artillery for every thousand men—140 pieces! Part of these were heavy siege pieces—capable of throwing immense "flour barrel" shells far over the Confederate works. All were in embrasured earthworks, and it was estimated that they—when fairly engaged—would rain from 380 to 500 deadly shot and shell *per minute* upon the Southern lines!

It will be seen that Burnside's plan of battle comprised two columns: one to cross directly in front of the city, and carry by storm our works upon Marye's Hill; the other under Franklin to cross below the mouth of Deep Run, and marching across the railroad, flank Jackson, and drive him into the woods, or capture him. Having thus glanced at the topography of the battlefield let us hasten to Fredericksburg to witness the attempts of the Federal bridge builders.

The first hour of morning, on the 11th of December, saw the picturesque scene in the Valley of the Rappahannock. The two mighty armies lay peacefully sleeping so far as could be judged from the quiet landscape in the amphitheatre of the little valley. On both sides of the narrow river, the hostile pickets paced to and fro, while the deep, dark current rolling between gives no sign of the baptism of blood which it is to receive ere yon clock shall tell of another hour of the newborn day!

The moon climbs higher and higher—showing the sleeping city, with its quaint old-fashioned red-brick buildings, showing the miles on miles of white tents dotting the upper tiers of the bluffs, shows here and there a dim light, and curling column of smoke from some picket fire, built behind the shelter of stone fence, or ruined house walls, for the night is damp and chill, the fog whitens into frost upon the housetops, and there are signs of a storm. Yea, a dual storm, wherein the violence of man shall far exceed the fury of the elements!

The town clock's finger is gliding round the dial towards the figure II, when a dull rumbling comes over the Stafford Hills—scarcely audible at first, but now plain enough, despite the purling and splashing of the rapids up-stream. Behold the cause! A long serpentine train of uncouth looking vehicles, which, as the moon gleams momentarily from the clouds we see to be the Federal pontoons!

Heavens! The long looked-for hour has come at last! —Burnside is coming to fight! Awake! Mississippians! and stand to your guns, for the weight of battle is upon you!

The pontoniers are well trained. Each boat is 30 feet long, and six feet wide—pointed like a cigar at both ends —and mounted on a truck, or long-coupled wagon-gear. The first teamster drives his "truck" close to the river bank, and in a second the pontoniers have slid the huge boat into the river, another truck comes up, and slides its boat alongside the first. The heads of all the boats point up stream and as soon as the two boats are in the

water they are connected by long beams with planks laid across the beams; then another boat is rowed around to be braced alongside the second one; then a fourth one alongside of the third; a fifth alongside of the fourth, and so on until the stream is bridged over. Then both ends are made fast to stakes driven in the banks on either side.

This, I should say, is the usual *modus operandi* of laying a pontoon bridge; but there are certain variations and interruptions in the present instance. The doomed pontoniers have scarcely swung their third boat into position, when the noise of the hammers is drowned in the crash of an hundred muskets! The seventeenth Mississippi (our old comrades at Leesburg,) has been watching the bridge-builders, and when the "covey" is well-assembled, lets it have a shower of lead.

"A cry of pain comes up the bank from the gallant engineers" says a Yankee eye witness, "mules dash off with pontoons thundering after across the plot, the musketry grows louder, the whiz of bullets more frequent, frightened teamsters fly panic-stricken, and the artillery horses plunge at the caissons. Suddenly, boom, goes again another, and another, until forty pieces are playing shot and shell upon the devoted city. . . . Gradually the fire slackened and the engineers again attempt the completion of the bridge, but in vain! After a third trial they fall back bearing in their arms their dead, wounded, and dying. About 8 A. M., the cannonading ceased. The fog is so dense objects are invisible 100 yards from the guns. Fredericksburg is as silent as before. Again the engineers advance and again the enemy drive them back. . . . A special carload of solid shot is ordered up, and orderlies gallop to the different batteries with instructions, and again the thunders break out. For a time the roar is indescribably awful. The city from its walls of brick hurls back a thousand echoes. . . . At General Sumner's headquarters half a mile distant it is difficult to converse in a low tone. By

and by the firing ceases and one is almost awe-stricken by the profound silence."

Awe-stricken, indeed! Well, might any *Amercian* in Burnside's hosts have shuddered with shame and horror at the deed thus carelessly narrated. But how like a Yankee commander to open his 140 heavy guns in the darkness of the night upon a defenceless town, and hit thousands of poor helpless women and children, unsuspecting the storm bursting over them! It is no palliation to say that Sumner had threatened to shell the place some four weeks previous, and that they should have taken warning. They *had* gone out into the highways and hedges at that time, but their homes—their only earthly habitation—were in Fredricksburg, and with the rigors of a severe winter upon them how could they refrain from returning to them—trusting, no doubt, that the inclement weather would delay active hostilities until spring. Perhaps they imagined that Burnside was too much of an honorable officer and humane man to open fire upon a peaceful city without warning. General Lee would *never* have fired upon a city so situated, even if it forced him to attempt the passage of the river lower down. In truth the bombardment of the city was wholly unnecessary and useless as a military measure. There were only three regiments in the suburbs, as Burnside could readily see; and they were so situated on the river bank as to be virtually independent of the bombardment; consequently the destruction of twenty or thirty private houses—a loss which fell not upon Lee's army, but upon the citizens—some of whom were Unionists—was a wanton act for which no excuse can be made. One of the dwellings belonged on General Sumner's staff, and is up North at this time.

Twelve hours—from 4 A. M. to 4 P. M.—were the Federal engineers baffled in their efforts to construct a bridge in front of town: but they were more successful at the lower point—*i. e.*, below the mouth of Deep Run, as at this spot the valley is too wide and the bed of the river too deep for our artillery to do much service. Our

infantry pickets were not only exposed to the fire of the Yankee batteries on the Stafford Heights, but were, also, assailed by infantry from the higher ground across the river.

However, our pickets (the 18th Mississippi and—the Georgia regiments) held their ground gallantly until ordered back by General Barksdale, about 4 P. M. The time thus gained enabled Lee to bring up the whole army and post it according to previous arrangements. I take it that this was General Lee's chief object in making any show of resistance; as undoubtedly he could not have found any better position to give battle, than would be presented where Burnside had placed his mighty host, with a deep river at their back, and a range of timbered and battery crowned hills in his front. But why were our batteries not busy shelling the foe as his blue columns came over the Stafford Heights, and poured over the bridges? They were almost idle! A few shots had developed the mortifying fact that so defective were the guns and so worthless the powder, that few of our balls reached the river-bed. Hence instead of half-demoralizing the Yankees before they got in reach of our lines, our gunners dare not fire lest they destroy our own men. Several guns burst, during the fight; one at great peril to General Lee. Who is to blame for this? General Gorgas, a Northern man, chief of ordinance is blamed for it, but, I presume, without justice.

Yet there must have been either treachery or negligence somewhere. Burnside's plan of assault certainly fulfilled the predictions of those who thought him the very man to gratify the Yankee thirst for dash and sensation. He had succeeded the best organizer the war had produced on the Northern side, and to the command of the "finest army on the planet"—if numbers, and equipment, and "all the pomp and circumstance of war" constitute a claim to such preëminence.

Perhaps never before had a new commander so little to do after taking command, preparatory to the opening of his campaign. His plan of battle was as follows:—to

mass his troops into two columns and simultaneously launch them upon the right and left of the Southern lines—thus preventing either from being aided by the other—and making the rout of one the destruction of the other; in which event the Southern camps, artillery, etc., must fall into his hands, as the rugged character of the country in rear of Lee's lines would not permit of orderly withdrawal.

In pursuance with these arrangements, three bridges were laid, one below Deep Run (upon which Franklin's corps crossed) one a little below the city, and the third directly opposite the city. All these were laid by 5 o'clock P. M. The Federal right wing, which was the main attacking column, was given in charge of General Sumner; who spent most of the 12th in organizing a column of three divisions, embracing 40 regiments or 28,000 men, to pierce our lines. Burnside, with a brilliant staff, sat upon the piazza of the Phillips mansion, on the Stafford Heights, overlooking the lovely natural amphitheatre wherein the bloody drama was to be enacted. About one mile to the south, upon the platform of a redoubt, also overlooking the valley, sat General Lee, calm and imperturble, though doubtless already overseeing the disaster that was sure to overtake the blue-coated mob in the streets and gardens of Fredericksburg.

Longstreet's corps held the left of our line, beginning near the bend of the river above town, following the line of the bluffs to the outskirts of town, then along the base of Marye's hill, then obliquing across a small cove which juts south from the main valley, then along the wood-crowned slopes to Jackson's left. Jackson followed the same course towards the southeast to Hamilton's Station: his skirmishers being thrown out across the railway embankment, and his main lines generally parallel therewith.

Stuart with his cavalry, and a light battery, held the extreme right, this portion of the field above being practicable for his evolutions. He made himself felt however, and the crack of young Pelham's guns first disturbed the foe.

As has been stated, our lines in rear of Fredericksburg ran along the base of Marye's hill, upon whose summit was our artillery in earthworks. The infantry at the point were posted behind a stone fence, such as are common in this region, which lined the north side of the turnpike, and commanded a plateau of some six hundred yards in rear of town. The fence was a rude rock wall two and one-half feet high, by one and one-half feet thick, composed merely of large stones piled one upon another without mortar or any pretensions to masonry. The town was so near that a column of troops would be exposed to the fire of the men behind the wall at the moment it began to emerge from the head of the street. This wall was manned by Cobb's Georgia brigade, the 24th North Carolina of Ransom's brigade, and some other troops. Walton's New Orleans (Washington) Artillery occupied the redoubts on Marye's Hill, assisted by the batteries of Anderson's, Ransom's, and McLaw's divisions—which divisions also held the lines west of the wall. Pickett continued the line eastwardly from the wall. Of course, it is impossible to give the location of particular brigades, regiments, etc. We left the 8th Regiment, and their comrades kicking their heels in the frosty morning air, waiting by the roadside. Towards 8 A. M. the brigade began to move forward towards Fredericksburg: though much delayed by continuous trains of artillery, ambulances and ammunition wagons; to say nothing of the countless hundreds of troops that poured from every wood and ravine.

The whole army was in motion, and apparently in the most enthusiastic mood. Cheers and shouts came from every regiment as it filed into the highway; and every one moved with the vigorous step of anticipated victory.

Meanwhile the roar of Burnside's 140 guns seemed to shake the skies—booming and thumping, thundering and pounding,—a 640-power Wagnerian symphony of 500 strokes to the minute, played by Titans and echoed by a world.

Nearer and nearer we came—travelling, now, a "quick-step," and already warmed up, despite our lack of overcoats. We halt to load, and while thus engaged, both Lee and Jackson pass down the road—eliciting loud cheers from every regiment.

"That's either 'Mars Bob' or a rabbit," said one soldier to another as the shouting came down the road—taken up in succession by regiment after regiment. General Lee comes first, a tall, well-formed soldierly frame, massive forehead, calm impressive eye, and long flowing, greyish beard—longer now than I have ever seen it. His foot is neat, and neatly cased in long riding boots that come up to the knee. He looks and rides the personification of my ideal of Bayard, chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche.* Cantering past, he gracefully raises his chapeau, and bows benignly to the shouting troops, between whom and himself a strange feeling exists. He is rarely looked upon as our "*General,*" but rather as our family leader—"Uncle Bob"—just as the Israelites may have regarded the patriarchal Moses as he led them through divers and weary wanderings.

Half an hour later, there is more shouting and "Stonewall" passes. He is a square shouldered, thickset, strong-limbed man, with large, high forehead, like a Greek professor in some college, a somewhat stern visage, a quite dingy uniform, ill-fitting apparently, and an old rusty grey cap—whose limber front, weakened by many a storm, flapped up and down over his forehead at every motion of his horse. He rides firmly, but not gracefully, his legs being either too long, or his stirrups too short. He carries his head a little on one side, and wears the expression of a man who is a trifle absent-minded, or eternally engaged in solving a difficult mathematical problem. He galloped past without much recognition of the yelling troops, but perhaps he was in a hurry to catch up with General Lee, and get his orders for the day. Anyhow the South is fortunate in having such a Captain and such a Lieutenant. While the drums are rolling, bands playing, and soldiers shouting, I remark to a comrade

that one might suppose we were going to a frolic instead of a great battle. "*Not much jollification for those poor folk yonder,*"—was the reply. At this moment we encountered a sorrowful and singular procession coming from the doomed city before us.

Delicate women, tender young girls, prattling little children, tottering old men, grey-haired matrons, and the halt, the lame, the blind, the paralytic! Most of them half clad, half shod, having been awakened before dawn by the torrent of fire and death-dealing missiles poured upon them. Mothers in the solitude of widowhood were startled by the crashing of timbers and brick in the upper rooms of their dwellings as some huge shell burst its way into the nests of their sleeping children. Timid girls were frightened into spasms by the uproar of shrieking solid shot,—sounds that often have demoralized the strongest nerves! Bombs were bursting in every direction, in every street; so that to escape was fully as perilous as to remain!

General Lee, with customary foresight and humanity, dispatched a score or more of empty wagons to haul away the innocent, helpless ones: but the enemy's bombardment was so cruelly sudden that many could not fly; while others were terror-stricken, fainting, and helpless.

However a large number must have escaped for not only did we meet the loaded wagons, but also long streams of citizens on foot; mothers carrying babes at the breast, while other little ones toddled at their knees; trembling maidens in their slippers, and chamber-wrappers trudging over frozen, rough, cut roads, cripples hobbling on canes and crutches; all making their sorrowful *hegira* from burning and devastated homes in the city to unknown resting-places, shivering bivouacs in the woods, or where-so-ever shelter might be found!

What dreary prospects for the opening winter must these poor people have had! How many lives will be undermined by their exposure at such a season!

Yet strange to say, the majority of the refugees are in excellent spirits. Excitement, and the presence of so

many sympathizers, added to the prospect of a great battle in which they are sure their friends will be victors, make them temporarily forget that they are homeless, and hungry, without likelihood of breakfast, or dinner either, that day; so they greet us with waving handkerchiefs, and feminine cheers, which the boys return heartily.

At length we approached the front, as may be judged from the vast columns of smoke arising from the burning city. Another halt takes place.—What now,—"Load at will!—but be careful to keep your powder dry!" Then a great springing of rammers runs down the line—each man allowing his rammer to bounce once or twice inside his musket to show that it is perfectly empty. Then the cartridge is torn off and emptied into the muzzle—the ball is pushed after it, and the whole is rammed down tightly. Then the rammer is returned to its sheath, a percussion cap pushed upon the tube until slightly split, the hammer is let down easily upon it, and the boxes pushed round again to marching position. "Attention!" —shouts the colonel—"Parade Rest!" the men take the required attitude—each resting his gunstock upon the ground between his feet, while both arms were folded or crossed over the gunbarrel.

"Let us pray!" says the clear voice of Chaplain Charles Linthicum, volunteer aide to the colonel as well as chaplain. He has mounted a stump, midway of the regiment, head uncovered, pantaloons in his boots, uniformed like an officer and with more of a martial air than one-half the officers; because naturally soldierly-looking and always neat. He holds his horse with one hand, and raised the other towards the great blue vault arching overhead; and notwithstanding the apparent incongruity of the scene every member of this ragged congregation uncovers his head, and reverently leans upon gun or sword as the calm clear tones ring out impressively on the keen frosty air:

"Into Thy Hands, oh, Thou Almighty Master of the Universe and all the nations thereof; who holdeth in Thy

sovereign care the lowliest as well as the kingliest of mortals, before whose Breath the mightiest armies,—the most powerful paraphernalia of war is but as chaff before the hurricane—Into Thy Hand we most humbly commit ourselves—our lives,—our fortunes, and our Cause this day; praying strength to endure and meekness to accept Thy Sovereign will—whether it be for our triumph or our chastisement. Be Thou our Shield! Our Buckler! Our strong Tower of Defense this day. And Thine shall be the glory and Honor, forever and ever—Amen!"

"*Attention* Battal—ion! *Shoul*—der—*Arms! For*—ward—*March!*" yells the Colonel; and away goes the extempore prayer-meeting, jingling, wavering, tramping—perhaps a little more ready to "fight" than to "pray." Meanwhile Chaplain Linthicum is saying to the Rev. Ed. Pendleton, commanding the artillery brigade that is rumbling down the turnpike: "I don't believe the remark usually accredited to Napoleon, that 'Heaven is on the side of the heaviest artillery,' but after one has besought the blessings of Heaven on our arms, it is cheering to see your gallant boys rolling these heavy '32's' to the front."

As we approached nearer town, a number of wounded men came limping by, who, in response to inquiries, yell exultantly—"Oh, you bet we've cleaned them out every time they tried to cross. *Barksdale's boys* is down there. They done it. *I'm one of 'em.* They came three times with their big flat boats, but ef we didn't pile up dead Yankees on that ar riverbank, you can take my hat!"

No applicants for the hat presented themselves, and the Mississippian moved on to repeat the story every hundred paces or so. "Hello! friend, what's going on in front?" "Nothing's *going* on as I knows of—but there's a hell of a lot of Yankees *a-comin* on down yonder on the river! Durned if there aint *six millions* in sight a-ready an' lots more just a paddlin' down to the bridges. Howsomedever I'm all right. I've got *my furlough!*" and in proof of it he holds up a hand with the fingers off.

All day on the 12th, the valley was enveloped in fog so dense that our artillery could rarely get a shot at the foe,

and thus the latter was at liberty to form his lines at leisure, as if on parade. Here was one piece of neglect by Burnside. Most of his army was south of the river by 10 A. M. and as the fog prevented our seeing twenty paces in any direction the assaulting columns could have crept within a stone's throw of our works, and then carried them by so swift a rush that our men could not have fired more than a single volley before they were bayoneted by superior numbers!

Or, by taking advantage of the mist, a column of 30,000 might have been thrown across the level ground between Jackson's left, and Longstreet's right, where the batteries on Marye's heights would have been inoperative, and which was, in truth the very weakest part of our lines—though strange to say, never attacked at all, the troops there never firing a shot. Instead of some such sagacious scheme, which a Jackson or a Lee would undoubtedly have attempted, Burnside employed the day in arranging his men as *per* original plan; for which Lee and Jackson were prepared.

As stated, the Federal plans provided for simultaneous assaults upon our left at Marye's Hill, and our right at Deep Run. General W. B. Franklin with six divisions (1st and 6th corps) numbering 50,000 infantrymen, besides artillery; and with Birney's division as reserves; though as this division became engaged early in the afternoon, it is proper to count Franklin's column at *seven* large divisions. The Ninth Army *Corps* occupied the plain between Franklin's right and Sumner's left; lending artillery aid to both, at times. As the two attacking columns were nearly two miles apart, we will first look at the operations of the lower one, under Franklin, as that column opened the ball. It was really the only "battle" that was fought on this bloody day, as the assault on the left was only a sickening slaughter.

The morning of the 13th of December, seemed to promise another day of fog like the preceding one, but gradually lightened, and by 10 A. M., was comparatively clear of fog, though the heavens were hung with lowering

clouds. The morning sun loomed through the mist like a great round fiery meteor; its blood-red disc appearing to thousands as if an ominous portent of the gory setting of that same sun that was to witness their own similar fate!

Far across the Rappahannock the Yankee long range guns were pitching huge shells over the valley and the heads of their own army, into the woods where lay our battalions. One of these shells destroyed a horse and its rider—an officer with dispatches only a little way from where I sat upon the top-log of our hastily erected breast-works—around the curve of the stone fence heights.

Amid the fog in front could be heard the movements of the Federal troops, the heavy rumbling of field batteries, and even the commands of the officers.

"About 10 A. M."—says General Jackson—"as the fog disappeared, the lines of the enemy arranged in order of battle, were distinctly visible in the plain between us and the river covering my front, and extending far to the left towards Fredericksburg. I supposed the force in front of me to number about fifty-five thousand."

What a panorama of war was here displayed! One often hears the phrase "theatre of war;" but here was a natural amphitheatre, with every movement of every battery and battalion open to the view; while thousands of spectators, not yet themselves engaged, occupied the bluffs on either side of the valley.

Higher up—in the "private boxes" sat the rival generals—viewing the scene, and at present awaiting the opening of the terrible drama.

At length—about 10 A. M.—the curtain rises, the fog slowly lifts from the low grounds, catches the morning breeze, and grandly rolls away. Then "the gas is turned up"—the sun shines gloriously from behind the veil of clouds—and the spectators are murmuring at the magnificent array of the actors, the performance begins! The first act exhibits the blue coat skirmishers advancing like a swarm of grasshoppers, across the valley towards

the wooded slopes where Stonewall Jackson's men are awaiting them.

But now there is a clatter of horse-hoofs and iron-wheel-tires, coming up the valley on the Port Royal road from the eastward: it is J. E. B. Stuart with a squadron of cavalry, and young Pelham's "flying artillery." This 22-year-old "veteran" wheels his two guns—"little but lively"—within only 800 yards of the advancing lines of Blue Coats, into which, along which, *enfilading* which, he pours so warm a stream of grape, canister, and what-not, that the whole division pauses, and stops!

Pelham, of course, is only a hornet, but the trouble is he can *sting* furiously, then gallop off—make a circle—and sting again! And the men don't like it—naturally—so, as General A. P. Hill says: "*Four of the Federal batteries* gave attention for an hour or more to Maj. P." "Soon after Pelham, *in obedience to orders,*" says Stonewall Jackson—"had withdrawn from the Port Royal road, the enemy directed his artillery upon the heights held by Lieutenant Colonel Walker, with a view to making us disclose whatever troops or artillery were there."*

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*Those who know that there was no love lost between Jackson and his division commander, A. P. Hill—a dislike increased by the former's threat to arrest the latter at the time of the Harper's Ferry leaguer, in consequence of some disagreement—will read in the underscored clauses above, a censuring slap at Hill. It will be remembered that Jackson's corps was posted in three lines; viz, 1st (or front) line A. P. Hill's three brigades (Archer, Lane, and Pender) with Lieutenant Colonel Walker's 14 guns stationed on the right, and a little in front of the infantry, supported by two regiments; 2d line:—Early's and Taliaferro's small divisions, drawn up on a military road, cut through the woods on the slope of the ridge; 3d line—D. H. Hill's division as reserves.

Now A. P. Hill seems to have paid less than ordinary attention to the posting of his brigades, as General Lane states that after posting his brigade in the skirt of an advanced piece of woodland, he found his left over-lapping Pender's brigade, which was some distance farther to the rear, while there was an *open space or interval of six hundred yards* between his right, and General Archer's left.

Lane no sooner noticed this opening than he galloped over to Archer, and told him of it, but of course, that officer could not change his assigned position. Lane says: "I subsequently met General A. P. Hill and spoke to him of our relative positions." Perhaps he did not make the danger so clearly understood as it deserved or A. P. Hill may have supposed that Orr's Rifles, of Gregg's brigade, which was posted on the military road opposite the interval would sufficiently close it in case of danger. Still there is a failure to allude to, or explain the fact in General Hill's official report, that is rather singular and suggestive. Be the fault with whom it may, it cost us dear. [Author's Note].

This fire of 40 guns—including four and one-half inch siege pieces—was very severe but elicted no response: whereupon Franklin concluded there couldn't be much of a force up there on the hill-side, and ordered forward his whole corps.

He soon learned that the supposed dead 'possum was alive and had claws. "Walker's batteries reserved their fire until the enemy's lines came within less than 800 yards"—says Jackson—"when the 14 guns opened; pouring such a storm of shot and shell into his ranks, as to cause him first to halt, then to waver, and at last to seek shelter by flight. About 1 P. M. the main attack was made, under a prelude of heavy and rapid cannonading.

"Our batteries on the right played upon their ranks with destructive effect. The advancing force was visibly staggered by our rapid and well directed artillery fire, but soon recovering from the shock, continued to press forward, and before General A. P. Hill *closed the interval which he had left between Archer's and Lane's brigades,* it was penetrated and the enemy pressing forward in overwhelming numbers *through that interval turned Lane's right* and Archer's left."

The enemy was not slow to perceive the opening between Lane and Archer; Doubledays and Gibbon's divisions advanced across the railroad track—engaging our skirmishers in front; and compelling our artillery to limber up and retire to the rear; while Meade's division —nine large regiments—poured through the vacant space, wheeling one regiment to attack the rear of Lane's right flank, and another regiment to attack Archer's left; while the main body pressed forward into the woods. And now our troops behaved nobly indeed! for instead of flying in a panic, with the cry of being "surrounded," or "flanked," they stood their ground for some time and then retired slowly, doing as much damage to the foe as if motionless.

By General Lane's order, Colonel Barber of the 37th North Carolina, the right flank of the brigade, on finding Meade's men in his rear, merely deflected four companies,

"changing front" to face the flanking foe. All stood bravely up to the work until Thomas' Georgia brigade came to help them drive back the Blue Coats as far as they had come.

Archer, on the other side of the open interval was having similar experience with equally successful results, after hard fighting.

Meanwhile Meade's main column had pushed forward, thinking to gain the top ridge and cut our army in twain. Gregg's South Carolina brigade stood in the woods upon the narrow line of the "military road." Hearing troops swarming through the undergrowth before them, Orr's riflemen supposed them our men, retreating, when to their dismay a strong body of Blue Coats burst upon them.

In the confusion which ensued, General Maxcy Gregg, —"fearful of harming our friends fell in front of the rifles, mortally wounded. A more chivalrous gentleman, and gallant soldier never adorned the service that he so loved,"—says General A. P. Hill.

General Jackson speaks of him as—"a brave and accomplished officer full of heroic sentiment, and chivalrous honor.....The country has much reason to deplore the loss sustained by his premature death." General Gregg's dying words were:—"Tell the Governor [of South Carolina] *I cheerfully yield my life for the independence of my State.*"

He came of good family, and illustrated his blood by the gallantry of his life and death. The disorder occasioned by his death, and the surprise above alluded to, was speedily rectified by the remainder of the brigade, and the brigades of Thomas, Atkinson and Hood being now brought forward, drove the enemy not only out of the woods but far across the railroad track, our skirmishers being farther advanced at night than in the morning.

During this final operation, I witnessed a magnificent bayonet charge by the 28th North Carolina (it was said), a large, fine regiment, recently from the *comparative* ease and comfort of service in Eastern North Carolina. A

brigade of Yankees occupied a portion of the railway embankment that was deep enough not only to shelter them from our artillery fire. but also enable them to annoy our gunners and infantry, in almost perfect security. General ——— decided to dislodge them. The 28th (?) North Carolina,—apparently 900 strong—well aligned and steady as if upon parade drill, flag floating proudly in front, colonel galloping on the right, drummer boy running a little behind him, beating the double-quick step: and so like a line of steel swept the bayonets of this gallant regiment. On the other side of the railway cut, was a six-gun battery, which thundered heavily into the line but could not check the brave North Carolinians, as with a shout they rushed down the slope.[1]

Then went up a cheer from the thousands and ten thousands of spectators, as the Yankees streaked out of their "ditch," the battery limbered to the rear, and the object of the charge was accomplished. This ended the operations on our right: the enemy being decisively and disastrously repulsed at all points of attack, though only about one-third of Jackson's troops were engaged.

At dark our lines were formed with a view to offensive operations on the morrow, but it is supposed that on consultation with Lee it was deemed best by General Jackson to await the issue of events on the left.

The Federals drew in their skirmishers to the line of the Port Royal road, and plainly gave up the idea of further advance on that wing. Their loss had been very heavy. General John Gibbon, a renegade North Carolinian[2], was severely wounded; and General Bayard killed. The latter, who appears to have worthily worn his honored name, had escaped the dangers of the field, and was sitting at the foot of a tree, near the Bernard house, upon the riverbank, when one of our shells struck the tree, glanced downward, and tore off his leg—inflicting mortal agonies. He was much beloved among his friends.

[1] This movement has not been identified. In any event it was not the 28th North Carolina, which had been fighting in Virginia all summer. It was engaged at Fredericksburg but in no such operation as that described.

[2] Considering General Gibbon's Pennsylvania birth, this is scarcely a fair characterization even in the heat of war.

While Jackson holds his own so well upon the right, we can imagine his anxiety to know how Longstreet is succeeding against the more formidable grand assault of Sumner's column (of six divisions under French, Hancock, Howard, Getty, Sturgis, and Butterfield), as the breaking of our lines there would entail the loss of the whole position and a very large portion of our artillery. Let us now review this field.

Sumner had arranged a column of *nine brigades* (French's, Howard's, and Hancock's divisions)—embracing 40 regiments—*comprising* 30,000 *infantry*—in the two principal streets opening to the southward of Fredericksburg. Six hundred yards from the heads of these streets is the base of Marye's and Willis' hills, along which runs a low stone fence, with here and there a Confederate battle-flag raised above it, signifying that it will take hard fighting to get possession of that wall. In fact though only six hundred yards in extent, the level plateau in front of this skirt of rock, will tax the "Universal Yankee Nation," the Irish nation, and every other people represented in the 40 blue coated regiments down yonder by the river, for a thrice large expenditure of mortal gore, and harrowing wounds, than any similar space on the American continent! It lies smooth, turf-set and level now; but ere nightfall, it shall be torn, trampled, shot-ploughed, and blood-drenched, and spotted thickly with the dead!

Burnside walks to and fro before the "Lacy House"—(despoiled and sacked like all the other old Southern mansions occupied by the Yankee troops—be it the lowest bummer, or the Commander-in-chief himself)—overlooking the arrangements for the "grand assault." At length he sees French's division leading off—up the street towards the Rebel works with intent to deploy, after emerging from the head of the street.

But the Rebel batteries, some thirty or forty guns—now catch sight of the dense blue masses, and what a storm of grape, and shrieking shell descends from the heights upon their devoted ranks! And before the sharp-

shooters can deploy as a cover for the main line, a large number of valuable officers have been picked off! Worse still is the discovery that a portion of the plateau is obstructed by garden fences, outhouses, brush piles, etc., all calculated to break the uniformity of the line, and throw it into confusion, or at least detain it under a withering fire from the Rebel guns.

However, there is no help for it now, and at last, when the sun touches meridian and both armies have been wrought up to a state of feverish expectancy, the broad avalanche of blue coats is set in motion—moves forward —ascends a slight slope, and with a feeble cheer, born of whiskey and desperation (every canteen of the prisoners and the dead was found to contain liquor) the assault is made! Nay, only attempted! For at the moment that the front rank of the column takes its first stride our batteries throw grape by the shovelful—cutting down *men* as the harvester's scythe mows down the grain! This simile is often used in connection with battlefield operations, but probably never with more appositeness; for it is a fact that guns on the terraces not only poured a plunging fire in front, but also enfiladed on each flank—making visible openings in the Federal column; though the ponderous mass pressed onward—those behind pushing forward those in front—trampling their own dead and dying as ruthlessly as the famed car of Juggernaut.

And now the mangled column comes over the last fence; through the little apple orchard—within almost twenty paces of the stone fence! But it might as well be twenty miles—for all the use this proximity to the goal will be to them—yea better for them had it been miles! for from behind the wall suddenly arises another wall of grey-coated Confederates, whose muskets present a fringe of steel bayonets, while from the muzzles of those dark tubes issues a blinding flash, a deafening roar, an awful flight of leaden messengers of death; and when the smoke drifts away—*French's division is destroyed!* The few survivors are flying to seek shelter in houses, in hollows, in cellars —anywhere—*anywhere* out of the storm! Fully half of

those who marched down the street twenty minutes ago, are killed, wounded, or captured now! There are few parallels for so speedy an annihilation of a division, thus far in the war. A correspondent writes:—"General French went into action with 7,000 men; tonight (two days after the battle) only 1,200 have reported to him!"

Burnside had probably anticipated the partial failure of his first assault, as he had two other divisions—Howard's and Hancock's—ready to repeat the attempt. Hancock's 8,000 veterans accordingly marched up the street, deployed under the same terrific fire that decimated French's column, and endeavored to charge our ground already slippery with blood and encumbered with pallid corpses!

Hancock's column was headed by Meagher's "Irish brigade," of which so much has been written, and chiefly because the natural recklessness and courage of the Irish shone the more markedly by contrast with the shirking substitutes, bounty-jumpers and riff-raff who constituted the greater part of the Federal armies. It was thought that by placing these men in the van as a sort of "Forlorn Hope"—(stimulated to utter recklessness as they were by rum), with two strong brigades following closely, to add weight to the column by force of numbers, if nothing else, and rushing them forward over the plateau (from which the obstructions were now somewhat cleared), the stone wall might be carried by sheer *momentum.*

On one side there were fears that some such result might occur from lack of sufficient time to reload the muskets after the first volley: and as many of the men behind the wall were now *hors de combat,* and all nearly out of ammunition, General Longstreet ordered General T. R. Cobb to carry in his brigade to their assistance. Unfortunately this was quite as perilous a task as holding the wall, for the latter, as before stated, ran along the north side of the turnpike, at the base of Marye's hill, and the threatened point could only be reached by marching over the brow of the bluff, and down it to the wall—all the while under the terrific fire of musketry and

artillery—a fire whose fierceness is attested by the destruction of the shrubbery on the hillside and the indentation of each and every brick in the gable end of the Marye mansion on the crest. Had the bullets been pellets of white lead, instead of "bar-lead" they would have sprinkled the green sward of the slope until it resembled the first stages of a snow storm. But the heroic Cobb, like his fellow-soldier, the gallant Gregg, on the right—took no heed of consequences, but calmly aligned his men in order of battle behind the ridge, then led them forward and down the grassy slope as if on parade, and with a cheer they took post behind the wall just in time to empty their muskets into the foe.

But their General did not accompany them; he had reached the "Telegraph road"—upon which the brigade's right flank rested—when a huge shell from the Yankee batteries on the Stafford Heights fell into the little group of five officers, tearing off a part of his thigh, fracturing the skull of Brigadier-General Cooke[1], shattering Captain Brewster's knee, and wounding Captain Herring seriously in the hip. General Cobb, when the smoke, of the explosion cleared away, quietly asked for a silk handkerchief, which one of his staff endeavored to apply as a tourniquet to the limb but to no avail. He was borne from the field and soon passed away.

Hancock's assault was more vigorous than French's—his Irish being well supplied with "Dutch courage"—but mortal flesh, however courageous could not withstand the storm that greeted them as they rushed across the plateau. The survivors of the attempt threw themselves down behind a slight ridge just at the edge of town, and thence kept up a warm fire upon our lines; making, however, more noise than causualties. General T. F. Meagher himself was slightly wounded.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:—"General Hancock, who engaged later in the day and fought on nearly the same ground, lost but little less than General French. With a division of 7,000 he is not able to call together

[1] John R. Cooke.

tonight more than 2,000 men, and it is *doubtful whether he has that number.* General Howard who went into battle a little before dark lost 1,000 men. . . . It is not using too strong an expression to say that in this battle we were butchered. The loss of the enemy in comparison with our own must be insignificant. More than half of the division of French were placed *hors de combat* before they had fired a shot. . . . Destruction so terrible never before has been seen in this war. From the observatory of the Phillips house, our dead can be seen lying all over the small field in which French and Hancock were so fearfully cut up and mangled."

The final act of the drama was now disclosed. Burnside, surrounded by a gloomy-looking staff, paced anxiously up and down the piazza of the Phillips house on the Heights—whence he could overlook his slaughtered soldiers, as above described. He had seen his powerful left wing hurled back, broken and demoralized from Jackson's front, and now his right wing was fast melting away before the well trained fire of Longstreet's veterans. But a single hope remained! "Fighting Joe Hooker" had just left him, declaring that he would go himself in person and "put the thing through!" Would he accomplish it? On this hung the fate of the day, and of the battle, and of Burnside's military reputation; for that which, in case of success, would be called "skillful audacity and genius,"—would in the event of defeat, be pronounced a brutal blunder, and criminal catastrophe! Hooker and Sumner consulted. French's, Hancock's, Howard's and Sturgis' divisions had each attacked the Southern lines—one after another in the order named—(save that Sturgis attacked nearly simultaneously with Howard, but farther on our left): and had all failed: yea, had been routed and almost ruined.

Where should men for the final assault be found? A shout was heard in the direction of the river, and Butterfield's corps with *three fresh divisions* was seen crossing the pontoons! So the new column was formed with Humphrey's division on the right, Griffin's division on

the left; and Sykes' supporting both towards the center. Meanwhile Getty's division of Hancock's corps, advanced up a little hollow still farther to the left, and attempted to flank our batteries, charging across a green plateau, and into a disused mill-race, which was just deep enough to serve as a breast-work and shelter. Their officers shout, beg, curse, and threaten, but the Yankees once in the comparative security of the ditch are not to be moved—at least, not to the front. They conclude that "*dying in the last ditch*" is quite as much as they should be expected to perform, especially as *nine brigades* have already tried to "*push the Rebels to the wall,*" and found them hard to handle after arriving there! So Getty's men lay down firing wildly at more cost to themselves than to the Rebels, and this occupation of the old mill-race is called "gallantly holding their position."

Meanwhile Humphreys and Griffin, and Sykes have essayed the old game of a direct attack in front. *Cui bono?*—A good deal—*to our side!* The old game is merely a new slaughter. The rushing troops stumble nervously over their own dead, and after losing 1,200 in less than 12 minutes, the whole column falls—some on their faces—some on their backs, and the remainder to the rear. Thus ended the *sixth* grand assault upon our left; and the *seven* Federal divisions were repulsed by a single division, or say *four* brigades and the artillery.

Burnside seeing the slackening fire as sunset faded into twilight, came galloping down the Stafford Heights and over the bridge into town apparently thinking his presence would animate his men to fierce struggles, but in the language of Mark Twain, they "wouldn't enthuse worth a cent." The day was done, the battle was lost. Right and left there had been tremendous butchery but nothing gained. To quote from the New York *Herald*:—

"The finest army on the Planet has been beaten by a batch of rag-a-muffins." And, what was the most miserable feature of this miserable business, the "rag-a-muffins" accomplished this result with a loss under 2,000 men

(General Lee estimated it at 1,800), while inflicting a Federal loss *of 25,000!* Burnside admitted a loss of 1,152 killed, 6,000 to 8,000 wounded, and 700 prisoners, but any one of his private soldiers could see that this was for political effect.

We captured nearly *three thousand* prisoners, and buried nearly the same number of their dead.

The *Tribune* correspondent (three days after the battle) estimated the loss in Couch's and Reynold's corps, alone, at 14,000. The *Herald* correspondent placed the total loss at 15,000. Other papers ranged from 18,000 to 24,000. A Boston Abolition paper says:—Gen. French went into the fight 7,000 strong; came out with only 1,000 muskets. Hancock moved to the assault with about the same number of men, but only 2,000 reported themselves at the close of the day. Such was the nature of the desperate struggle, brigades would lose a thousand even at a dash,—literally mowed down like grass, while divisions would retreat from the appalling scene 6,000 and 8,000 short of their original number. The gallant and intrepid 66th N. Y., were slaughtered to a man, and with their Captain Webb, lay in heaps in front of the Confederate works!

"But how could it be otherwise? Without a reconnoissance of any kind to "feel" the foe—without the smallest possible information as to his numbers and position—whole columns of infantry were dashed against batteries—running for miles—of rifles, cannon, and battlements that could laugh even a siege to scorn. So blind a piece of infatuation, so gigantic a blunder, so unparalleled a massacre, would be sought for in vain though all the annals of warfare."

All the Northern journals adopted this strain of denunciation, seeking to escape the disgrace of the fourth great defeat of the "finest army on the Planet" by exaggerated statements of the strength of the Confederate position ("stronger than Sebastapol"—"The Southern Gibraltar"—"Worse than Antietam" etc., etc.,) and by

unsparing denunciation of the generalship of their commander-in-chief.

They had denounced, abused, and decapitated General McClellan for his cautious investigations, and life-saving policy; and now they began to abuse and denounce with design to decapitate their new idol because his dashing, reckless, and life-squandering tactics succeeded no better than McClellan's in the indispensable desideratum of—whipping the Rebels. The thirteenth of December was my 19th birthday; and though reared in Calvinistic family associations, and consequently less accustomed than I might otherwise have been, to the commemoration of birthdays, etc., I yet felt a pang of regret on awaking from my damp couch, in the ditch of a rude breastwork—at which I had worked till all my joints were stiff, on the previous afternoon—to find, from the crack of the skirmishers' rifles in front, that this anniversary of my natal day must be spent—not amid the comforts and cheerful peacefulness of other similar occasions, but embroiled in deadly strife. Neither could I repress a curious kind of wonderment, whether the first peep, and the last glimpse of mortal life might not date from the month of December—day the 13th. So that the tale might be told in brief. Thus:—

"Randolph Abbott Shotwell:—*Imprimis,* December 13th, 1848. *Finis,* December 13th, 1862." And when the fog lifted, and the big shells—large as flour barrels and twice as lively,—came whistling their shrill monotone over and about his bivouac this young man felt a disposition to *"would I were a boy again"*—a very *small* boy at that—in fact *quite a babe;* back at that other 13th which was his starting point! Since with full six feet of mortal flesh and other ingredients scattered around, at such a time, it seemed an easy thing to get hit! However, in this, as in all the other battles of the war, my "presentiments" —so-called—have all invariably been on the side of immunity from death or hurts. Strange as it may seem, I never realized the *possibility* of being slain, or even

wounded seriously. Alas, I had the same assurance as to brother Hamilton; so much so that even yet it is hard to believe him dead—actually gone forever: Doubtless many others have similar hopefulness until suddenly comes the fatal "bullet with its billet,"—and the end!

Well, it is better to laugh than be sighing, and crying, and *dying*—before your time comes!

Bang! Bang! Bang! SPANG! BOOM!—Me-o-w-ow-ow! BANG! Spang! Spang! BANG! The skirmishers are at work! The Federals have brought over a battery of 6-pound howitzers which they scatter along a slight ridge to the right of town; and handle in good style:—this is, good for them, but very awkward and annoying for us! the day wears away and Sturgis' division undertakes to swing round and enfilade our boys behind the stone wall. But this movement brings them within easy reach of our muskets, and the "pesky" things suddenly go off, with an awful roar. So do the Yankees with a terrible yell! But their officers force them to come back in some sort of order and they even attempt to charge upon us! The next minute they discover their mistake; it is plain they have "a call" to go somewhere else, and they stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once. And they conclude to let us slide,—as General N. P. Banks said of the Union.

Gradually the long day wore off, dusky shadows crept over hill and plain; the horrid uproar of battle subsided until only an occasional gun, on the extreme right kept awake many echoes among the nooks, and wooded caves of the valley; and then a strange, unnatural silence succeeded to all the furious clamor and clangor of the battlestorm! Yet, what a Sabbath Evening! I lay upon my blanket on the side of the trench, speculating on the events of the day, and wondering if another great battle had finally closed without costing me a scratch. Then a voice spoke through the gloom:—"Where's Shotwell?" The regimental post-boy had arrived during the day and as soon as darkness would permit, came down to the lines, bringing among others, a letter for me.

It was from home! But how could I read it in the dark? I dug a hole with a spade; then hung my blanket as a screen; then kindled a feeble blaze of twigs; then stretched myself full length on my breast—and read the letter.

It was a real "home letter:" full of kind messages; breathing the atmosphere of the quiet, peaceful country village—"way down in Carolina"—where never yet the sound of hostile gun had been heard, or even a passing Blue Coat been seen.

How vivid the contrast between the gossipy mention of little domestic matters, and the chit-chat of the unruffled parsonage; and the noise, excitement, danger and destruction of the battlefield to which this messenger of affection was come! "I suppose you are leading a very quiet, restful life after your arduous trans-Potomac Campaign"—said the letter; and by way of comment thereon —*"Zip!"*—"Zip!" "Whiz-z-z-z!" screeched a hatful of bullets among the trees at that moment, causing me to lie a great deal closer to Mother Earth's broad bosom than I had been reclining.

"Put out that light! Put out that fire!" yelled Maj. B. *"What in hell do you want the Yankees shooting over here for?"* Now the fire was too small to have attracted the balls in question, but it makes one uncomfortable to be exposed to the light while your adversary with a deadly weapon is creeping upon you in the surrounding darkness; so I lost no time in "dousing the glim;" and soon was wrapped in oblivion as well as gloom.

Burnside now began to realize the extremely bad bargain he had made when he undertook to trade off the lives of some few thousands of his men in exchange for the possession of the south wall of the valley, on the ground now held by "Uncle Robert Lee's" folks. These curious people whom the *Herald* calls—not without a show of appropriateness, rag-a-muffins, seemed to think that one side of the Rappahannock, or the Stafford Heights, was as much as the Federal Commander ought to aspire to; so after all his expenditure of blood and powder the contrary fellows still "held their position," and were

actually saucy. And some of the sarcastic wretches yelled at him to the effect that he was a fool to attempt to march his tender-footed followers in a direction when he was confronted with a *"Stonewall"* (Jackson) on the right and a stone fence on the left; and even if he should succeed in surmounting either of these, there were a couple of *Hills* (A. P. and D. H.) in the rear, that many better men than he had attempted to climb over without success; to say nothing of a *Longstreet* through which he would have to pass—fighting the *Picketts* on one side and Hood's *Tigers* on the other.

Or, to abandon this nonsense—Burnside would gladly (as he declared he would do), have resumed the battle on the morrow—the 14th—but as his corps-commanders —Sumner, Hooker, Franklin, Wilcox and Butterfield rode up to the Phillips House and dejectedly reported their failure, he soon saw that all was over; that the "Grand Advance" was a flash-in-the-pan: and that even the question of retreat was a serious one.

"Indeed one has only to go over to Fredericksburg, where the army is *now huddled,* and see its shattered and broken condition—regiments scattered, disorganized, etc., to see that a renewal of the fight, in the morning, or *even for some time to come,* is wholly impossible—." wrote the *Tribune* correspondent. All the Major Generals agreed on this head. Accordingly all farther demonstrations were abandoned, and the energies of the Federal generals directed to the not a little hazardous task of retiring the army. Fortunately a severe rainstorm, and its accompanying fog served to screen their preparations; and the long irksome day wore off without noteworthy incident. When the grey dawn of the 15th crept through the chill fog of the valley there was not an armed Yankee South of the Rappahannock. Half an hour later, as I climbed a small sapling in rear of our works to see if the foe were visible, I was surprised to see General Pickett and staff galloping across the valley where the Yankee sharpshooters had been the night before!

"Boys! We have won the fight! the Yankees are gone!" I shouted to my yawning comrades; and glad indeed were all to learn the fact. Our skirmishers, it seems were cognizant of the Federal withdrawal during the night, and pushed forward as soon as daybreak would admit. They came up with Burnside's rear-guard while it was taking up the pontoon bridges. A volley or two across the stream caused the relinquishment of the boats, etc. A few hours later, the different divisions, brigades, and regiments of Lee's army filed out of their trenches, and marched back to their old camp; and once more the news ran,

"All quiet along the Rappahannock!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Ought Lee to have Attacked?—Battlefield Sights, and Yankee Atrocities—The Sack of Fredericksburg—Scraps from My Diary — 1863 — Winter Quarters — Adieu Fredericksburg—A Clever Lady's Remembrance—Gloomy Times, and Short Rations.

Doctors differ, and so do generals, and military critics. Should Lee have assumed the offensive during the 14th is a question often asked, but easier asked than answered.

Public expectation ran high in Richmond, and elsewhere when the telegraph announced the disastrous repulse of Burnside on the 13th.

"Lee has him in a trap; his army is a mere mob huddled on the river: our artillery can easily knock his pontoons into splinters, and we shall bag the whole lot" was the exultant cry of sanguine hopes wherever the facts were known. Considerable alarm appears to have existed at the North lest these anticipations be realized. *"God help us!—for man cannot"*—wailed the New York *Times*.

Different ideas prevailed in the ranks, for so light had been *our* losses, and so small the number of our troops actively engaged that it seemed impossible that the magnificent array of all arms that had been crossing the river for two days should be so crippled as to retire without another effort. And so long as there was a possibility of our being *attacked* we should be foolish indeed to surrender the great advantages of our defensive position, and expose our troops to the raking fire of 200 guns securely posted on the Stafford Heights. Of course, we could not know how many troops Burnside still had in reserve. Another great disadvantage I have spoken of—our defective ammunition. Some Yankee writers

sneeringly alluded to the fact that our guns *could not throw a shot into the river bed* (about half cannon shot distance) and, therefore, did not in the least interfere with their pontoon bridges. Others express astonishment that we allowed their army to huddle in the streets of the town, and along the river-banks without once attempting to annoy them by shelling.

This indeed was a great drawback to us, as our artillery might have inflicted almost as much damage upon the enemy as our infantry. But the mortifying fact that our *powder* was little better than so much *sooty-sand,* fouling the guns with every discharge, and barely carrying the missile over the brow of the hill will explain all!

Who is to blame? Who can tell? *I cannot!*

General Lee himself says—"In taking position at Fredericksburg, it was with a view to resisting General Burnside's advance after crossing the Rappahannock, rather than *permanently preventing his passage.* . . . The plain of Fredericksburg is completely commanded by the Heights of Stafford which prevented our occupying them in the first instance. Nearly the whole loss that our army sustained during the battle arose from the pursuit of the repulsed Federal columns into the plain. To have advanced the whole army into the plain for the purpose of attacking General Burnside would have been to ensure its destruction from the fire from the continuous line of guns on the Stafford Hills. It was considered more wise to meet the Federal Army beyond the reach of their batteries, than under their muzzles, and even to *invite repeated renewals* of their attacks. When convinced of their inutility, it was easy for them under cover of a long, dark and tempestuous night to cross the narrow river by means of their numerous bridges before we could ascertain their purpose."

He might have added—"Just as I withdrew from Sharpsburg though in that case I had only a single, very deep ford, a long train of wagons; three or four miles for the bulk of my army to march, and no storm to cover my movements."

A Yankee correspondent justifies Lee in these words: "The Confederate leaders acted with their usual wiliness in this whole matter. They did well to let us so easily into Fredericksburg—firing but half a dozen guns when they could have brought 100 to bear on us—for the city is *the veriest* trap that ever was laid, and *we have walked into it.* Is it any wonder that with such a position on the outside of an arc of a circle of batteries, mid upper air, with surrounding fires our troops were over and over again broken?"

Hearing shocking accounts of the battlefield directly in rear of Fredericksburg, I accompanied Lieutenant S. to the spot on the afternoon of Dec. 16th., and though three days after the battle, the signs of carnage and slaughter were horribly numerous.

Familiar as I was with sickening spectacles, there were scenes here that revolted the mind and overwhelmed the heart. In many battles an equal, or greater, number of corpses dotted the field, but usually they were strewn for miles—not often as many as two in immediate proximity, but here there were hundreds within the limits of a single glance!

Fancy if you can,—a green plateau—stretching from the base of a range of hills—six hundred yards broad, and three-quarters of a mile long, with the close clusters of red brick houses of Fredericksburg as its northern limit. Across this plain were formerly a plank fence at one place, a garden picket-fence at another, one of two small outhouses, and a few young fruit trees just beginning to bear. Farther to the left, the plain is free from all obstructions, has a green sward, through which is cut on old dry mill race, long disused and grass grown. But the plateau is *narrowest* where most obstructed.

Cover this plain with fully eleven hundred dead bodies —perfectly naked—swollen to twice the natural size—black as negroes in most cases—lying in every conceivable posture—some on their backs with gaping jaws—some with eyes large as walnuts, protruding with glassy stare—some doubled up like a contortionist—here one

without head—there one without legs—yonder a head and legs without a trunk—everywhere horrible expressions —fear, rage, agony, madness, torture—lying in pools of blood—lying with heads half buried in mud—with fragments of shell sticking in the oozing brain—with bullet holes all over the puffed limbs—imagine all this, and ten times more if you can, and you will not approximate the real truth!

"The dead lay in heaps"—is a common descriptive phrase; here it was an actual fact. On both sides of the garden fences men were seen lying across one another until there seemed to be three layers of them! Indeed, it is a well established fact that many of the more cowardly Yankees actually sought safety by crouching behind piles of their own slain. Others threw themselves on their faces behind a single corpse—feigning death, and depending on the dead for—life! Our skirmishers were astonished to have some of the supposed corpses jump up and surrender themselves as prisoners of war. One could hardly blame them on seeing—from the *riddled* condition of the remnants of fencing—what a dreadful storm of deadly missiles they must have encountered. I noticed one peculiarity of the slain—that the majority were foreigners. Scarcely an English face was to be seen on the field, unless of an officer. Most of the bodies had the unmistakable Irish cast of features, and this gave the impression among our men that "Meagher's Irish Brigade" had been annihilated—which turned out not to be the case.

I felt great indignation at the stripping of the corpses that had been done by the battlefield robbers. Every corpse was nude, bloody and ghastly!

Whether the foul fiends were from our army, or Burnside's or both, I know not, but it is certainly a disgrace to American civilization that such desecrations of the helpless slain are allowed. It is done of course, by the lowest and most brutalized of the men, aided by the camp followers, negro teamsters, etc., but this does not relieve

us of the shame of it; for our generals might hang a few of the wretches by the way of example.

On this day (16th) as I passed over the field, a flag-of-truce, covering a burial party of Yankees, was received from Burnside; and the utter indifference—nay, perfect heartlessness of the detachment, in their treatment of the dead surprised and shocked me. They huddled the corpses like logs of wood; and certainly would have been far more careful had they been so many hogs. Even a dead brute could only be hauled *about by the legs* from one place to another. An old ice-house was appropriated for a *"deadpit,"* and thither two Yankees could be seen dragging a third, smoking their pipes as indifferently as if they were clearing the meadow of its rock-piles.

When a layer of rigid corpses had been tumbled into the ice house a little dirt was shovelled upon them, and another layer of bodies thrown in. Many of the corpses were stiff and rigid in the contracted positions in which they died; so that arms, legs, knees, etc., could be seen sticking up out of the gravel—a ghastly sight! Most of the officers and privates who were recognized, were laid in a series of shallow trenches near the ice-pit—receiving more respect than the rest. All our men who witnessed these operations say that fully *3,000 corpses* were buried.

But all of our ideas of Yankee atrocity and brutal outrage were to be amended and extended in a surprising degree, when the wanton destruction of private property in the city was seen. Terribly destructive as had been the inhuman bombardment of the unoffending citizens, who were aroused in the uncertain twilight of foggy dawn on the 11th, by the roar of batteries, and the unearthly screaming of ponderous shells, that crashed through the brick walls of their dwellings like so much cardboard—terribly shattering as had been the cowardly cannonade upon the *exteriors* of their houses, it was far less damaging and devastating than the shameless pillage and vandalism of the Federal soldiery in the interiors. The town was literally *"sacked,"* and undoubtedly with the consent and approbation of the Federal Generals. It

is said, indeed, that many of the officers encouraged their men to brave the dangers of the expedition by promising them unrestrained robbery and plunder.

This is curiously corroborated by the regular correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* who begins a letter thus:—"After the severe cannonading on Thursday it seemed to have been *generally understood* that Fredericksburg would be *given up to pillage upon the occupation of our troops.* * * * Today its fine mansions are not standing; a heap of smoldering ruins is all that remains of them."

It will be seen that a portion of the correspondent's letter was omitted—the asterisks (* * *) taking the place of some statement which even old Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune,* felt ashamed to publish concerning the license to rob, burn, and outrage that was given to this "Finest Army on the Planet!" Perhaps it will be well to preserve the full text of the *Tribune's* letter, written of course, by a straight-sect Abolitionist, who certainly would not *exaggerate* the crimes and disgrace of the loyal supporters of the fanatic crusade on the South.

"After the severe cannonading of Thursday, it seemed to have been generally understood that Fredericksburg would be given up to pillage upon the occupation of our troops. * * * Today its fine mansions are not standing. A heap of smouldering embers is all that remains of them. Others less pretentious in their style of architecture are riddled and torn with shot and shell: the furniture broken and defaced; the bedding ripped and stripped, taken into the street and trodden under foot; elegant chinaware and cutlery, choice libraries of books, rare works of art, are all heaped together in the streets, and scrambled for as trophies.

"The old Mansion of Douglas Gordon—perhaps the wealthiest citizen in the valley—is now used as the headquarters of General Howard, but before he occupied it, every room had been torn with shot and then all the elegant furniture and works of art broken and smashed

by the soldiers, who burst into the house after having driven the rebel sharpshooters from behind it. When I entered it early this morning before its occupation by Gen. Howard, I found the soldiers of his fine division diverting themselves with the rich dresses found in the wardrobes; some had on bonnets of the fashion of last year, and were surveying themselves before mirrors, which an hour or two afterwards, were pitched out of the window and smashed to pieces on the pavement; others had elegant scarfs bound around their heads in the form of turbans, and shawls around their waists after the fashion of the Turks.

"What I saw in this mansion was repeated in nearly every one which the flames had not destroyed.

"It is but the truth to say that the wealthy citizens of Fredericksburg possessed something more than wealth, and of much greater value—culture. I doubt if there is a village in New England that possesses more choice libraries than did Fredericksburg the day before the bombardment. You can see the old orthodox religious element enters into nearly every one of them. Said a soldier to me today, raking among a magnificent private library, half covered with mud in the streets, 'How intensely religious these d—d rebels are.' Not only solid works upon religion and philosophy are found among the libraries, but books in nearly all the modern languages which looked as if they had been well read and appreciated.

"We destroyed by fire yesterday nearly two whole squares of buildings, chiefly used for business purposes, together with the fine residences of O. McDowell, Dr. Smith, T. H. Kelly, A. S. Cobb, William Slaughter, and many other smaller dwellings. Every store, I think without an exception, was pillaged of every valuable article. A fine drugstore, which would not have looked badly on Broadway was literally one mass of broken jars and glass."

Another account says:—"The bombardment on Thursday was at the rate of 500 shells per minute; some batteries using 200 rounds. . . . Before sundown a

score of houses are in ashes, while not one seems to have escaped the pitiless storm of iron: the damage will require years to repair. . . . The residence of Mr. Slaughter, father of the Mayor, Dr. Wallace, Mrs. Hayes, and Timberlake's commission house are among those burned. . . . During the bombardment *females could be seen darting through* the streets, negroes carrying furniture from the burning houses, and *now and then* a rebel gliding from one hiding place to another. . . . A number of females appeared at the windows in the city from time to time waving white flags and shouting to us that they wished to come over."

Further description of this wanton destruction is scarcely necessary, and no words can paint the scene as I witnessed it. Rich velvet-cushioned furniture lay in the gutters—sofas were out under the trees with piles of filth upon them as if the wretches had racked their brains to invent *testimonials of their own shamelessness.*

Fine parlor chairs, piano covers, tastefully embroidered counterpanes, picture frames, kitchen utensils, bedroom rugs, statuary, and every other imaginable article of household use were piled, scattered, tumbled everywhere along the streets. The blue coated Sepoys, not content with plundering the residences, seemed to delight in burning, hacking or otherwise ruining what they could not carry off.

In one mansion I heard the sound of a cracked piano, and entering the opened door, beheld Lieutenant C—. D—. strumming diligently on the few remaining strings of what had once been a "Steinway grand" piano. Now its elegant mahogany case was split with heavy slashes of an axe, one leg was hewn off and nearly all the wires cut with the same implement, which still lay in the parlor. "And yonder lies the scoundrel who used it."—said Lieutenant D.— (pointing to a dead Yankee who lay near a window, with a small ornamental clock still in the hands doubled under him)—"I'm playing an 'O-Be Joyful!' glee-piece to celebrate his recompense for this villany." "He appears to have been trying to steal *time* and it has

stolen a march on him," was my reply; as the fellow had evidently been running to the window with the stolen clock in his hands when a stray bullet cut short his time, and introduced him to eternity. Quite a number of dead Yankees were found in the houses; some probably carried there to die, but most of them killed while skulking and plundering. The *Tribune* man says:—"Some of our boys were killed or wounded by our own guns—a few shells falling short among our own troops."

And all this, thought I, as I reflected on the dreary scene before me—is the fate reserved for the entire South if Yankee arms can subdue us! Talk of war for the Union and the old flag! It is a war for plunder and pillage! A crusade of envy and spite, and hatred and sectional prejudice! Look at this fair Southern town of admitted culture and refinement, and possessing more of historic interest than any other town in the State except Williamsburg and Yorktown, yet the Vandals of the North, Blue Coated barbarians from every nation on the globe, without a particle of veneration, humanity, decency, or shame having shelled the helpless women and children, completed their work of destruction by wanton rapine, wholesale pillage, and utter demolition.

Washington's mother spent the declining years of her life here, and selected it for the eternal repose of her ashes. Her residence, recently occupied by Richard Sterling, stood at the corner of Charles and Lewis Streets and it was within its walls that she held that last memorable interview with her son,—then President of the Young Republic—mentioned by all his biographers. Washington himself was born near Fredericksburg in Westmoreland County, in a plain old fashioned four-roomed farmhouse, with huge chimneys outside at each end and the usual long piazza where the young Hatcheter was wont to gallop astride the broomstick yelling at a team of little negroes, whose chief delight was to "play horse" with "Young Massa."

Another incident is connected with the decimation of Meagher's "Irish Brigade." A dozen years, or more,

ago when there came bitter pleadings for bread from Ireland, where the potato rot had left hundreds of thousands of her people exposed to famine, the citizens of Fredericksburg bought the large field of corn which covered the plain southeast of town, and had it harvested and shipped to the "Green Isle of the Sea" to feed the starving inhabitants. Doubtless many of those who had received the bounty of the Fredericksburghers, now composed the most ruthless of her despoilers. But there is a retributive justice and many a corpse of them serves to fatten the plain from which they were fed, for richer crops in the future.

In curious contrast with this picture of Yankee vandalism at Fredericksburg will the historian recall the "Kid-glove" touchnot-tastenot-handlenot policy of General Lee while trans-Potomac, when Lieutenant Coe of my regiment was arrested and deprived of his sword during the whole campaign *because he had pocketed a few green apples which the storm had torn from the trees in great profusion!*

General Lee was one day seen, dismounted, and carrying rails; and what do you suppose he was doing? *He was replacing the rails upon the fence of a Union man's wheatfield*—some of our troops having carried the rails to the roadside to build their bivouac. This is vouched for by General Pendleton, and others who witnessed it. Then succeeded Stuart's raid into Pennsylvania, when his men scarce dared venture on Colonel A. J. McClure's premises to ask for a coal of fire, and drink of water from the well. Indeed the "mild manners," "much politeness," "profuse thanks," and "courteous behavior" of Stuart's troopers astonished the people of Chambersburg, who knew well enough how shamefully the homes of over half of these same "knightly Rebels" had been overrun, pillaged, and burned by their cavalry.

But in the same vivid contrast we see illustrated that fatal weakness of our government, which made its threats of reprisals and retaliation the laughing stock of all Yankeedom and its sympathizers.

It was old fashioned gentility contending against modern mendaciousness, malice, and impudence, and as a matter of course the Yankee got the better of the Cavalier.

Scraps from my diary may be given here:

"Affairs are gloomy everywhere except in Virginia—or let us say—in Lee's Army. In North Carolina the Yankee Gen. Foster has advanced from New Bern to Kinston without check from our troops; and one day's march might capture Goldsboro, intersecting the Wilmington and Petersburg R. R.—cutting off our only freight and telegraph route Southward; so that we could not communicate with our coast towns, all of which—that is to say—*one* of which—must be in imminent danger at the present moment, as we hear that the powerful expedition of transports and gunboats that has been gathering at Hampton Roads, under N. P. Banks has sailed Southward! Heaven grant that Wilmington, nor Charleston be its destination; for should either of these cities fall I know not where we could find another point for landing of arms, medicines, and munitions of war, as these two ports are peculiarly suited to 'blockade running.'

"Quite a number of vessels now arrive every week, bringing invaluable cargoes of guns, cartridges, blankets, shoes, etc., without which I don't know what we should do. Oh, that our Government could see its folly, its blind *infatuation* in *holding* cotton instead of *running out* every bale, every pound that could possibly be begged, bought, or *seized!* Were this done; were a large amount of the fleecy staple wafted to Liverpool to be stored as collateral security for purchase of supplies and the payment of interest on our bonds—how much better would be our condition this day twelve months!

"Ex. Secretary of War G. W. Randolph, after serving some sixty days as a Brig.-Gen. has become tired of military duty—and taking umbrage at not being allowed to serve precisely where he wanted to—has resigned and engaged with one Myers, a Jew, in practising law in Richmond! Worse still, this late member of the Cabinet,—or

let us say, his *law firm*—makes a specialty of prosecuting 'exemption claims' against the government, or in other words, makes a specialty of helping Jews, foreigners, and aliens to keep out of service! Now I know nothing of the merits of General Randolph's complaints against Mr. Davis, though it is undoubtedly true that the peevish prejudices and particularities shown in the making of many appointments is well calculated to irritate a high toned officer. But General Randolph should recall his own conduct during nine months at the head of the war office when officers of high rank were treated with careless impertinence,—often being denied access to his Excellency until he felt in a mood to see them; while he, at the same time perhaps was depriving the service of men whose abilities far surpassed the 'favorite' placed over their heads. It really looked as if all the second rate men were getting first class offices under the civil administration of this government.

"It leaked out that General Lee returned a rather sharp answer to another call made upon him for troops to go to North Carolina: 'I have only about 40,000 men fit for duty; less than one-third the force opposed to me and if I am expected to hold the long line of the Rappahannock with less strength than I at present have please appoint my successor, for I do not feel competent for the undertaking.'[1]

"So it seems the great Southern expedition under Banks was bound for New Orleans, to relieve Beast Butler, and fool around in the Red River country. How joyfully will not the downtrodden people of the 'Crescent City'—'welcome the coming—speed the parting'—Robber-Ruler; for Banks, tho' a New England lawyer, like Butler, has some instincts of decency and humanity, and less capacity for insolvent scoundrelism than the renowned Spoon-thief. Butler remarked as he left New Orleans: 'They'll find the lemon pretty well squeezed, won't they?' No man knew so well as he the significance of that remark; not only has he used the military Arm to

[1] This dispatch of Lee has not been found.

seize whatever he fancied, but at the same time he had a brother—a citizen—always on the spot to improve the opportunities made for him by his brother and secret partner.

"Thus, Col. Butler went to all the liquor stores and with captured Confederate money bought all the stock; then *General* Butler *issued* an order prohibiting the manufacture or importation of liquors of any kind; whereup the firm of Butler and Butler was enabled to sell their immense stock at exhorbitant prices in green backs.[1]

"A meeting has been held in New York City to discuss plans for Peace!!! It was suggested that New Jersey send a delegation to Richmond to propose a general State Convention at Louisville, Ky., to agree upon definite terms of peace. Gov. Horatio Seymour has also sent in a message dissenting from the Lincoln policy in rather strong terms for one so conservative and cautious in disposition. But little can we expect from these occasional signs of disaffection. The sword must decide the question of Peace; winning it for us, or forcing it upon us. I would rather have 150,000 good soldiers and five millions *in gold* than all the Copperheads, Democrats, or Soreheads in the whole North.

"So it was Secretary Memminger who opposed and mainly managed to defeat the proposal to lay up the cotton of the South and ship it to some neutral ports as a credit-collateral! Short-sighted, bull-headed, headstrong fool! He perhaps is jealous that the idea did not originate with him. Well, I can tell him it did not originate in Congress either; for as early as last January, in the hospital at Culpepper I entered a note in my diary suggesting the scheme; and a young man who was writing letters for the *Enquirer* took my ideas and elaborated them. This article was the first suggestion made—that I, at least, had seen—to that effect.

"My plan was that each *State* should furnish the Government two to six hundred thousand bales of cotton to

[1]A characteristic example of the charges against General Butler which were widespread in the North as well as in the South.

be run through the blockade in small schooners, built, bought, or chartered for the purpose—etc., etc. No use to go into details farther, however, since it isn't to be done.

"So we go! But one man's obstinacy may cost us our independence. Already our money has depreciated fearfully. Reading the prices of groceries in the Richmond papers reminds one of old Continental paper 'shinplasters;' for instance, beef 60c a pound; bacon hams $1.00 a pound; butter $2.00 a pound; lard $1.00; candles $1.25; soap $1.00; turkeys $10.00; brownest sugar $1.00; molasses $8.00 a gallon; potatoes $6.00 per bushel; calico $2.25; one calico dress pattern $30.; common bleached shirting $1.50; and so on. My pay for one month's services, barefooted, hungry, fighting, shivering, will purchase *one pound of turkey and a bushel of potatoes.* Or, by dividing it between bread, butter, bacon, and coffee it will *buy two days' rations.* Fortunately we don't get even the $16 oftener than once in four or five months so that when pay day does happen to straggle in—we can buy a whole week's rations at one clip!

"I am delighted to learn that General Lee has ordered so-called Commissary General Northrop to send no more slimy, sole leather, ill smelling beef to his army as his men have some instincts of humanity still surviving in their stomachs, and cannot be expected to swallow every sort of refuse garbage. He demands that bacon or pork be sent in lieu of such stuff, as we have been getting. An indescribable sort of stuff about like the bag of a deceased old cow."

The last days of the memorable year of 1862—most eventful year in the calendar of American history—were tinged with brighter promise than some previous periods. Our privateer, the Alabama, was making things warm for Yankee merchantmen—sweeping along the Atlantic coast and actually capturing pilot boats off Sandy Hook. On the 23d of December we received intelligence of the capture by her of the large Ocean steamer "Ariel" with 120

prisoners whom he paroled, paroling the vessel also on her giving bonds for $262,000.

The same day came news of the capture of Holly Spring, Miss., with 2,000 prisoners. And Morgan, the indefatigable raider was making his third trip through Kentucky, and on the 27th, he cut the connections with Nashville by capturing Elizabethtown and Glasgow.

On the night of the Dec. 31st—last day of the year—came a dispatch from Gen. Bragg, announcing a great victory at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, over the main Federal Army of the West, which had recently been in camp at Nashville. *"God hath granted us a happy New Year!"* telegraphed Bragg, and the whole South rang with rejoicings! Undoubtedly the nearly simultaneous defeat of the Eastern and Western Armies of the Abolitionists must go a long way towards Peace! But our happiness was premature.

* * * * *[1]

"After the battle of Fredericksburg, Lee's Army went into winter quarters, so-called, in the ridges from the rear of the city to Hamilton's Crossing, the depot terminus of the Richmond R. R. I say winter quarters *so-called;* because owing to the scarcity of timber and the uncertainty of our sojourn, the troops generally made shift to do without cabins by weatherboarding their tents —i. e.—covering them outside with a layer of pine poles upon which was spread a covering of leaves, brush and dirt. Thus weatherboarded the tent serves to shelter from the roughest of the blasts, but does not serve to shut out the cold. Often at night my feet and limbs are so numb that I cannot sleep, and merely lie shivering through the long hours. My companions by huddling together like pigs and using their blankets in common, manage to sleep tolerably comfortably, but I cannot bear that sort of herding with questionable cleanliness: hence have always slept with myself *alone,* lying on a strip of

[1] The omitted portion deals with military operations in the West.

thin oilcloth and covering with a single blanket: absolutely inadequate bedding for this cold, damp, and rainy season.

"20th of Jan. Another Roanoke Island affair! Or Fort Donaldson? or Cumberland Gap? Are we to go on forever throwing away our men in out-of-the-way man traps? *Arkansas Post* has fallen! 'Who the deuce cares for Arkansas Post?'—asks one of my comrades. 'Ah, but listen,—*Eight thousand Rebels were captured!*' and Lord knows, how many guns and things! Bagged like a covey of partridges!

"The *Examiner* of the 20th says—'In the last few days gold in Richmond has jumped from 190 to 220!' It might as easily have said 'Confederate money has depreciated from 190 to 220.' The Yankees are howling over their currency 'Gold at 160,' but think of it Yank! Ours is 220!!!

"Jan. 24th.—Another nice kettle of fish! The Yankee papers are publishing a batch of Secretary Benjamin's letters addressed to the commissioners at the Court of St. James. By what blunder they were intercepted is not so clear to me at present as is the stupidity that could indite such epistles and then risk their capture. For they seem to be chiefly devoted to abuse of the Emperor Napoleon, disparaging remarks on Lord John Russell, etc., all of which is calculated to damage us seriously in the only countries which manifest a sympathetic inclination towards us. If the letters be not *forgeries,* as I fear they are *not*—they are a misfortune at this crisis of our fate; and even slighter incidents have changed the fate of nations. The worst feature of the miserable exposure is that Mr. Benjamin prolixly describes his negotiations for the purchase of *six iron-clad war vessels,* giving the names of the builders, etc., which, will, of course, cause the disruption of the contract, if not the *seizure of the ironclads!* Why need he have given all these important particulars on paper? or why at least not have sent them in cypher language?

Unfortunately there are suspicions that young Saunders—(son of the noted George N. Saunders[1], now in New York City) the bearer of the dispatches, made *a good thing* of the preservation, or failure to destroy, (for he is said to have had plenty of time to do so) of these invaluable documents! It may be that this is an unjust suspicion, but at all events—"like master, like man" both writer and bearer *blundered!*

* * * * *[2]

"Stood sentry last night, and was so chilly and numb that I failed to perceive my new pantaloons were aflame until quite half a foot of one leg was charred and destroyed. A most annoying occurrence, when I consider that I shall not be able to obtain another pair for several months. Today as I tried to patch the 'burnt district' I thought it is surprising that any sort of discipline or *esprit de corps* can be kept in an army when the men are not furnished clothing to cause them to *feel, look,* or *act* like soldiers? What possible pride of appearances, or even desire to be neat, can I have after months and years of rags and vermin? Some day when the student of history comes to study the causes of the failure of the Southern cause—if fail it ever should—he will find one chief reason to have been the utter neglect of the civil powers with regard to the personal needs, comfort, health, and individual feelings of the common soldiers, which breeds such dissatisfaction among the men; and leads to such states of mind as mine at present for example, who connects a possible failure of the Cause with a pair of foreshortened trousers!

"Prices are climbing far out of reach! For instance, let us compare a private's pay of $16 a month with a few necessary articles of household use. Boots $60 per

[1]George N. Saunders was commissioned by Governor Vance to go with Colonel D. K. MacRae to Canada and buy supplies for the State. They went to London and buying there came into conflict with the agents of the state, already there. After a bitter quarrel with MacRae, Saunders came back to Canada, where he seems to have been a Confederate agent until the close of the war.

[2]The omitted portion deals with naval operations in Charleston harbor.

pair; gaiters $26.00; coarsest kind of low brogans formerly $1.50 per pair, now $16.00; coarse jeans (old price 45c,) $4.50 a yard; Crenshaw grey officer's cloth (old price $2.00) now $28.00; common sheeting (o. p. 15c) now $1.25; leather (o. p. 33c) now $3.50; nails (o. p. 4c) 60c; wool (o. p. 30c) now $2.00; corn (o. p. 70c) now $3.00; brandy (o. p. $1.00) now $16.00; flour (o. p. $7.50) $30.00; sweet potatoes (o. p. $1) $6.00; butter (o. p. 30c) $1.50; Beef (o. p. 8c) 60c; bacon (o. p. 13c) $1.37½; candles (o. p. 12½c); sugar (o. p. 8c) $1.25; soap (o. p. 10c) $1.25; coffee formerly 12½c now only $5.00 a pound! The Richmond paper gives this list of prices which I daresay will be considered *low* by July.

"The '*Daily Despatch*' publishes the grocery bill of an average poor family in the Capital in old times at about $6.50 per week; now the same articles cost *$68.00! !* That paper ascribes these extraordinary prices as much to extortion and speculation as to depreciation of the currency. 'We owe it chiefly to speculators who have remained at home to prey upon the necessities of their fellow citizens.'

"Furloughs—two men to a company are being allowed with duration of 15 days. Unfortunately it would take that length of time for me to reach home and return without allowing me one day with my people. However, I entered the service 'for the war'—if not sooner killed or crippled—and unless either crippled or broken down by disease I shall remain at my post. I have never asked a favor, furlough or free pass from my officers, and it's hardly likely I'll begin now.

"Pryor's brigade has been driven back on the Blackwater.

"Burnside removed from the command of the Yankee Army. Who next? Scott, McDowell, McClellan, Fremont, Pope, McClellan, Burnside—quite a shelfful of broken 'idols.' Who next did we say? Step to the front, Fighting Joe Hooker. Step to the front, and play the shortlived part; thou art next to be *shelved!* Come forward; Sonnie, and try the old, old story of a new 'On to

Richmond'—and sure as thou art surnamed Hooker, the end of the campaign will change the end of thy name from '*er*' to '*ed!*' And among all the hooked fish of this brief history thou wilt be the greenest '*sucker.*'

"Feb. On 'detail' to cut a military road towards the upper Rappahannock. So Mr. Hooker means to try our left flank, and 'Marse Robert' smells a mice! Well, I don't fancy this left-flank movement, for it must be through a dreary wilderness, and in a rainy, dirty, season like this. One feels like 'coming out'n de wilderness.'

"Feb. 15th. *Of course!* Didn't I tole you there wan't *no* use buildin' Winter Quarters? Now here we are, mid winter, mid mush, and slush—middle of the hole-est of dirt roads—marching towards that same old place, 'On to Richmond!' Believe me, oh, my Soul, for lack of other auditor—it was a toothpulling business to don our marching traps, and file away from our camp-fires this morning—for all knew that this was the end of all rest and quietness for another year at least. But this is soldier-life.

"We are facing towards Richmond, but of course that is not our destination. We are not needed there, and we are needed in a half a dozen other places. Sooner or later we will turn up in Tennessee or North Carolina; for it is the principle upon which this division is conducted to get *into as many fights as possible;* and *march every possible mile* and keep the men on the shortest possible rations!

"I speak whereof I do know. We are now granted the munificent allowance of one quarter of a pound of meat a day!

"Feb. 16th.—Now bivouacking near Hanover Junction. Lordy! What a weary footsore set! Snow falling, rain drizzling, mud without bottom—mercilessly marched—Too bad, really!

"Feb. 18th.—Bivouacking 5 miles of Richmond. Wet, weary, wretched! Blankets water-soaked, weigh like a roll of sheet-iron across the breast: while the rattling of the cartridge-box straps makes the shoulders chafe fear-

fully: and the one which carries the musket often becomes perfectly raw under the weight of the two. My poor feet, as usual, are becoming worn out, and giving me particular fits! Each step is torture.

"Feb. 20th. Well! did you ever! No! I never, and rather wouldn't ever, if you please, gentlemen! But let us begin at the beginning; and take things as they come, since that's what we've been doing all night.

"We marched thro' the Capital of the Confederacy yesterday, with colors flying, drums beating, bands playing, and much *eclat;* the citizens crowded the pave; and cheering right heartily, considering the staleness of military displays in that beleaguered city.

The cheers however, and complimentary notices were hardly *quid pro quo* for the two and one-half miles of solemn striding in formal stiffness over rough street boulders, in "company order"—the most fatiguing of all marches. Hence after adding eleven other miles to the nine of the morning, we were so weary and footsore when at length the General condescended to halt us in a field near the big hotel at Chester,—the halfway station on the Richmond and Petersburg R. R.—we forgot that we were hungry and supperless, but just lay down as fast as we could. Ere I fell asleep, I chanced to glance towards the large hotel on the railway, through whose every window lights were flashing—and thought: "What a glorious thing it would be to once more sleep in one of those soft feather beds up yonder." Towards morning I partially awoke, and communed thus with myself: "How in the name of Adam's house cat, does it come to pass that I, who laid down last night on a rocky hillside over yonder in the field, am now snugly ensconced in a soft, warm, downy couch. It must be a miracle, for I haven't been in as soft and comfortable a bed for nearly two years!" Alas! instead of quietly enjoying the situation I must be seized with an insane curiosity to learn what kind of fairy had so transformed my rocky couch! I thrust up the flap of blanket which covered my face, when—Boo, ooh! if two bushels of *snow* didn't fall into my face; over

my shoulders, and down my neck! My downy feathers were simply fleecy snow! More than a foot of it had fallen. All through the night the feathery flakes had fallen steadily, but so gently that all the sleeping host was gradually enveloped under the soft carpet, and causing each sleeper to make a little hillock like the graves in a churchyard.

This snowy mantle was very warm and comfortable so long as the air was shut out, but the moment I raised my blanket the charm was gone. I was no longer *under* the snow but *in* it—two very different conditions; and sleep was *"snowed under"* henceforth. Cold, sleety dawn came at length and great was the amazement of the men on resurrecting from their snowy graves to find themselves in such a plight. Shoes, hats, and sometimes coats were hidden somewhere under the snow, but it was not a pleasant task to run about in stocking feet and shirtsleeves hunting for them. And then after getting into the cold wet articles the next thing was to gnaw two dry crackers without coffee or any kind of warm drink, and no meat save a morsel of rancid bacon with more weight to the smell than to either sight or touch.

The spot whereon we were encamped was utterly destitute of timber, and the only way fires could be kept going was by chopping green pine poles, an inch in diameter and which wouldn't burn if the lives of the whole command depended on it. Besides we were expecting to move every moment, whereas Pickett and party having found warm dry quarters in the Halfway Hotel, were not in any hurry to breast the driving storm.

Amid these discomforts a special ray of sunshine came to me in the shape of a young Commissary Sergeant of the 2d South Carolina (Jenkins' Sharpshooters) who rode up with a small package addressed to me by Mrs. Bivings—(wife of the owner of the noted Bivingsville cotton factories, in Spartanburg District, S. C., nine miles from the court house.) This excellent lady tho' having a large family and several sons of her own in the

Army to look after, had heard of me and with rare benevolence, remembered my wants in sending to her sons. The bundle contained a couple of pairs of warm knitted stockings, thrice welcome! A couple of handkerchiefs, pair of drawers, etc., etc., with also a pair of shoes, which unhappily failed to reach me owing to misdirection or some other mistake. The good fortune of these things, which I so much needed, catching me in the midst of a snow storm and "five miles from a fire" inspired a letter of thanks—full of long words and patriotism—I am exceedingly grateful though for money, even if I had it, couldn't buy the contents of that bundle anywhere out of Richmond, and we "aint thar."

"February 22d—Washington's birthday. Wonder what the "Old Original Rebel" would think of things if he were allowed to take form and witness the ravages of the "Yankees"—whom he always despised as his letters show—upon the sacred soil of his birthplace. He'd rebel again!

"We are now encamped in a grove three miles southwest of Petersburg, through which city I passed for the first time yesterday. It appears that General G. W. Smith has resigned the command of the Virginia and North Carolina military district, and Longstreet comes to succeed him. Hood's division arrived at Richmond yesterday, and there is the appearance of stirring events.

"The Federal General Hooker has lately carried an army corps to Fortress Monroe, and there are suspicions of another McClellan-like advance either up the Peninsula, or upon Petersburg, which is really the weakest point in our Richmond defences; because were this attacked by a strong force we should have to keep a strong army north of Richmond; another on the north of the James to prevent surprises of Chaffin's and Drewry's Bluffs, and still a third on the southside in addition to the garrison of Petersburg. Meanwhile the Federals might annoy us by cavalry raids from Norfolk or Suffolk, New Bern, N. C., and up the Blackwater River, cutting

our lines, and intercepting supplies and reinforcements from the South.

"This day has been excessively sombre and gloomy. Cold rains have been falling constantly making an icy slush of the snow already upon the ground, and rendering the troops *monstrously miserable,* as we are without tents or food. General Lee has lately suggested to the administration that an appeal be made to the people to send provisions directly to the troops. He says that the fact that the men do not get enough to eat is manifest to even a casual observer of their emaciated and shrunken features! True for you, Marse Bob! We don't!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH

Down Among the Tar-Heels—Tarborough—Col. Collett Leventhorpe—Wading Plymouth-Wards—Pactolus—Serenading—Retrograding—Franklin Station—Suffolk—Seige Raised—On the March—"Back to Ole Virginny Shore"—Battle of Chancellorsville—Wounding and Death of Stonewall Jackson—Speculations—On the March—Making A Call—A Useless Tramp—Yankee Vandalism.

"I felt it in me bones!" quoth Dougherty, the quaint Irishman, (there's a Paddy in almost every company of every regiment in the service) as the inevitable roll of the snare-drums, betokened the order to "assemble" with baggage, and march into Petersburg, and take the cars for an expedition into North Carolina.

Now Paddy didn't feel all this in his bones; he merely argued that because there was a violent snow storm prevailing, and the roads in the most disagreeable condition we should be ordered to march somewhere, such being the invariable experience of innumerable inclement seasons aforetime. The rule held good as above stated; and just now, for the first time I crossed the line into the land of "Tar, pitch, and turpentine" as the geographers have it.

The fact that Father and family now reside in it, caused me to note the country *en passant,* with more than common interest; but I must confess the view thus far had not excited flattering comments in my mind; and quite the reverse in the minds of my comrades, judging from their remarks. I never before saw just such a flat, arid, wretched, uncultivated region; such an absence of thrift, energy, wealth, cheerfulness—as that through which we are passing from Weldon southward.

Weldon is one of these places that everybody hears of before seeing, and when he sees, wonders how under

the sun he ever happened to hear of it. The town consists chiefly of an old dirty railroad shed; an old dirty hotel; and a half dozen old dirty spectators. Doubtless the rain and gloom, and wartime looseness contributes to this impression; but Lordy! what a field for *Improvement!* At Enfield, a small town *en route* a most melancholy accident occurred. Lieutenant Pearce of Co. B. while attempting to climb atop of one of the box cars, slipped and fell between the wheels, which severed his neck and tossed the head aside!

March 11, '63—For the 'nonce' we are all *Presbyterians,* regular "Church-attendants"—being encamped within the walls of the neat Presbyterian Church at Tarborough, N. C., where we arrived some time last night. The railway depot is nearly a mile from town, and is little better than a shanty, at a big woodpile; so that on awaking this morning after most uncomfortable napping—crouching all doubled up on the dirty floor—one hundred soldiers to each car—I concluded that we had at length landed—"clear out in the woods"—worse even than Weldon. But soon some of the pioneers returned from scouting for breakfast, with the information that there was a "real splendid little town over yonder on the river." And great was our astonishment to find this less complimentary than the case would have justified; as the town of Tarborough, being neatly laid off, and the abode of much wealth, and intelligence, presented a greater number of pretty private houses, creditable public buildings, churches, schools, etc., than any town of its size that I know. Indeed I, who foreseeing that my home would one day, probably, be near my family in the Old North State, had been quite depressed and ashamed of the appearance of the section visible from the cars—now grew quite elated at the improved prospect.

On the other hand, being bivouacked in the centre of the town with handsome women not *so very* scarce, I became exceedingly ashamed of myself, and my *Virginia* comrades, upon whose personal appearance the rains, snows, heat and burthen of two years' of warfare, had

placed no special insignia of neatness, refinement, culture, or beauty! However, as the day was rainy there was no call to promenade the streets, so I climbed into the choir loft, and went comfortably asleep.

March 12th—The Geographers were right! It *is* a land of "Tar, pitch and turpentine!" At least, those are the chief products of the section through which we have come today. Leaving the pretty village of *Tar*boro this A. M. we crossed *Tar* River, on Tar-River Bridge, a long structure built of *pitchy,* "heart" pine, seeing great piles of barrels of tar, rosin, and turpentine on the river bank, thence through a low, level, somewhat sandy country, with outcroppings of *marl* at every gully, and occasionally a magnificent stretch of cotton land. Every large plantation has its cotton gin and press, and almost anywhere in the woods can be seen the fixtures of a turpentine "still." Tonight we bivouac six miles of Greenville, county seat of Pitt County, fifteen or twenty miles below Tarborough. One great product of this region—for which we give thanks fourteen times a day—is splendid sweet potatoes—averaging a foot in length, and proportionate size "around the waist"—which can be bought for *50 cents per bushel!* If I could only get transportation for them, I'd like to ship an hundred bushels to open the eyes of the boys in Virginia. For cold-boiled sweet potato is equivalent to both bread and meat on a long march. General Marion's dinner of baked potatoes when the British officers called upon him, has often been referred to as an instance of excessive privation; but on the contrary I'll warrant that Frank Marion had been raised on just such fare, and doubtless thought himself well off to get them. At any rate, I know thousands of our officers in Virginia would think themselves so.

March 13th—And *March wearied.* Slowly, unevenly—now double-quicking to catch up with the front of the column; now halted knee-deep in mud to await the struggles of the artillery in a morass—thus all day long in steady rains have we plodded on, with the result of being only four miles from Greenville, though we were

nearly six miles from that town when we started. The explanation is that we have made a twelve or fifteen-mile circuit from the northwest to the southeast of the town—at least, I judge those are the points of the compass, as we have not seen the sun in a month; and a stranger in this flat-wilderness could truly in Dan Webster's words—"know no North, no South, no East, no West" nor "any other man!" You can't tell anything from the streams as there is nothing but one vast marsh along the banks, and the motion of the current is hardly perceptible to the eye. I suppose the incessant rains have imparted an unusually liquid aspect to the country.

March 15th—While resting near a schoolhouse today, awaiting orders—I was surprised to see a couple of officers riding into the bushes where our regiment bivouacked. I had just attempted to build a fire of green pine saplings—the largest of them about as thick as a broomstick—one of the most difficult and *trying* efforts in the range of human patience—exhausters; for the sappy twigs will *not* burn, and do nothing but smoke, yielding one part flame to nine parts of smoke and soot, and such smoke to blacken whatever it touches I never before met with. Nearly every one of us has become as black as a genuine African during the short period we have been in this country.

I was, therefore, much mortified at my own appearance when called out to meet two strangers. Unshaven, unshorn, unwashed, cravatless, collarless, my old jacket covered with grease and grime—I was not at all calculated to favorably impress my visitors—one of whom was a warm friend of Father's—Colonel Collett Leventhorpe of the 11th North Carolina, now stationed near Greenville. He is a very tall, erect, fine-looking gentleman; soldierly in general appearance, but kind and benevolent in visage; a pure-lived Christian soldier; a younger son of an excellent English family—and formerly a captain in the British Army. He is said to be a good disciplinarian, yet so gentle that all his men love him. After discoursing some little time I invited him to

call upon Colonel Eppa Hunton at the schoolhouse. General Garnett happened to be there, and a general conversation ensued. Colonel Leventhorpe being acquainted with the region through which our proposed expedition must lie, was able to give much information thereabout. He is of the opinion that we will not attempt to surprise the Federals at Plymouth, nor at Little Washington, as there are several streams that will require bridging, and must delay us so long that the enemy will get word of our coming. General Garnett says we shall start tomorrow. Colonel Leventhorpe offered me a transfer to his regiment with design of appointing me to the first vacancy in the regimental commissioned officers; but I declined for the present, feeling actually ashamed to go into a new regiment looking as shabby as I do.

Yet it would be much easier service down here in this productive region, and I could hope to rise in Leventhorpe's regiment, whereas in the 8th Regiment, there are dozens of young men with political and family influence awaiting vacancies. There is one *private* in my regiment who spent nearly four years at West Point, tho' he did not graduate, owing to some spree; and there are several professional men in my own company whose chances are better than mine. Still I feel that with my unfortunately reserved disposition I had better stay where I am.

We are off! Destined, rumor says to Plymouth. The expedition consists of our brigade (Garnett's) the 11th and 44th North Carolina Infantry, the 4th North Carolina Cavalry and a four-gun battery of the whole under the command of Brigadier General R. S. Garnett, Colonel Hunton commands our brigade.

Our march of 18 miles today has been the *wateryest* I ever knew, the mud and slush being *rarely shallow enough for us to see our own shoes!* Our route lay through a vast wilderness—called the "Great Swamp Country" (or if it isn't called thus it ought to be) which is one interminable stretch of low level land, thickly overgrown with tall pines, thro' which the narrow road has been chopped

out—resembling a deep canal as we see it far ahead. So low is the formation of the soil that in the dryest season much of it is marshy; and at present, after weeks of rain, the whole surface is overflowed.

We have rarely seen a firm piece of ground since leaving Greenville. It is a serious question whether we will be able to ford some of the deeper sluices ahead. I notice there is quite a difference in the discipline of the North Carolinians and our own men. *They* march regularly through the deepest mud-holes, while *we* dodge round for rods seeking to escape the cold-water bath. Of course, they are right, and we are not, for who knows at what moment we may be ambushed and assailed while straggling for miles?

March 16th—Worse, worser, worsest! Rain still falling, water still rising; land still *sinking!* That is to say, the lay o' the land. During our 30 miles from Greenville, we have not encountered a rise of as much as three feet anywhere. *En route,* we had heard of a locality known as the "*Big* Hill" place and our curiosity was aroused to see so strange a feature of the land of swamps. Alas! it turns out that we *passed* the "Big Hill" yesterday evening, its elevation being *nearly* four feet!

Today we have done little else than wade; often in water waist deep! The streams are very deep, but usually so narrow that a pole bridge spans them. Now, however, they are so swollen that the overflow fills the road beds for half a mile on each side. Thus, the novel sight is presented of long columns of men, wading in water nearly to the arm-pits, holding their firearms above their heads, slipping, plunging, crowding, splashing, etc. All along the side of the road usually are large logs somewhat flattened on top, which serve the country-folk for footpaths to church and school—if there be any such institutions in these desolate woods. When a stream is reached a long log is thrown across it—often six feet above the level of the water, which is an equal number of feet deep; and looks a great deal deeper, owing to the peculiar color of the water, all streams in Eastern Caro-

lina and Eastern Virginia being colored by the cypress timber, pine leaves, or *something,* a clear brownish coffee color; in some places it is wine color, in others chocolate. Over these frail bridges the "Natives" trot as fearlessly as rope dancers. It is said to be a pretty sight to see a round limbed, barelegged, shoeless lassie, with a basket of eggs, or bundle of "lite 'ood" balanced on her head, skip over one of these narrow poles. I think, however, this is a myth, for if there be any torch-bearing nymphs in these parts they keep discreetly out of sight. Occasionally we meet a sallow looking countryman driving an ill-matched team of two mules and a steer; and, at long intervals, in a "clearing" of a half acre or so, in the midst of the solemn sombre wilderness is a small log cabin with a few sickly attempts at cultivation; and an *old* woman in a yellow sun bonnet, smoking a corn cob pipe, complacently sitting *astride* the top rail of the yard fence watching "the soldier-men" go by; and flanked on either side by facsimiles of tow-headed, dirty-faced children; the boys as destitute of raiment as Adam's new wife, and the girls clad in a single garment of yellow cloth. As for "sixteen-year-old beauties with bare feet and round ankles," where, oh, where were they? Echo answers "No where!" and I agree with Echo for I looked "considerable!"

One old granny after a long astonished look at the column of men, innocently inquired: "Does you-uns allus go in sich powerful droves as this yere?" A question that brought a yell of merriment from the impolite "drove."

"How far is it to Plymouth?" queried a soldier of the next native. "Wall, Stranger, it mout be 30 mile—nigh about—an' then agin I've hearn tell it was nigh to 50—fact is Stranger, I h'aint been *down that fur as yit.*"

The distance really was not twenty miles, but this cracker had "never been down that fur as yit." And I dare say never will! Another native persisted in declaring this desolate region "the ra'al ghardyn spot uv North Caliny." I heard this speech made and silently

wondered how many garden spots there are in the world; for every native of every clime lays claim to the real article.

It is the truth, however, that if this region was cleared and thickly settled, so that the effect of the miasmatic marshes was neutralized it would make one of the finest corn and cotton countries in the world. At present, it is only a wilderness, and of course, by no means a sample of the people or prosperity—the social culture, or material cultivation of the old North State.

March 18th—Bivouacking a mile and a half from Plymouth. Our cavalry pickets this afternoon surprised the Yankee outposts, capturing and killing three. Our battery was then advanced, and threw a few shells in the direction of the Federal works. The sound of the guns so close at hand quite startled our infantry when first heard as no one knew the real status. My own impression is that we are not going to make any demonstration here. We have come down to drive the Yankees into their works, thereby leaving the country open for our wagon trains to go out after forage and provisions. It appears that this region is one of the finest corn and bacon countries in the South. Our quartermasters go to a little, old log cabin, expecting to find the inhabitants half starved; instead of which such a conversation as this is held: "I called to see if you have any corn and bacon you could sell to the government?" "How much do you want?" "All you can spare." "Wa'al I h'aint got nuthin hardly; I mout let ye have a couple of hundred bar'ls of corn" (equivalent to *600 bushels*) "an' 700 or 1,000 pounds uv hog-meat, but *not* mor'n that I reckon! !" It can be imagined how the A. Q. M. opens his eyes at such answers.

We shall get three months' supplies from this section for our whole division.

March 21st—Boo-oo-ooh—we are half frozen. The vernal equinox has set in, and caught us lying out *sans* tents, overcoats, fires or any other caloric creating accessories. We suffer beyond description. Our clothes

are soaking wet and this chill wind seems to cut off the skin! Our wagons are coming in—loaded down with provisions, but how in the world shall we retreat over the canal-like roads from here to Greenville?

March 22, '63—Worse and worse! Just like December. Ground white with hail, our hands and feet red with cold. At night we wish for morn—and all day pray for night! I spent two nights seated at the root of a tree propped up against it, wrapped in my blanket, cross, cold, and miserable. Tonight we start for Greenville.

March 25th—What a trip we have had! The returning from Plymouth was worse an hundredfold than the advance! For mile after mile we marched—or rather waded—arm-pit deep in ice-cold water; and at night sat on the root of a tree, or on a log without either fire or shelter. I don't complain of the legitimate hardships of warfare—but I do resent the needless sufferings inflicted on us by the carelessness and inefficiency of those whose business it is to provide for our wants. However, we have come through with a splendid cargo of provisions as the fruits of the expedition.

In fact, the authorities are so pleased with the results that they are organizing an expedition to repeat the process at Little Washington. General D. H. Hill has arrived here with one or two brigades and it is believed he will attempt the capture of that town while our wagon trains pass on into Hyde County, the greatest corn country in this State.

March 30th—Two days ago I was sent with a squad of men to guard a wagon train, and assist in shelling corn at a neighboring plantation. It was a very disagreeable trip but on our return to *Pactolus Mills,* we were gratified to find orders to remain, and guard the mills and bridge at this point, which are of great importance, pending present operations, and might be burnt by a small scouting party from Plymouth. So we shall escape such another long and watery tramp as we recently took.

Garnett's and Barton's brigades of Pickett's division with some troops of D. H. Hill's—all under command of that officer have gone down to Little Washington. A

battery of heavy guns has been hauled to a point below town closing the river to the enemy's transports and supply boats. The heavy reverberations of these guns can be heard even to this point—twenty miles away.

Hill has succeeded in beleaguering the town, and has strong hopes of taking it.

Pactolus Mills, at which I am stationed belong to Judge Julius J. Perkins—widely known as "Church Perkins," tho' for what reason I cannot say—The mills take their name from Pactolus Creek—a stream that is singularly misnamed—for instead of having any of the attributes of the poet's "Golden River," it might more appropriately be called "the sombre Styx," for the water not only possesses the dark ruby color peculiar to all these streams, but also runs through a succession of gloomy cypress swamps, certainly typical in the highest degree of the sombre Stygian shades!

But there is nothing sombre about the hamlet of Pactolus; the mills, store houses, law office, school house, mansion, and a score of negro cabins constitute a small town of itself. Nearly 400 slaves of all colors, ages and sex, still occupy his "Quarters"; tho' I suppose he must have lost heavily by desertion to the slave-stealers so near at hand. The fact that all do not go bears witness to the lack of "horrors" of slavery!

Judge Perkins lives in a comfortable old-fashioned southern mansion, with double verandahs and masses of honeysuckles and creeping vines overhanging the trellised gables. One or two of his daughters are at home, as well as several pretty refugees from Little Washington. He invites me very cordially to pay my respects, but alas with infinitely more reason than Flora McFlimsey, *"I've nothing to wear,"* before beauty's eyes especially!

April 1st—The queer transitions and variations of soldier life! Last night three or four of us with borrowed violin and guitar, and a vigorous bass vocal chorus, went up to the "Great House," as the servants call Judge Perkins' mansion; and gave the ladies a serenade.

Scarcely had we "seesawed" thro' the first bar of "Come where my love lies dreaming," when the upper windows were slyly raised, and certain lily robed "ghosts" could be detected gently waltzing to the melody (delightfully plump ghosts they were too.) Then came a shower of bouquets. Then a servant brought a small table, and a big cake and a couple of bottles of scuppernong wine. Meanwhile the music went on, filling the balmy night wind with sound as it was already freighted with fragrance from the profusion of flowers in the yard, and on the trellises; while over all fell the silvery radiance of the climbing moon; and with the rippling laughter of maiden-voices mingled with the subdued hum of the busy mill-wheels, across the creek; grinding night and day for the government. What a picture of peace—of perfect peace and old-fashioned gallantry it was! But hark! *BOOM!* B-o-o-m! Spang! Bang! Boom! Spang! Spang! Bang! Boom! Afar across the wilderness comes the sound of the conflict at Little Washington, and amid the jangling of our guitars, the scraping of the bow, and the pauses of our sentimental songs—there resounds the sullen thunder of hostile guns—carrying wounds and death, perchance, with every roar! Well. "Tis better to laugh than be sighing"—and we are twenty miles from the row! Here's hoping our comrades may succeed! They will make a fine "haul" of provisions, clothing, stores, shoes, etc., if they capture the town with all its Yankee Quartermasters' and sutlers' goods! Let us hope they will do it this very night! And now for our chorus:

Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour!
Vive la compagnie!

Now thanks, sweet demoiselles, for your bouquets and your refreshments. Keep the big bull dog tied up until we all get out of the front gate, please, and then—

"Farewell, it hath a lonely sound
That seems to breathe a sigh!
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart—Good-Bye!"

April 2d—Accounts from the front are encouraging. Won't it be a grand haul if we do capture the garrison with Foster and Stanly, and all the so-called "Loyal North Carolinians," together with the hundreds of slaves they have stolen? Some say, however, that General Hill has no intention to attack Washington but is merely cooping up the garrison as we did at Plymouth, so that our wagons can go down into Hyde—the only road to which runs within a short distance of the town—and haul off a supply of corn and bacon from the rich granaries of that peninsula. I think, however, that Hill means to take the place.

April 12th—Right glad are we to find ourselves once more in the pretty village of Tarborough, and soon to take train for Virginia. There is much grumbling over the failure to take either Washington or Plymouth and General Hill—always unpopular with the troops from other states than this—is censured on all sides—doubtless without reason in most instances. Still I confess it seems as if we ought to have taken Washington. The fruits of our trip are now apparent at the depot here, as fully 20,000 barrels of bacon, and large quantities of corn, and cornmeal, and sweet potatoes are awaiting shipment. Potatoes sell here for $1.00 a bushel; in Richmond for $16.

Franklin Station, Va., April 14, 1863—My corps of "cornshellers and bridge-guards" failed to get away from Tarborough yesterday, in time to catch the brigade at this point, hence we will have to "advance forward" as best we can towards the common destination—the town of Suffolk.

Fully 40,000 pounds of bacon have been stored in the little depot here, as the visible fruits of our Tar heel and Tar river campaign. Corn also is abundant.

General Longstreet, with a considerable force has invested Suffolk, driving the Federals within the town, capturing two transports and several hundred prisoners.

Our batteries will soon command the Nansemond river to prevent reinforcements of the garrison. Franklin is

a mere hamlet at the head of navigation on the Blackwater river; a singular stream of the same dark ruby color as the Eastern Carolina creeks, and while deep enough to float a man-of-war, is so narrow that in many places the smallest steamboat can scarcely turn in it. An illustration of this—a very practical one by the way—lies in the channel half a mile below the village in the shape of the charred upper works of a Federal Gunboat whose Commander came nosing up the river—burning and plundering on both sides the narrow stream, supposing himself "Cock of the Walk." But he learned a lesson; for when the piratical craft reached the narrowest portion of the river, the bushes on either bank became replete with life—bullets began to sing and *sting!*—the pilot was shot dead, and as the boat could not use her guns against such a mere swarm of mosquitoes, he was forced to surrender and take a long trip by land. The boat was sunk for preservation in case other marauders should ascend the stream.

April 16th—As the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad from Weldon to Portsmouth crosses the Blackwater at Franklin, I concluded that it would save time and labor to "make free" with a handcar that we saw upon the track, a little beyond the second *break* in the line, where a bridge over a small stream has been burned. Longstreet is endeavoring to repair this break, also the railroad bridge at Blackwater in order to run the cars to this place in case we capture Suffolk.

We made the trip from Franklin to our lines—two miles from town—in less than half a day by means of the handcar and four negroes. Our lines leaguer the town on the land side—half a mile in front of the Yankee defences,—but it is said our artillery ammunition is so defective that we cannot entirely command the Nansemond river below town; which, if known to the enemy will nullify our efforts.

The garrison is said to be on exceedingly short rations; and there is also much excitement in Norfolk, where the Yankee General Viele is afraid the citizens will rise and

take him in the rear. Somebody ought to have risen and taken him in the rear with the toe of a boot when he was waltzing at a public ball with a negro woman, while his wife performed the same "*public hugging*" with a big buck negro! This is published in Northern papers, as well as others.

April 18th—It seems now the garrison has received both reinforcements and supplies. Indeed there is something singular about Longstreet's action if he really had designs on the town. We have been here now nearly a week—rarely firing a musket, and lying idly in this green-wood camp. Today, however, the Yankees raked some of our napping pickets at an exposed angle; capturing a redoubt, and the section of artillery therein; there must have been gross mismanagement or this could not have occurred.

April 19th—It is now privately whispered that we never had much intention of capturing Suffolk but merely meant to invest the town; thereby penning the cavalry, and calling in all scouting parties while our wagon trains went down in the rich regions between the Chowan and the Roanoke in North Carolina to haul off meat and grain, which has been done in considerable quantities.

And certainly there was strenuous need for some measures to obtain supplies; as General Lee's whole army has been upon one-fourth of a pound of meat for a day's rations for several weeks past. Now a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, and 16 ounces of flour *when cooked* are just about half as much as a healthy man will eat at *one meal,* and when forced to live thereon for days and days, the result is constant gnawing hunger. General Lee wrote to Richmond: "I suppose my poor boys will barely escape starvation upon such allowance but there is not much choice between it and starvation." General Lee was recently found by a well-dressed Richmond official dining upon *a piece of cornbread and a dish of cold cabbage.* Red-Tape was astonished that the Commander-in-Chief should dine like a rag-a-muffin. "I deem it my duty," said the old Hero—"to share the fortunes of my men;

though I confess my dinner today is rather better than that of nine in ten of my poor boys." The well-fed Richmonder contended that it was Lee's duty to keep himself in good health and sound condition by plenty of nourishing food.

"No matter," quoth Lee, with a gentle wave of the hand—dismissing the subject, "we must all share the burthens that are indispensable in so mighty an effort as our struggle for Independence against the resources of the world!" What an eye opener a daily diet of cornbread and cold cabbage would be to those sleek secretaries in Richmond; who sit back in comfort, wondering at the perversity of the ragged soldiery in contending that they ought not to be starved, as well as shot!

Cannonading in front! Yanks are getting restive under our leisurely investment of Suffolk. They mean to keep us wide awake if we do keep them housed.

Longstreet censures Brigadier-General French for allowing the surprise and capture of the two guns in the redoubt—mentioned on the 18th. Our teams are busy hauling bacon from the Chowan country.

I have no idea that we shall assault the town now, and our situation is becoming precarious; for the Federals may collect force enough to prevent our withdrawal without a fight; and this may interfere with our return to Virginia, where there is hourly expectation of a battle on the Rappahannock, Burnside having been succeeded by "Fighting Joe Hooker" solely on the ground of his supposed dashing qualities, and stubborn adherence to the field.

It is said that Lee has *begged* for the return of Longstreet as he has not half enough men to withstand the foe, who will bring at least *85,000 more men than our whole army!* I confess I have no desire ever to see a battlefield again; yet so fearful I am that Lee will be overpowered by numbers that I should cheerfully *walk* every step of the way thither, and take my chances. Lord knows every man we have who *will* fight is needed sorely now.

April 27th—Another specimen of Yankee brutality! One of our batteries is located not far from the house of a Mr. Smith who has a son in the 16th Virginia Regiment. Yesterday the Yankees advanced their lines nearly to Smith's house, which they burned to the ground, forcing the family to fly to the woods. The family were well known to the Yankees as quiet, unoffensive people; yet, as Mrs. Smith, with a babe at her breast, and three little toddlers at her knee, was seeking refuge in the bushes, the monsters shot her dead, and when Smith hastened to pick up the corpse of his wife, they shot at him! The children fled like startled partridges through the woods and have not since been heard of. Doubtless they will starve in the swamps.

South Quay, Va., May 4, 1863—As I had anticipated from the third day of my arrival at Suffolk, the leaguer was a mere sham and has come to naught; though I suspect that Longstreet had hopes of capturing the town until he found himself unable to blockade the river. At any rate, we have left, and left in the liveliest order. About dusk last evening word was passed in a whisper: "Prepare to march at a moment's notice." And by 9 P. M. we were *en route* for this point—some 30 miles—over the roughest of roads, trudging in mud and darkness with famished stomachs, *as usual!* I say as usual because whenever a long exhaustive march is to be made, our *thoughtful* officers instead of having the men in excellent order for it, generally prepare them by *a day of fasting!* I had been on picket duty all the previous night, and was both tired and sleepy when the long night march began; so that after toiling brokenly on, stumbling, falling, swearing, I found myself this morning barely able to stagger across the Blackwater here. How feeble I felt. How I longed for a cup of coffee, and a morsel of something to stop my gnawing stomach! Others not so fastidious lay down on the roadside by scores and hundreds; many of whom did not catch up with the regiment until this evening, and many, no doubt

were picked up by Spear's New York cavalry which followed us.

My vexations at this shamefully unnecessary night march almost made me ready to halt and surrender myself. Longstreet was retreating by several roads, and if the Federals should pursue, they also needs must divide; or if unitedly following *our* division might have been held in check *for hours* by a single battalion of either infantry or cavalry. Often the road was so narrow that half a dozen trees felled across it would prove an impregnable barrier against cavalry, if a platoon of men were left to hold it; and by the time the trees were cut out of the way, new ones could be felled higher up the road. At any rate there was no use losing one or two hundred faithful soldiers by racing them, on empty stomachs, without one drop of water, on a hot, sultry night for 14 *consecutive hours*—at a gallop! And if it be said there was need of *haste* why run *all night* and *rest here all day* to await the coming up of wornout men; hundreds of whom cannot march tomorrow!

Evening—At last we have received a day's rations, and just fancy the amount! One-eighth of a pound of rusty bacon, and a handful of flour! For the past few days we have been given one-quarter of a pound of meat for two days, and one tincup full of flour—making a thin cake of unsalted bread, about what a hearty man would eat for *one meal!* and upon this fare we are expected to march 30 miles per day; carrying a greater load in proportion than any pack mule in the army.

It grieves me to make these complaints and I know in my soul that I would not do so if there were any *real* need for these privations, if we were actually reduced so near starvation.

No, if the day ever comes as it may come, when I shall be one of the defenders of a besieged city when starvation, and nightly toil and daily peril shall be the common lot of all, then shall no man ever catch the faintest suspicion of complaint in my speech or actions; but it *is* hard to suffer *unnecessarily, uselessly, destructively.*

For these privations in our army are all three. Our wagons at this very time are full of supplies. Our officers are receiving two rations daily (why should *their* patriotism be worth *twice* as much as mine) and we all know there is an abundance—a surplus of provisions in many parts of the State and the South. Governor Vance says North Carolina has a large surplus of corn and bacon; and that he will immediately ship 250,000 pounds of bacon for the use of the Army and could do much better if the speculators and extortioners could be kept out of the market.

May 6th—We camped last night near "Old Jerusalem" and Jerusalem! How old and dilapidated-looking a place it is! Thence our wagon trains wandered into some strange quarter, and we are again with empty haversacks and likewise stomachs. Some of our Quartermasters should speedily have been shown the way to the "New Jerusalem" per rope-conveyance. Yesterday we marched 30 miles, today a little more than that. Think of it! Thirty miles, over roads full of mud and sleet—sometimes actually over our knees—with a steady rain falling, and not one drop of drinking water to assuage the intolerable thirst caused by excessive perspiration and our weakened strength from lack of food—is an outrageous distance to march troops in twelve hours, when it is repeated day after day.

May 8, 1863—Marched through Petersburg; formed in military parade—gratifying to the officers, and amusing to the citizens, but tiring enough to us who kept in rigid formation and alignment while marching over the mile or more of paved streets. However, it was gratifying to see the bevies of pretty girls after all the isolation of our backwoods campaign.

We have just heard of the great battle of the Rappahannock. Thank God, our noble Lee was more than a match for "Fighting Joe."

"A great big bear came out o' the Wilderness" ran the old song as we used to sing it at Academia; but the

"great big bear" that came out of the Chantilly Wilderness was forced to trot back again in double-quick time.

* * * * *[1]

On the heels of the popular rejoicing over the almost unhoped for victory of Chancellorsville came a terrible shock in the announcement that Lee's great Lieutenant —his executive right arm as it were—had fought his last fight, and "passed over the River" to "rest under the shade of the trees"—as the dying chieftain murmured as he passed away.

The wounded General was removed from the battle-field hospital to a farmhouse, a few miles distant, and the best medical aid at once procured. It was evident that his arm must be amputated; but there were already several Generals in the field, and in one instance, (General Frank Nichols) one with only a single arm and a single leg, so there was no apprenhension of serious results. Indeed, it was decided to remove the General to Richmond soon after the amputation, and preparations were in progress to remove him thence, when the sorrowful intelligence was received instead—"Jackson is dead!" He expired on the 10th of May, and on the eighth day of his sufferings; an attack of pneumonia supervening in consequence of his wounds, or the jar of his fall from the litter, proving too much for his shattered frame. His last words were "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men." And then with a smile of infinite sweetness, he said, "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!"

The effect produced by his death was as if a physical shudder had passed all through the South. The brief telegram "Stonewall Jackson is dead"—carried into every Southern home the pang of a personal grief.

Our command lay at "Rice's Turnout," on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad on the 11th of May, and

[1] The omitted portion contains an account of the battle of Chancellorsville.

as usual, a large portion of the brigade gathered near the little station to greet the daily train. Instantly the cry went forth. "See! the locomotive is draped in mourning!" "Stonewall Jackson is dead!" came back in answer. Then fell a marked silence upon the vast assemblage; the rough soldiery, as one man, seemed touched with awe and sorrow, and all the long, dark afternoon the camp was as quiet and subdued as a country village on Sunday.

We had come to look upon Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet as an inseparable trio—the two latter, as the executive officers of the great Chief, and as much a part of his glorious plans as the right and left hand of a sculptor or painter. The artist might plan and design; but he needs hands to execute.

It is one of the curious things connected with the war, that few or none of us have ever fancied that Lee, Jackson, Stuart or Longstreet *could* be slain; the idea of their being killed never entered our calculations. And yet no commanders of their rank ever exposed themselves half so much in battle.

Already we are conjecturing who can take the great Stonewall's place; and it is much to J. E. B. Stuart's credit that despite his well-known, light-hearted, beauish levity and love of display, there is an almost unanimous consent among the soldiery that he is the man to take command of the "flanking corps." Stuart has even more *dash* than Jackson, but is less reliable, because so lax a disciplinarian.

May 16th—The Yankee cavalry are still raiding between Lee's army and Richmond; and we are off on a long march to see about it.

May 20th—State election. Several candidates were present, and entertained (! !) the men with "Buncombe" speeches. I did not vote, feeling little interest in our civil authorities since they are necessarily mere cyphers at present; the whole state being under military rule. Indeed, I believe that it would be better for the several states to suspend the functions of all officers save Jus-

tices of the Peace, Sheriff and Clerks of Court; and thus recruit our armies with the thousands; and tens of thousands, yea *hundreds of thousands* of able-bodied men, who escape duty, live comfortably at home, and even by extortion on poor soldier's families, under the exempting plea of holding some petty office! It is really astonishing how many exempted persons there are in the South, despite all the talk about robbing the cradle and the grave. There are *above 5,000* "Magistrates" in Virginia, and North Carolina alone. There are nearly *2,000* members of the Legislature" in the twelve Southern States, exclusive of Kentucky and Missouri. There are nearly 1,000 clerks of county court; nearly as many Registers of Deeds; and in most states a Judge-in-Chancery, or Equity-Clerk. Then there are countless petty offices (both State and Confederate) for gathering supplies, running mills, etc. Of course, a considerable number of these are very necessary. But it is equally true that the larger numbers are *not* actually necessary, while a great many are altogether unnecessary in a time of trouble, and want, and imminent peril such as now exists.

Far be it from me to wish to rob the people, or the States, of any of their vested, and requisite privileges. But we are fighting for our very existence. We are in a life-or-death struggle. If we lose, we lose all. If we gain, we shall be in position to restore the necessary civil administration, purified, improved, and new-founded in popular esteem. Hence I cannot see the need of allowing thousands and tens of thousands of able-bodied citizens to escape sharing the trials and perils of the field simply because they are shrewd enough to secure some petty office. Of course, I know that *some* officials are indispensible and many of them are filled by crippled or sickly soldiers, who were called to the duties by the cordial wish of their fellow citizens. If this were always the case—*or even the rule*—I should say nothing; unfortunately the rule, one might say, is quite the contrary—*vice versa.*

Camp near Hanover Junction, May 30, 1863—Learning that Colonel Collett Leventhorpe's brigade is camped

near the Junction, I brushed up my greasy suit; borrowing a hat from one comrade, a pair of shoes from another, and a cravat from a third, I sallied forth to pay my respects to the colonel. To undertake the visit in my present forlorn-looking condition required a great deal more courage than to go into a skirmish with the Yanks, but the colonel had kindly paid me a call while we were at Greenville, N. C., and had expressed a wish to see more of me. He is now commanding the 11th North Carolina (formerly the 1st D. H. Hill's old "Bethel regiment") and is esteemed one of the best officers in the service. I stopped at the nearest rivulet, washed my face and dried it on the remains of a handkerchief then washed the handkerchief and carried it in my hand until it was dry, and then completed my toilet by tying it around my neck to conceal the absence of a collar!

Colonel Leventhorpe welcomed me very quietly, but with unmistakable cordiality; and we spent an hour or two most pleasantly. He had just received a trunkful of delicious goodies from home and he insisted upon my sampling them. Better still, he assures me that in case he obtains the command of the brigade—(he is now in temporary command, and it is said his commission as Brigadier-General has already been made out, but is delaying in Richmond) he will make me one of his staff!

I assuredly would rejoice to have some better position than I now have; not from idleness or vanity, but because I am wearing out my life in the ranks without an opportunity of showing what I might do—and at the same time undergoing hardships and companionship for which I am wholly unfit—yet amid the pleasing thoughts of possible change—what can such a poor devil do for saddle, bridle, uniform, etc. It would require at least $1,000 to get up a decent rig—and $1,000!! Whew—git out! I've nary cent of it!

June 5th—We have had a wearisome tramp into the "Northern Neck," or lower Rappahannock region to catch a party of thievish Yankees, who had landed from

gunboats near the village of Tappahannock. Pickett's division went as a support for the cavalry, and as our officers were on horseback—we were made to keep up with the horsemen. And as usual, came up just in time to see the retiring coat tails of the foe. However, we came near bagging another party engaged in the same villainous business. For approaching the Mattaponi river bridge we perceived several tall columns of smoke rolling up over the treetops, showing that the marauders were burning and plundering on both sides the river; coming up the narrow river, in a region supposed to be entirely defenceless, the gunboats sent their crews ashore, not to accomplish any military purpose but purely bent on *devilishness,* to destroy the dwellings of the peaceful countrymen! A dozen houses were burnt—women insulted—cattle shot—and all portable stuff carried off! A nice commentary on our non-retaliating policy.

June 6th—Shocking accounts of Yankee vandalism are coming in hourly. They stole about 1,000 negroes, 600 horses, mules and cattle, scores of carriages, wagons and buggies; large quantities of provisions, grain, poultry and in short left nothing that could be carried off. Ladies were grossly insulted; and robbed of their ear-rings, finger-rings, watches, shawls, dresses; men were robbed of money, watches and pocket knives, and in several instances the little children's hats and dresses were stripped off of their little wearers! Useless as infantile gear must have been to the captors!

What a pity we didn't catch them! If our government had half the nerve it ought to have we should long ago have put a stop to all this marauding by hanging up all the villains so caught to the nearest limb.

But instead of protecting its citizens, our government often contributes directly or indirectly to their destruction and oppression. In the present case, for example, it is said that a scoundrel named Jackson, having a passport from the assistant Secretary of War, pressed thro' the Northern Neck some few days ago, and seeing the unguarded condition of the country, informed the near-

est Yankee command that all they need do was to cross the Rappahannock and sweep the the whole peninsula. Upon this, or similar information (for there is a daily line of speculators, Jews, detectives, and Yankee spies running between Richmond and Washington, via the lower Rappahannock,) the "Mosquito fleet" of gunboats in the Potomac steamed up the Mattaponi and landed gangs of cut throats to harry and desolate the defenceless region!

It is infamous and exasperating!

CHAPTER THIRTIETH

The Pennsylvania Campaign—Ewell at Winchester—Dead or Alive?—Near Paris Gap—Bivouacking at the Summit of Quicksilver Gap—Berryville—Bivouac Near Darkesville—Trans-Potomac Again!—Military Execution—Middletown—Onward, Still Onward—Chambersburg—"Peace Men"—The Fair Sex—The Valley of the Cumberland—Automata of the Ranks—Still Bivouacking Near Chambersburg—Starting Eastward—Four Miles from Gettysburg.

June 10, 1863—During the fortnight past almost any old army veteran might have detected signs and symptoms on the horizon of camp life that betokened a stir of some sort, and by the entire army. Within a couple of days past these straws very plainly pointed to a forward movement; and have given shape to a reasonable rumor, to-wit, that the azure cross of General Lee's headquarters flag is about to signal the route for his doughty legions to where the purling waters of the upper Potomac lave the shores of "Maryland, My Maryland." In brief, we are once more about to "Tote the war into Africa."

The army as recently organized is in effective condition for the advance. Since the death of Stonewall Jackson it has been thought best to divide the army into three corps, as follows:

First corps, (Longstreet's): Pickett's Division, Hood's Division, McLaw's Division.

Second corps, (B. S. Ewell's): Rodes' Division, Early's Division, Ed. Johnston's Division.

Third corps, (A. P. Hill's): Pender's Division, Heth's Division, Anderson's Division.

General J. E. B. Stuart, of course, commands the cavalry. The brigades are estimated at nearly 14,000 men. Our total strength, I should suppose, is near 82,000

men, of all arms. The main body was reviewed by divisions at Orange C. H. and vicinity, recently; and presented a more imposing appearance than was ever before exhibited by any Southern Army.

Already the movement has begun—Ewell's corps leading. Let us hope that the mantle of "Stonewall" may descend upon his successor, who now pioneers the way through the mountains, into the valley, and Potomacward!

He has a difficult task to succeed Jackson at the very beginning of so important a movement. But perhaps General Ewell served under the "Great Flanker" sufficiently long to "get the hang of things."

We took up our line of march Northwards yesterday; greatly to the delight of the men of my regiment, who have not seen their native hills during more than a year past, and are extremely anxious to get near enough to home for their families to come to them, or for them to slip off to pay a flying visit home, as hundreds of them certainly will do.

Aside from this, there is an enthusiasm born of the mere fact that we are once more heading for a new country—the land of our enemies—that stirs every heart and brightens every eye as if victory were already assured beyond a peradventure. Undoubtedly it is much easier to keep up the *morale* and spirit of an invading army than of one standing upon a strictly defensive attitude.

One hears a great deal about the enthusiasm of men fighting upon their own soil, "with feet upon their native heath" etc., but men always fight best, when most hopeful and inspirited.

Even in my own case, I can sensibly feel the inspiration of *going forward!* Today we have marched 20 miles —apparently twice that distance judging from my sore and blistered feet—(Confound them!)—Yet I am in good spirits and haven't growled a single time today. Indeed, all the chronic grumblers have shut their mouths, and every eye beams with cheerful anticipation.

June 11th—There is no longer any doubt; we are bound Trans-Potomac. The whole army is in motion. Wonder what Hooker means to do?

Night—The campaign opened with a little skirmish of the cavalry of both armies near Brandy station; on the morning of the 9th inst. It appears that Pleasanton's corps was sent to drive in our outposts, and ascertain what the fidgetty Rebels were about. Unfortunately they found our cavalry napping "in their unguarded tents;" that is to say, the fence corners.

The surprise was slightly disconcerting; but the boys speedily recovered their momentary panic, and turning upon the foe, not only repulsed him, but drove him full-speed across the Rappahannock; nothwithstanding that he was supported by an infantry division, with artillery. We took several hundred prisoners, and probably lost some.

I regret that Colonel Sol Williams, a gallant North Carolinian, was among the slain. We captured two pieces of artillery.

June 16th.—Another 20 miles, today, passing through Gaines' Cross Roads. If old Gaines is any *crosser* than I have been for several hours, he did well to split up his roads and let them run at right angles. Our sufferings from heat, dust, and fatigue,—and worst of all—*lack of drinking water* are beyond the capacity of tongue or pen to tell!

There are few streams crossing the roads, (for we are following the ridges) and when a spring is reached, there is always a wall of men surrounding it—struggling to dip cup or canteen into it, and almost ruining the liquid with their eager desire to enjoy it.

The Division-Generals, riding leisurely in front, with a dozen *aides* and couriers to fetch them cooling drinks, and fruit, and the best the country affords, rarely recall the fact that the wretched infantry are well nigh dead with heat and exhaustion!

It is true, they may have orders to make a certain number of miles per day. Yet, would it not be far better to

travel the distance in a gradual, leisurely manner—starting early and giving frequent "rests," and always halting a few minutes when passing near a stream, or convenient spring? Thoughtful consideration of this nature would soon be recognized by the men, and would make them ever willing to make special exertions in case there should be need for them.

Evening— A courier brings cheerful intelligence from the front. General Ewell, with the first corps, has been marching rapidly during the past week, entering the Shenandoah Valley, *via* Front Royal Gap, where his leading division (R. E. Rodes') drove in the Yankee pickets, and carried them in such haste, that the brigade in camp near Berryville didn't get warning until Rodes' men were upon them with the bayonet. Of course they scattered like sheep—leaving their camps, baggage, etc., at our disposal. They numbered 1,800 men, with a battery of rifled guns and some cavalry—all under the command of Colonel McReynolds. These were a part of the Federal General Milroy's command; he, who enjoys the unenviable pre-eminence of being only second to Bully Pope in brutal vandalism to non-combatants, and women.

The remainder of his army occupied Winchester, and were surprised in the same way that Banks experienced a year earlier. Ewell threw forward Early's division to storm the town, when Milroy fled, leaving 3,500 prisoners and 40 pieces of artillery in our hands; besides large amounts of stores, wagons, camp equipage, etc. Milroy with a small body of cavalry effected his escape through the fields, and spurring frantically, fled to Harper's Ferry.

June 17th. Dead or alive? I am sure I hardly know which! If not dead we soon shall be, if there is not a change of some sort. Flesh and blood cannot sustain such heat and fatigue as we have undergone this day. It is terrible! All along the roadside since 9 o'clock this morning I have seen men dropping, gasping, dying,—or already dead! Think of it! Most of our men are just out of winter-quarters, where they were well screened from

the Sun; and now under the combined effect of heat, fatigue, thirst, and intolerable dust they wilt and drop, like wax-figures in a fiery furnace!

The dust is almost suffocating! Pulverized by sixty thousand pairs of feet of men, and nearly as many of horses and cattle, it forms a fine impalpable powder, sufficiently light to fill the air like smoke; and penetrate the eyes, ears, nostrils, hair, and skin, until its power of annoyance is unbearable! Then, when one's clothing is utterly saturated with perspiration mixing with the dust in a grimy paste; and above all, weighs the heavy musket, the muffling blankets, griping waist band and belt (upon which hang the heavy cartridge and cap boxes) and the chafing canteen straps—is it strange that one sees hundreds of men gasping for breath, and lolling out their tongues like madmen? Is it any wonder that *coup de soleil* is of hourly occurrence? Some of the men say that fully two dozen men were killed today by sun stroke. I saw that number "down" but whether they recovered subsequently I cannot say.

It is curious that men, laden as we are—can actually out-last a horse. The Colonel's "noble steed" often breaks down on the march, while the men of the regiment trudge on amid the dust and burning heat.

The capture of Winchester was a gallant affair. General Ewell had sent Ed. Johnston's division to take post on the Martinsburg road and cut off the retreating Yankees. Johnston had hardly got his men into line before the Yankees came upon them with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. A brisk skirmish ensued, and they attempted to flank him on both sides; but in vain. Milroy with the cavalry made a wide circuit and escaped through the fields. The infantry (2,300 strong with 11 colors) surrendered to Johnston, and had the mortification of learning next morning that they were as strong, to a man, as the force which captured them!

Near Paris Gap of the Blue Ridge, June 18th;—Gracious! What a contrast! This evening we are positively shivering around our camp-fires, with hail and sleet fall-

ing upon us, the ground white with snow; and all of us wishing for a portion of the caloric which was so oppressive yesterday! Some of the hail stones were as large as hickory nuts, and pelted us as fearfully as we toiled up the slopes of the Gap in the Blue Ridge, upon whose summit we bivouac tonight. The suddenness of the change affects us severely, and I shall get but little sleep tonight.

Ewell is having successes which seem to signify that the mantle of Stonewall Jackson rests upon him.

Rodes' division after the skirmish at Berryville, pushed forward to Martinsburg, where, on Sunday evening he fell upon another corps of the enemy, driving them with shouts and yells through the streets of the town, capturing their artillery (5 guns) while yet hitched up, and drivers on the horses; taking 700 prisoners; and much stuff. When the Yankee lines were broken, the Yankee Quarter Masters and Camp followers endeavored to fire the town, ostensibly to destroy certain of their own warehouses. But the citizens prevented them, tho' the scoundrels destroyed several buildings; still they left 6,000 bushels of grain, 400 cannon cartridges and much valuable material.

Ewell has gone to the Potomac—possibly is already north of it. How fast we are making history! A few days ago we were defending Richmond: now we threaten Washington! Hooker's army is falling back towards the latter city, and will soon have to confront us in a new field. Great alarm is said to prevail in many of the large cities such as Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg. The Northern people are beginning to understand the lying despatches of their Generals. No one can misunderstand when he sees that after all the bombastic claims of victory, the Rebels coolly advance *just as if they hadn't been whipped!*

June 19th—Bivouacking at the summit of Snickersville Gap. Stuart has been skirmishing with Buford's cavalry all day: the latter having been sent by Hooker to seize the Blue Ridge passes and prevent our going to join

Ewell in the Valley. During the afternoon, as we crept along the base of the "Ridge" the sound of cannonading off a few miles to the right put every man on the *qui vive* for news: which soon afterwards arrived to the effect that Stuart was holding the enemy in check with a small brigade, but probably should be overpowered presently; and asking for assistance.

We were yet some half dozen miles of the Pass, and it was sunset. However, we took a rapid step or "dog trot" and got over the ground in "double-quick time." As we reached the little hamlet of Snickersville, the citizens came out with demonstrations of delight, whereat the troops shouted vociferously. At this sound, the Yankees who were within cannonshot, halted in dismay; for they knew there would be little use in proceeding farther. Now the long grey-clad line of infantry was forming on the slopes of the Gap. Our boys greeted their discomfiture with a hearty cheer: and were much amused at beating the Yankee cavalry in an even race of five miles.

Naturally this extraordinary termination of a long day's march, added to the excitement of being about to engage the enemy, has greatly exhausted us all; though for once I shall not complain, even to myself—since I presume it was entirely *necessary*. And I have always said that I should bear any *necessary* hardship or privation without a murmur. But oh! I *dread* tomorrow's march!

Night. I learn that Stuart with 3 brigades has been fighting the whole Federal cavalry for several days; and was rather pressed this afternoon by mounted infantry and artillery. We took 400 prisoners and several colors; but lost 500 men in killed, wounded, and captured. The Yankees have now retreated in the direction of Middleburg.

June 20th.—Today's experience was rather tough on human flesh. At daybreak we filed down the winding road from the top of the gorge, on the western side, bound for Berryville. At the base of the slope are the two branches of the Shenandoah, each more than 60 feet broad, and

fully 4 feet deep at present. The hail storm of yesterday chilled the water to winter temperature, and though on *the 20th of June,* the passage was like wading through the same amount of ice-water. So that we were half frozen and dripping with water when we presented ourselves to the fair feminines of Berryville, who, notwithstanding the daily tramp of soldiers through their village, turned out to greet us with bouquets and refreshments—of which, the most refreshing to the most of us, was the sight of their own flushed and smiling faces. God bless them.

Berryville, Va., June 21st.—night: I thought yesterday tough!—today surpasses it! Early this morning we were aroused, and marched *back*ward towards Snickersville—reforded the rivers—and climbing to the summit of the Pass to stand picket, as the Yankee cavalry is still dodging around over there. At dusk we shall re-ford the two rivers and return to our command. Of course we shall be like drowned rats and sleep will stay far away from us.

But it is some recompense to study the magnificent strategy of General Lee, with which he is changing his base to Frederick City from Fredericksburg.

It is doubtful if Hooker knew what was on the *tapis* until Ewell had captured Winchester. For Lee left A. P. Hill's corps to make a show of strength on his front, and kept the bulk of Stuart's cavalry guarding the upper fords of the Rappahannock; so that the march of Ewell was unsuspected, and Longstreet also had reached the base of the Blue Ridge before Hooker fairly awoke to the situation.

And now there is a wonderful consternation in the enemy's camp. Yankee papers declare that Lee has 200,000 men, and 40 miles of wagons and artillery. Abe Lincoln has issued a call for 100,000 militia—volunters to repel the invaders from Maryland and Pennsylvania. These "bowld milish" are to serve for six months—which is a mild way of intimating that the little job of repulsing us will cost *time* and *millions*. Unfortunately the

loyalists have a shrewd suspicion that if once enlisted they will be held for "six months"—or *longer,* in fact as long as the Lincoln managers see fit to enforce their stay. So, we hear of Governor Andrew Curtin of Pennsylvania, upbraiding the people—especially the Philadelphians—for squabbling over the term of enlistment instead of boldly rushing to repel the invaders and settle the details afterwards.

The Mayor of Philadelphia is taking energetic measures; ordering the stores to be closed at stated times to allow the clerks to organize and drill! In New York and Brooklyn the tocsin was sounded at midnight to call out the organized regiments of State Militia to board the trains for Philadelphia! What an absurdity! All the Northern Governors are telegraphing offers of millions in men and money. Even the renegade Governor Bradford of Maryland has called out the State Militia to repel their Southern brethern. Don't I wish he would force some 30 or 40,000 of the Marylanders to take arms! For we well know these same men and arms would soon be enrolled in our ranks! However, there is no liklihood of many *Militia* from *any State* coming to cross bayonets with the veterans who have successively whipped a dozen of the best trained armies of Yankeedom. I suspect Old Abe, who is really very shrewd, is purposely augmenting the panic with design of getting as many men into his ranks as possible in order to utilize the summer and fall by another grand "On to Richmond." For no sane person can be so silly as to suppose we mean to assail Philadephia or make any prolonged stay trans-Potomac. We could not afford to go so far away from our own capital, leaving nearly a thousand miles of communication open to attack. That is unless we should entirely demolish the Federal Army in the first great battle which will assuredly be fought as soon as we concentrate on some point in the enemy's country.

June 24th. Bivouac near Darkssville—after 30 miles of weary trudging. Did you ever march 30 miles on a hot sultry day? Hardly! But if you *have* you have not yet

learned what it is to march that distance *in ranks,* with men crowding you at each elbow, stepping on you from behind, and getting in your way in front; like a flock of sheep, frightened and confused—stirring up a tornado of dust, and making one's eyes ache with the constant motion of the surrounding figures. Neither have you made the 30 miles with *100 pounds* of gun, knapsack, blankets, bayonet, cartridge and cap boxes, canteen, tin cup, frying pan, etc., weighting you down, chafing your perspiring skin, and choking you!

What a difference there is between the beginning and the end of such a journey! For the first five miles one gets on quite cheerfully. At the end of the *tenth* mile he has become extremely heated, a little footsore, very dusty, quite dry, and a good deal discouraged at finding it only 9 o'clock in the morning! It is nearly noon before the fifteenth mile is numbered; and his sufferings from heat, dust, thirst and fatigue give him a haggard woebegone look, which is not lessened by the numerous streaks of pasty grime that the minglings of dust and perspiration have left on his face. The next two miles require a full hour's time. Then there may or may not be a brief halt for rest and dinner.

The nearest spring is half a mile across a sunny field; the only shade is the clump of chinquapin bushes, or a few dwarf cedars on the roadside. So the men lie down in the broad glare, and pulling a greasy haversack "to the 'fore'" proceed to crunch a couple of dry "hard tack," as tough as sole leather, and the best things in the world to provoke intense thirst. Here and there a soldier has a morsel of boiled beef or rusty bacon; but generally we eat up all our day's ration of meat *at breakfast time.* "Attention! Fall in men! Forward! March!" So here we go again; hardly the least refreshed, and twice as stiff and sleepy as we were before we halted. By three o'clock we have travelled 20 miles, but now the sultry sun fairly *scorches* our blistered backs; our brains seem addled, and as if they would burst; and the weight of the heavy musket has worn first one shoulder then the other

into a red heat blister under the saturated jacket and shirt; and our poor legs seem utterly unable to take another step! (In my case I had the quadruple agony of *unnaturally tender and blistered feet.*) Observe it is not so much distance travelled as the circumstances under which it is done. Were I walking alone or with one friend, on the broad highway, without anything to carry and with liberty to stop and refresh myself at any spring or shady stream I could go *twice as far* with hardly as much fatigue. But let us get on. We have yet *ten miles* to travel. How very, very slowly the miles drag away now! A dozen times we meet some countryman, and inquire:—"How far it to—Ballyhack?" "Ten miles!" he replies. "He's a liar"—quoth a soldier—"for it was only ten miles when we stopped back yonder." Slowly we trudge—"with fainting steps and slow,"—for another hour.

Surely it cannot be more than five miles farther? But here is a sign board (*8½ Miles to B—*) Great Heavens! The miles are like those which "Father Matthew" measured with his coach! Another hour! Hundreds of men have fallen out of ranks. The roads are full of stragglers. The sun looks like a glaring ball of fire through the red dust. *"SIX MILES TO B!"* Slower still, dragging heavily—men staggering now—tongues lolling out —bitter expressions on many faces—*pain marks*—plain to be seen, in every footstep (except the officers, who carry nothing, not even their swords.) "Good God, Captain, don't you think we'll stop soon?" *"Only five miles yet!"* curtly responds the officer without looking up. On drags the column. The Adjutant sits sideways, woman fashion on his horse, watching the long straggling lines of panting men. It is now sunset; but the sultry heat, and suffocating dust is in no degree relaxed. "Only *four miles* now!" "Damn it—why don't you say fifty? I'd as lief go fifty as go four now!" growls a worn out man, who knows that it he doesn't keep up until the end he will get no ration for tomorrow, and already he is half famished for supper—but—those four miles! It is too much;

he thinks he cannot make it, but he gradually works himself forward—half a mile at a time—with long rests between.

Dusk approaches, and camp fires are seen in the distance. These are the bivouacs of the advance guard that started the evening before, and have already halted for the night. This revives us a little, for surely it isn't very far ahead now. But twilight has long ago departed. It is night, and still we go! Oh Lordy! will we *never* stop! Yes, at last! Here are some wagons. And here comes Gen. Pickett's *aide*. "General Garnett, your brigade will camp near the big spring—over yonder in the field. Ready to move at 6 o'clock tomorrow!" And he gallops off. "This way Colonel!"—says a courier. We file thro' a pair of bars; "Halt! Right Dress! Order Arms! Stack Arms! Break Ranks! Don't interfere with those fence rails yonder! Captain S. send a guard to that orchard." So the thirty miles' march has been made, and the footsore, weary, supperless, and half-sick men lie down in their wet clothes and grimy condition to catch seven hours sleep to sustain the same ordeal on the morrow.

How few of those who read the newspaper accounts of army operations ever realize the cost of brilliant *manoeuvres* in flesh and muscle, pain, hunger, toil and wretchedness *to the men!*

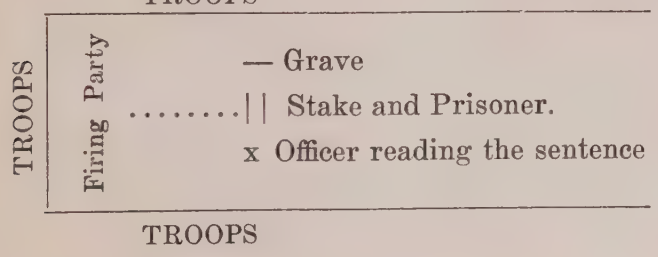
June 25, 1863. Here we are back into the Union! Aint we *"loill?"* We "erring sisters," as Horace Greeley called us, could not get our will to "go in peace," so here we are, come back of our own accord too, to "stand up for our rights," *within the Union,* as so many Northern democrats have declared we ought to do! At any rate we've crossed the Rubicon which for two years has divided the so-called "offensive" and "defensive" policies, and now let us hope that we are about to carry on the war in earnest.

We made another 30 mile march today—passing through Martinsburg at 10:30 A. M.—and fording the Potomac below Williamsport at 2:30 P. M. The passage of the broad river was a novel spectacle, and occasioned a good deal of enthusiasm, notwithstanding our fatigue.

Thousands of rough voices sang "The Bonny Blue Flag" and "Maryland, My Maryland." Bands of music played their liveliest airs;—the musicians, nude as Adam, each with a bundle of clothes on top of his head (to keep them dry) tooting with "might and main" at their brass horns, being "a sight to behold!" Several columns crossing together, with colonels on horseback, flags fluttering, and the forest of bright bayonets glistening in the afternoon sun—added brightness and novelty to the scene. Many citizens, including women, and negroes of all ages and sexes, occupied the high ground near the river watching us come over. Perhaps they thought the "ragged Rebels" best dressed when entirely undressed.

Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of our first evening trans-Potomac has been chilled by the mournful ceremonies of a military execution. A soldier of the 56th Va., our Brigade, has repeatedly sold himself as a substitute and then deserted. He was once before tried and let off, so there could be no palliation of his last offense; and after due trial he was sentenced to be shot on the 25th of June. Of course the Court was unaware that we would be on the march.

We passed through Hagerstown about 4:30 P. M. and went into bivouac about two miles north of town. The brigade soon afterwards was reformed, and marched into a broad meadow; taking position on three sides of a hollow square. A newly dug grave, a pine coffin lying near, and a stout stake set in the ground, showed what was to occur in the open space opposite the fourth side of the square. All military executions are alike; the spectators being formed as shown in this diagram:



A large crowd of soldiers from other commands assembled to witness the execution. Had I been aware what was about to occur I should have absented myself from camp until all was over. To add to the sombreness of the melancholy spectacle, the heavens became overcast with funeral blackness, and great drops of rain were beginning to fall when the solemn notes of the band were heard, playing a dirge, in front of the burial party, consisting of the doomed deserter, with arms bound behind his back, a platoon of guards, and the firing party of twenty-four men of his own company. This gloomy cortege paraded around three sides of the square, giving every one a fair look at the condemned, who walked with surly indifference—and took a seat on his coffin in utter silence. Then as the firing party drew up, he stood at the stake, sweeping the field with careless glance as if to say —"I'm glad to leave you!"

Can it be that men are really indifferent; or do the doomed continue to retain hopes of reprieve or pardon until the fatal volley cuts them down? Certainly it is surprising how some malefactors keep up a show of courage and indifference until the very last.

"Ready!"—rang out the words of command:—"Aim!"—"*Fire!!*" Crash—and all is over. The body—riddled with bullets—falls upon its face; the band strikes up a lively air; the troops file off to their camps, and the newly-filled grave, in the lonely field, battered down by the heavy raindrops—alone remains to tell the tale of the dismal spectacle just enacted.

For my part, I doubt if any compensating end is gained by military executions. *Some* disciplinary punishment seems indispensable; but as has often been said:—"The worst use to which you can put a man is to kill him." And I fail to perceive any effect upon the troops unless it be a dissatisfaction and discontent among the lower orders of the soldiery.

At Williamsport, our advance destroyed the mangnificent viaduct, and locks of the Baltimore & Ohio[1] Canal

[1]The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is, of course, meant.

over the Conococheaque, damaging property to the amount of millions. The canal is now as dry as a duck pond. I recalled my trip southward in 1861, and how much this canal troubled me; for there was no possibility of crossing it except at the locks, and here there were, of course, a number of guards ready to arrest me. By wonderful good luck I eventually succeeded in passing *under* the canal. Accordingly I now viewed the dry ditch with not a little interest.

The people of Hagerstown are a great deal more friendly than they were when we were here before. Twelve months more of Yankee rule, joined with frequent accounts of Rebel victories have wrought a wondrous change in prudence, if not in principle in the thrifty "Deutchers," who hereabout do dwell. They have learned that in these times the bottom rail quite often gets on top, and he who would "save his bacon" (Bacon in the case standing for beef, sheep, and four-legged animals in general) must be ever ready to play the "Vicar of Bray," and throw up his hat for the "Powers that be," whether clad in Yankee blue or Confederate grey.

In this, though, they merely imitate the example of a celebrated English diplomat, who, on being asked whether he was representing General Monk, or General Lambert, (then engaged in civil strife)—replied with a significant shrug of his shoulders—"I am—I am, Gentlemen, I am—*I believe the humble servant of Public Events*"

Besides, a good many of the *real Maryland* families who have been for years *in exile,* that is to say refugees in the South, are now hastening to their old homes, and in their joy cannot help showing the troops how glad they are to see them here.

One can see the "Bonnie Blue Flag" waving from windows in every section of town; the hotels are crowned with them, and from many an open parlour echo the familiar airs from pianos that were long locked and dust covered. Old Dr. McGill—one of the first citizens of Hagerstown who was imprisoned in Lincoln's Bastiles—

Forts Warren and McHenry—has returned with his family; and his residence is now a kind of social secession headquarters where the young officers, and the young girls, make mirthful music, and "nightly chase the flying hours on winged feet," as if profoundest peace prevailed in the land and armies were unknown.

But of course these are exceptions; for the unionists and neutrals are decidedly the majority.

Our Quarter Masters are draining large supplies of shoes and boots, I am told, from the stores of the most rampant of the renegades; offering pay in Confederate money at our usual prices. Yet these scoundrels, when we are gone, will pretend that we stole them; though they can exchange the money at discount sufficient to still leave them double the real value of the articles.

June 26th—Here we are! Back into the Union again! We came back about four o'clock this evening. We *have* returned to the Union—whatever may be said of our present allegiance! Our camp fires now illuminate many a rood of Pennsylvania—that magnificent domain, whereof shrewd, sharp-sighted, and scheming Billy Penn, with a lot of trashy toys, trinkets and tracts, tricked and swindled the simple aborigines. We passed the line which divides Maryland from Pennsylvania—the famous Mason's and Dixon's line?—this afternoon near a small village named Middletown on the maps but called "Mutton town" by the natives,—though for what reason I could not ascertain. It is easy to see however, that "*Muttontown*" is altogether appropriate for the demeanor of many of the inhabitants is *sheepish* in the extreme!

Strange to say we met with a more marked exhibition of welcome at this *Pennsylvania* town than in any portion of Maryland. I saw fully a dozen miniature Confederate flags waving from windows; while all along the streets were ladies waving handkerchiefs and scarfs from the piazzas and upper windows! Can it be that these people are sincere? Or, are these demonstrations merely a part of Dutch cunning to placate the oft-pictured, wild, ran-

tankerous, ravenous Rebs of whom so many lies are told that simple people believe him a monster of cruelty?

Possibly tho', these are Democratic families that have been persecuted and harassed by their Abolition neighbors until they really welcome the advent of our army as a relief. Of course, we have little knowledge of the real feelings of the people.

June 27th—Onward! Still onward!—through the verdure clad valleys of the Cumberland—as beautiful a section of country as the State can produce—On to—shall we say Harrisburg? Reports tell of wonderous consternation in the prosperous capital of the "Keystone State" which has done so much to hound on the war upon the South, and has suffered so little!

Oh if our leaders would but see the *true* policy of striking with mad, hot, furious energy straight home upon the breasts of our enemies! Nothing else will bring peace—unless at *our* destruction! How strange that our rulers cannot comprehend that we of the South, being the weaker party, with our forts blockaded, our resources widely scattered, and our facilities for concentrating them hourly lessening by the wearing out of our railroads, and the capture of important strategic points—have but one hope of success—a short, sharp, and severe offensive campaign! We *cannot* afford to stand on our defense! We *cannot* hope to wear out an enemy who has all the world to draw upon, for men and munitions of war! We *cannot* dream of successful negotiations for Peace until we have "carried the war into Africa" with a vengeance! capturing at least one large northern city and making a show of desperate energy that will *dishearten* the Northern masses and discourage their leaders.

June 28th—Yesterday afternoon we passed through the neat little town of Greencastle, which has a population of some 3,000, and does a large manufacturing and mercantile business. It was quite funny to see the half curious, half timid, looks of the citizens as they gathered at the street corners and eyed the passing Rebels. Here

and there a group would surround some tall, gaunt, sunburnt Georgian, Texan, or Mississippian whose slouched hat, and butternut covered shoulders were fully "head and shoulders" taller than the amazed citizens, who would swaller with avidity the Confed's mighty yarns about the *"two hundred and twenty-six thousand more of us, coming on behind!"* Many a long night in the far future will these bewildered (for the inhabitants all seem *bewildered* as if they couldn't comprehend how it happened that *they* should really be prisoners of war on *parole inside the Rebel lines!*) Yankees relate to big-eyed posterity how *bravely* they "stood by their homes" during the Rebel invasion!

We are now encamped a mile or so north of Chambersburg, the capital of Cumberland Valley, and the entrepot of that "Valley Dutch" as the natives of the adjacent region are called. It is connected by rail with Hagerstown on the South, and with Carlisle and Harrisburg on the North. There are many well built establishments for trade, and the private residences are more substantial, spacious and tasteful than one might expect in a town with so great a preponderance of the Dutch element.

The Dutch phlegm and indifference which characterizes the inhabitants already has excited my wonder. On entering the place we found the sidewalks filled with men, who while evincing no pleasure, certainly manifested no dislike to our presence. I saw none of those marks of nervous excitement—none of those irrepressible symptoms of subdued hatred and defiance—which might be looked for in the beginning of a hostile occupation, and which was never absent, or concealed on similar occasions in Southern towns invaded by the Yankees.

This is more remarkable because these people know that they are free to do and say what they please—"look daggers"— or "flash fire"—without molestation from us—provided they do no more than look and talk. They exhibit the most indifferent don't-care-a-cent-ativeness—a sort of grum neutrality—as if they were "not interested" one way or other!

The hotels are open, and have a fine run of custom at 50 cents a meal in "greenbacks", or three dollars in Confederate currency! What a funny state of things! Rebel and "loill" money passing over the same counter, and a Yankee host, bowing hat in hand, to Rebel guests!

Strict orders against violence to private property have been issued. Colonels are instructed to report any case of seizure even by Quarter Masters. Our boys "forage" a good deal, but always give the price demanded by the inhabitants; as a reported theft would cost them dearly. This seems to astonish many of the citizens, who evidently expected total devastation if not personal violence.

Ewell's advance, consisting of General A. G. Jenkin's brigade of Cavalry, supported by R. E. Rodes' division of infantry, have advanced as far as Carlisle, where they are today bivouacking in the beautiful campus of Dickinson College, and in the U. S. Barracks at the Arsenal. These barracks were erected by the Hessian prisoners after their capture at Yorktown; and are the finest works of the kind any where south of West Point. It must be a source of considerable exhilaration for our war-worn Rebels to lounge in the comfortable quarters so recently occupied by the dainty "Pets" of the "Old Army."

Chambersburg, Penna., June 29th, 1863.—Quietly bivouacking in a shady grove about a mile north of the city—not a ripple of excitement crossing the surface of the camp; lulled by the sound of distant music of brass bands, the nearer murmur of many voices amid the green thickets, and the omnipresent hum of myriads of Spring-awakened searchers-for-sweets, the winged denizens of flower-land; and fanned by balmy breezes perfume-laden, and bringing gentle reminders of this same season—the closing of June—last year, when we lazily lounged the days away in camps around Richmond all unconscious of the terrible conflict, so soon to ensue—in such a glorious state of *dolce far niente*—I could almost, by shutting my eyes, forget that I am a soldier—that I am a unit in a mighty host, invading an enemy's country—that these woods in which I lie so dreamily penning these lines,

are "Penn's Woods" — Pennsylvania — that yonder steeples and lofty roofs are in Chambersburg, the metropolis of Cumberland Valley—and that already our cavalry advance has carried the Starry Southern Cross to the gates of Harrisburg and watered its horses in the "Blue Susquehanna" at York, on the road to Philadelphia! It would be easy to forget all this, I say, for we are enjoying a day of utter rest, and unexampled quiet. Indeed it is an incomprehensible mystery to me—this sudden pause and inaction at the distance of a day's march from the borders of the invaded state!

General A. G. Jenkins, and his brigade of cavalry, and a battery has advanced to within a few miles of Harrisburg, causing the wildest panic thereabout. All able bodied men are out on the hills south of the city, digging ditches, and throwing up breastworks, in hourly expectation of the advent of several millions of reckless and ragged Rebels. "From all of *which* Good Lord deliver us!" —groan the diggers and the niggers and the gallant Melish, who have never yet pulled triggers!

Yet here are we the *terterrima causa*—of all this rumpus—quietly basking in the summer weather, midway of the Valley, and several days' march from any of the points supposed to be threatened by us.

What does it mean? It is tolerably evident that we shall not assail Harrisburg, nor Philadelphia: but why are we losing valuable days as regards Washington or Baltimore? It must be that Hooker is advancing north of the Potomac and menaces our communications. Yet to weaken that supposition, our troops are much scattered; Ewell at Carlisle, and northward; A. P. Hill at the mountain passes, eastward of us who with Longstreet are here. Surely Lee would concentrate if Hooker was within a hundred miles of us. How glad I am that I can feel the most implicit reliance upon Uncle Robert's judgment, knowing that *he* knows "what he is about!"

The more I see of the pretended "Peace men" hereabouts, the more disgusted I become with them, for a pusillanimous, deceitful, time-serving set! Many of them

pretend to have always been warm friends of the South, and to have opposed "Coercion," but I venture to say every Mother's son of them carried a "Wide Awake's" torch in the "Railsplitter's Campaign" of 1860, and threw up their hats and yelled themselves hoarse for Lincoln when he called for volunteers to whip the South! Today they are all smiles and civility; tomorrow they may be assassinating any of our stragglers who fall behind the main army.

Perhaps I do them injustice in this. We have many northern-born citizens in our ranks at this moment, who might desert, and without the least risk, and yet are faithful and as true in the hour of battle as any of us; but I cannot understand how any people can really rejoice to see their own section overrun by invaders.

As for the fair sex, I suspect there is a spice of feminine vanity in the display they make of fluttering handkerchiefs and minature Rebel flags, as we can see on almost any balcony or upper window; for do not the Rebs cheer lustily whenever a pretty face and the "Bonny Blue Flag" are seen together? The war only broke out *a few days ago* hereabouts. Prior to our recent advent it was a thing at a distance on paper; something to be read of, and talked of, and bragged over, but scarcely realized as a personal inconvenience. But lo! the scene changes! and incredible as it may appear there is no doubt that Lee's ragged, sunburnt, wild, half-starved, half-clad, half-shod, half-armed Rebels are coming at the rate of 30 miles a day, blackening every road, filling every field, coming! To the startled consciousness of these burly burghers, who so complacently called for the stripping and destroying of Southern farms, these strange warriors are like a deadly nightmare.

This beautiful valley of the Cumberland is a revelation to many of our soldiers, particularly those from the Gulf states, where large farms and frail dwellings abound. Here each farm is small, and a model of skillful cultivation. The owner instead of riding ten or twelve miles to his nearest neighbors can go out on the back

porch, and yell:—*"Bring home them there sad irons,"* and immediately fourteen other farmers will pick up fourteen pairs of borrowed "sad irons" thinking himself the person called.

These people being mostly of Dutch extraction have all the appliances of Dutch thrift. Every farmhouse has its outdoor bake-oven, wherein the weekly supply of bread is baked—(these people eat no warm bread); its big barrel of sauer-kraut—a sweet bouquet for Dutch nostrils; its pile of mighty cheeses; its troops of ducks; squadrons of turkeys; and brigades of chickens, with skirmish lines of Guinea fowls and peacocks; its orchard and "Sass" garden; its smoke house, milk house, wood house, tool house, and a long tier of bee hives; its barn-yard full of calves, pigs, sheep and horses. What a feast!—*purely of imagination,* however—is presented by one of these well stocked farm houses, contrasted with past sufferings by one of our poor, emaciated, sweltering, foot-sore soldiers, subsisting on six hard crackers per day, and a morsel of spoilt meat, while at the same time over-loaded and over-marched! It is undoubtedly true that no troops perform such service as we are doing. I, myself, today—sweltering in the sun—must perform all the functions of baggage wagons, ordinance cart, supply train, pack mule, forager, light cavalryman, outpost picket, and general utility man! Yet I am only *one* man and not a dozen!

Many of the citizens express surprise at the civil treatment they are receiving from our men. It is much more than they had expected, and far more than their due! I found an old copy of *"Harper's Weekly"* in which we are depicted as burning, plundering, and outraging the people of Cumberland Valley; when in point of fact we are treating them much more tenderly than we treat our own people down in Virginia. This shows the folly of Davis' and Lee's kid glove policy. We cannot hope to whip the Yankees until we touch their pockets seriously, and this cannot be done by merely killing their men, who are chiefly hirelings—but by destroying their property.

July 1st.—Things are coming to a crisis. Detachments from each brigade of Pickett's division are at this moment in Chambersburg tearing up the track of the railroad to Harrisburg, burning the U. S. warehouses and other government property. No private property is disturbed and the poorer citizens are allowed to help themselves to all the grain and meat they can carry off though this same stuff was stolen from our Virginia Valleys.

Notice was sent round town this morning that any one claiming private property at the depot might save it by establishing his claim. How different all this is from what these people expected or deserve! And how they must laugh in their sleeves as they see in Harper's periodicals the flaming picture of "Rebel Outrages."

Evening.—We start for the Eastward tomorrow morning, Jenkin's Cavalry is with Ewell's corps near Carlisle, has advanced to within *fifteen* miles of Harrisburg, creating as much flurry there as Kilpatrick caused in Richmond. Ewell has burned the government barracks at Carlisle, and is marching eastward to form a junction with A. P. Hill, who has taken position at Cashtown Gap in the Mountains about 30 miles from here.

Report says that Hooker has crossed the Potomac at White's ford in Loudon County, and is advancing across the State of Maryland to take position somewhere on the turnpike leading from Chambersburg to Baltimore.

This will "cover" Washington, bar the way to Baltimore, and check Lee's avance on Harrisburg, as we could not venture to go so far North while a powerful Army hung on our flank and rear.

It is evident from the burning of the railroad here that we shall not go northward, and as the bulk of the army is on the Baltimore Pike, I conclude that Lee means to make a stand against the Federals somewhere on the mountain slopes eastward.

Hooker has been decapitated! The next day after he crossed the Potomac a dispatch came from Washington, requiring him to turn the command to Gen. George E. Meade, one of his corps commanders! His inexcusable

sin was his failure to accomplish an impossibility—viz.—the whipping of Lee. So "Fighting Joe" goes up on the shelf with old "Fuss and Feathers," "Little Mac," "Braggadocio Pope," "Blundering Burnside," and all the rest. And now comes the new *Mead* to be soured and spoilt in the thunderclap of "Uncle Robert's" assault.

July 2d.—Four miles from the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

After a fatiguing march of 30 miles over a very rough turnpike, one has very little energy for note making, and tonight I confess to being as nearly worn out as a man can be without actually breaking down; yet I will devote the few remaining moments of twilight to recording another day's transactions, as it may be the last that I shall have to note. I say it may be because at this moment as I write, the solemn forest is quivering under the deep reverberations of heavy cannonading, and the stream of gory looking soldiers coming back from the front, tell of the deadly conflict, which must be concluded tomorrow by the work of our own muskets and artillery.

We left camp south of Chambersburg at a very early hour this morning, and marching through town, filed off on the Baltimore turnpike. The townspeople no doubt felt a sensation of relief as our flags fluttered over the hills eastward; tho' any idea they may have had that we were retreating must have been dispelled by the enthusiastic cheers and gratified shouts that went up from the troops when they discovered the head of column tending eastward. "Here we go—right off for Baltimore!"—was the cry that ran along the lines and many companies sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag" or "Way Down South in Dixie."

Indeed, I rarely ever saw the troops more inspirited, which was much of a mystery to the phlegmatic, well-fed "Deutchers" as they could not imagine how any one so poorly fed, clothed, and paid—to say nothing of hardships,—could have any sort of liveliness of spirit.

As the day advanced, the sun took effect on the overladen men (carrying three days' rations, and extra am-

munition), and quite a number were prostrated, while all of us suffered most severely. As we approached the Cashtown Gap about noon the vertical rays of the sun seemed like real lances of steel tipped with fire! The broken rock of the McAdamized turnpike and the broad flat flagstones of mountain slate reflected the heat until a perfect steam arose in our faces as we trudged along and the choking dust gathered in throats and eyes causing infinite annoyance. At times the whole line or column seemed to stagger like "men overcome with new wine," as the Good Book mildly describes an attack of "Brandy on the Brain." In the middle of Cashtown Gap we halted for ten minutes' rest, and dinner. There was little shade and less breeze; and the sigh of exhaustion with which the men unshouldered their packs was only exceeded by the groan with which they were resumed, when the so-called rest was over. It was now one o'clock P. M. and we had travelled 20 miles since dawn.

For my own part, having exceedingly sore feet, and not suspecting the proximity of a battle, I had resolved "not to be dragged to death" in this manner, but to take the first opportunity to leave ranks, retire to some shady spot, and "take mine ease" until after sunset; not doubting that the refreshment thus obtained would enable me to catch up with the command by nightfall, as it could hardly make many miles farther. However, before I could put my design into execution, I chanced to overhear General Garnett saying:—*"Pickett says we must go to Gettysburg tonight, at all risks; the battle is not decided, and if the enemy holds his ground; we must attack him tomorrow ourselves."* Here was news indeed! Of course I could not "fall out of ranks" at such a time, and with feelings akin to despair I strung up my energies to make the nine or ten miles yet before us. In all sincerity I can say that at that moment the thought of the afternoon's march was much more trying than the perils of tomorrow's battle.

To march 30 miles—some say 32—under a broiling July sun—over rocky roads—up hill and down hill—with-

out enough drinking water and loaded down with 120 pounds requires nerves and muscles of iron or gutta percha. Neither of which mine are!

We reached Cashtown at 4 P. M. It is a mere hamlet at the east face of the Gap. Here we found the reserve artillery and wagon trains in park. And here we first learned that there had been heavy fighting for the past two days resulting in a glorious victory for our arms; though the battle was not yet fully decided.

It seems that the Lincolnites have assembled the Pennsylvania Reserves, together with all the available troops from Washington, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; all of whom have been hurried to reinforce Meade; so that he confronts us with a mighty army of more than 150,000 men.

Meade appears to have been marching to meet Lee when A. P. Hill jumped out from Cashtown Gap, and hit him in the face about a mile from where I write. Then Ewell came down from Carlisle and banged into his right flank,—forcing him to fall back to Gettysburg where he is now entrenched on a high ridge. This afternoon Longstreet attacked with two divisions, and held the ridge for a while but was overpowered. We however, have had the best of the fight so far; and have already captured between 4,000 and 5,000 prisoners, who are bivouacking under guard, about half a mile from us. The Federal General Reynolds has been killed. His fine black charger, with costly trappings and gold lace ornaments has just gone by, led by one of our men. He was much admired by those who noticed him.

Later:—Orders have been received to be ready to march at three o'clock tomorrow morning. This will give us but little rest; for we cannot get to sleep until the uproar of the wagons and artillery subsides, which will hardly be before ten o'clock.

A few minutes ago I was handed a letter from home. It had been nearly three weeks on the way. I wish I had not received it. How strange a contrast between the simple home affairs in the backwoods of North Carolina—of

which the letter speaks—and the stirring, exciting situation in which it finds me. *Here* are thousands of weary soldiers lying on the grass, the light of countless camp fires illuminating the grove, the rumble of long trains upon the turn-pike, and the sullen *"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"* of artillery in the distance. *There* the quiet parsonage is calmly bathed in twilight, with only the sound of tinkling cowbells, or the notes of music within hearing. Little did Father imagine the circumstances under which his letter would be read; though he bids me do my duty, and trust in Providence! The one I am doing, the other is rather more difficult. Little Jimmie Bose came to me a few minutes ago, and laid down on the edge of my blanket. Seeing him rather depressed, I asked him what troubled him. Said he:—"I wish you would take my money, and this little Journal and give it to Mother if I get killed tomorrow." I tried to reason him out of his presentiment, but he seems almost certain of death. Says he was barefooted and could have stayed back in Loudon as his Mother wanted him to do, but he told her he wanted to come on with the Army and get himself a pair of new boots in Baltimore. She replied, "I fear you will never live to see Baltimore, Jimmie!" And said Jimmie:—*"I expect she was right."*

Nine o'clock P. M.—The noise of the battle has ceased, but the talking of the men who are cooking rations, prevents sleep. I am nearly dead for a drink of water, and it's fully half a mile to the spring! Alas! Alas!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST

Battle of Gettysburg—The Situation of Affairs—Our Friends, the Enemy—"Gwine Down ter Town"—First Day—Gen. Rodes' Explanation—Gen. Lee's Explanation—Col. Taylor's Explanation—Col. Long's Explanation—Second Day's Fighting—Third Day's Fight.

Having learned many important facts respecting this battle of which I could have no knowledge at the time; I have rewritten the following account, giving a general review of the whole field, and adhering to my own notes only where they relate to facts within my personal observation. I am willing to vouch for every statement made herein, and I believe it to be a fair and faithful narrative of that memorable conflict.

The battle of Gettysburg, which may be regarded as the "Beginning of the End" of the Southern Revolution, has many features that will make it one of the most celebrated in the history of Modern Arms. Some of these phases are in the nature of a paradox. It was fought without previous design on either side of fighting at the time and place. It was finished a number of miles from where it was begun; and was lost after having been twice won. Two days the Confederates drove everything before them, yet on the third day were repulsed. On the fourth day they stood in their tracks inviting counter-charges which the Federals dared not venture. Yet, though the battle at the worst could only be called a drawn-battle, it proved in ulterior consequences, of a moral rather than a physical character, the most crushing and irreparable defeat of the war; the turning point whence all tended downhill. The elucidation of these seeming paradoxes will be attempted in the following sketchy narrative of the battle.

* * * * *[1]

[1] The account of the battle in the omitted portion is derived exclusively from well-known works which are quoted extensively.

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